THE COLLECTED COMIX OF KIM DEITCH

1981-2016

contents

GOING TO THE DOGS
WALDO LOWDOWN
AFTERNOON OF A PAWN
LITTLE PAL
MRS. HOLLA AND THE MAGIC RING
TWO JEWS FROM YONKERS
EATING RAOUL
DIAL M FOR MONSTER
EATING RAOUL (SHORT VERSION)
COMIN UP ROSY
HOLLYWOOD LAND
STORY OF JOB
FINAL CURTAIN
MORE THAN LIFE
KARLA IN KOMMIELAND
SHIP THAT NEVER CAME IN
A SHROUD FOR WALDO
IT'S 4-D
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
QUICKIE CLASSICS
MOLASSES GANG
WEST POINT AND THE HONOR SYSTEM
READY TO DIE
THESE CATS TODAY
A WOMAN'S FACE
SEX, DRUGS AND SWEET MUSIC
MYSTERIES OF AN AMERICAN DREAMER
BEWARE THE GLOWING HOUSE
MOONLIGHT MADNESS

GOING TO THE DOGS

I OPEN WITH TWO HUNDRED.

I'M OUT.

DITTO.

I'LL SEE THAT AND RAISE YOU TWO.

OH! PARDON ME, I MUST BE IN THE WRONG OFFICE!

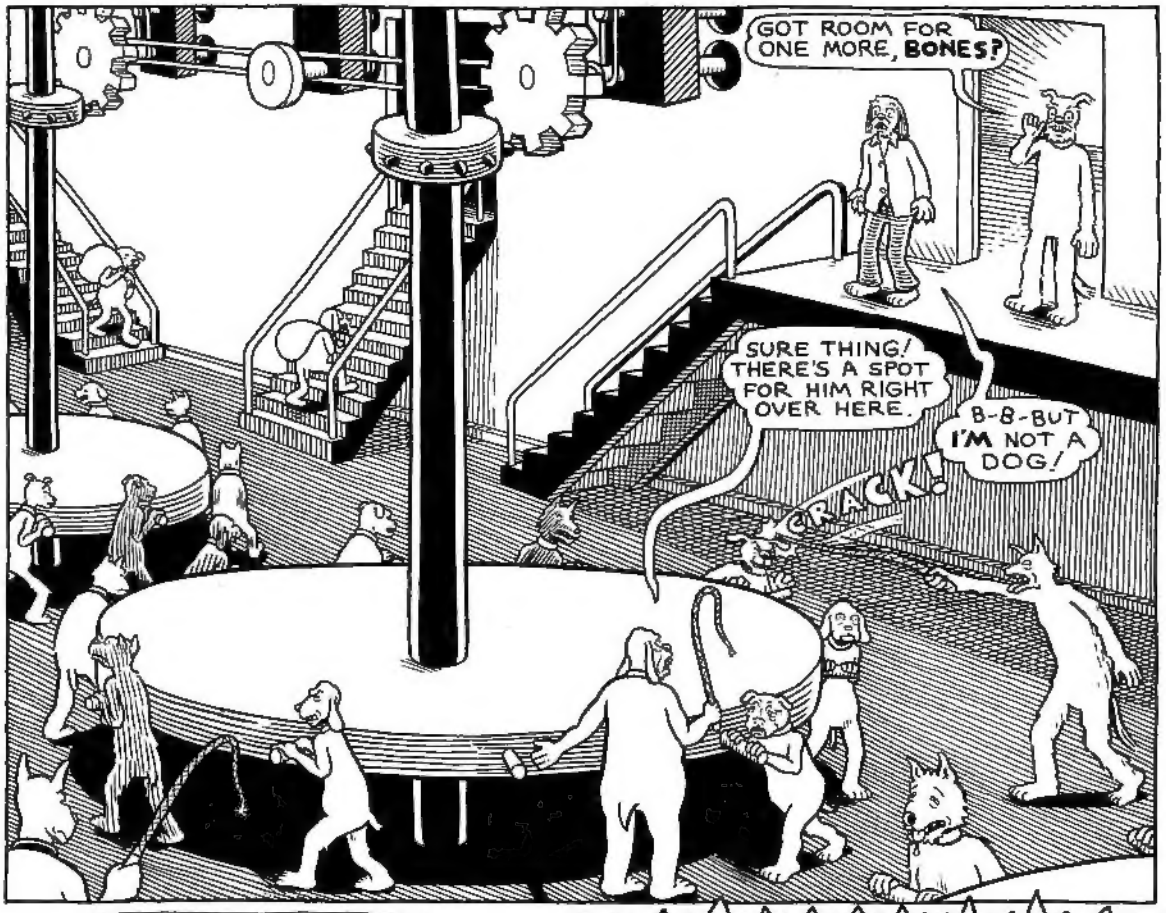
BRUTUS! YOU'RE OUT OF THIS POT; SEE IF HIS FORM'S IN ORDER.

YEAH, HE'S IN THE RIGHT PLACE!

PLACEMENT FORM
NAME - Curtis I. Lamely
AGE - 32
PERSONAL HABITS - Excessive drug use. Chronic drunkard.
RECENT ACTIVITIES - Deserted wife and child. Petty theft arrest. Sixteen assault and disorderly conduct arrests.
PHYSICAL HEALTH - Precarious
DENTAL HEALTH - Zilch
MENTAL HEALTH - Ditto

JUST STEP THIS WAY!

?


GOT ROOM FOR ONE MORE, BONES?
SURE THING! THERE'S A SPOT FOR HIM RIGHT OVER HERE.
B-B-BUT I'M NOT A DOG!
CRACK!

DON'T WORRY FELLA, YOU'RE GETTING THERE FAST!
YOUR DEAL.

HEY! WAKE UP SHIT HEAD!

I JUST GOT MY WELFARE CHECK! C'MON, LET'S DRINK UP THAT FIVE I OWE YOU!
WOOF WOOF

LATER
BOY DID I HAVE A LULU OF A DREAM LAST NIGHT!
NO SHIT.
DAYS OF OUR LIVES
FINIS

Kim Deitch

THE WALDO LOWDOWN

JAKE MISHKIN, NEWLY RELEASED FROM BERNDALE ACRES SANITAR-IUM, TAKES A WALK WITH HIS BEST FRIEND,... WALDO.

HUH!

SO TELL ME OLD MAN; HOW COME YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE OTHER CATS?

PETS

LET'S FACE IT. THERE'S A MARKED DISCREPANCY!

TRUE. TRUE.

IT'S NOT A NICE STORY. I DON'T REALLY LIKE TO TALK ABOUT IT.

SORRY I ASKED.

TELL YA WHAT; LET'S STEP INTO YON TAVERN AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE LOWDOWN.

TON

BILL

INSIDE

THAT'S IT, JUST GIVE ME A SIP FROM TIME TO TIME.

WELL MY MOTHER WAS IN SHOW BUSINESS SO TO SPEAK.

IS THAT RIGHT!

ONE DAY IN 1952, SHE APPEARED ON THE **LAUGHING KLOWN KARTOON KARNIVAL**...

KAT'Z PERFORMING CATS

THE LAUGHING KLOWN TURNED OUT TO BE A JADED **SEX PERVERT**

HA HA!

EEOW!!

FROM THIS DEGENERATE COUPLING CAME **YOURS TRULY.**

I KNEW I'D NEVER FIT IN SO I SPLIT RIGHT AWAY.....

WE'S FROM TH' SANITARIUM. WHAT YOU WANT!

OH OH!

YA BETTER GET YER BOY OUTA HERE,....

....HE'S POURIN' GOOD LIQUOR ALL OVER TH' FLOOR AND CREATIN' A NUISANCE!

AW THAT'S ALOT OF BULL!

NOT AGAIN!

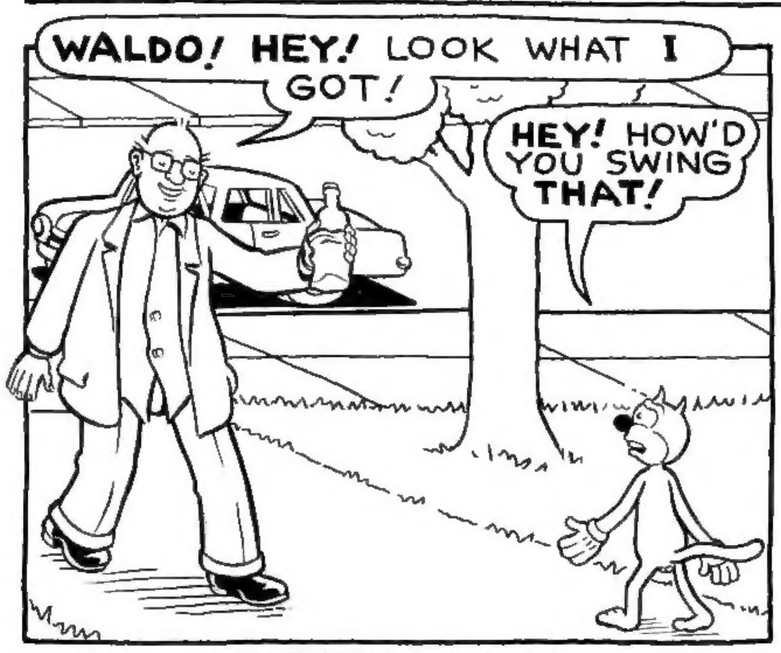
HERE! HAVE SOME MORE!

COME ON **MISTAH MISHKIN**. WE'S GOIN HOME!

THE END

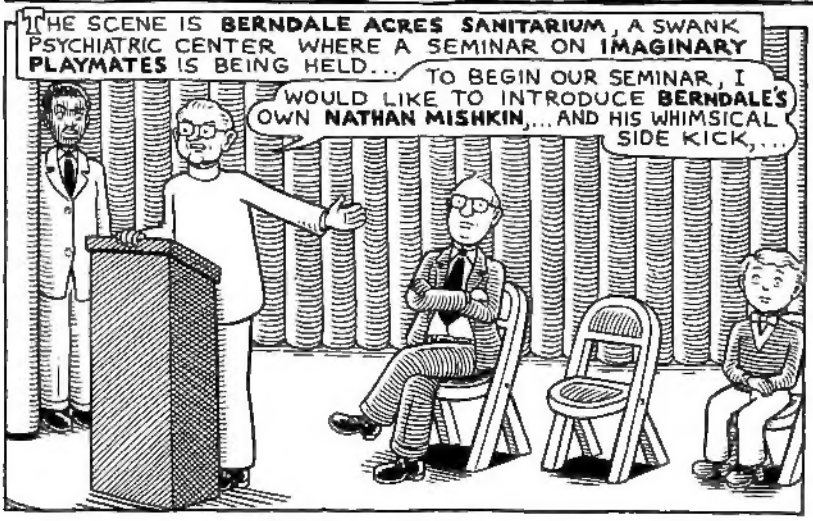
© 1980 BY Kim Deitch

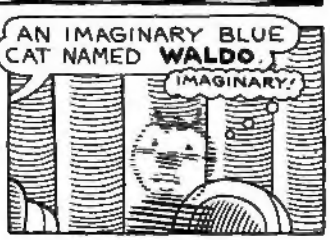
AFTERNOON OF A PAWN



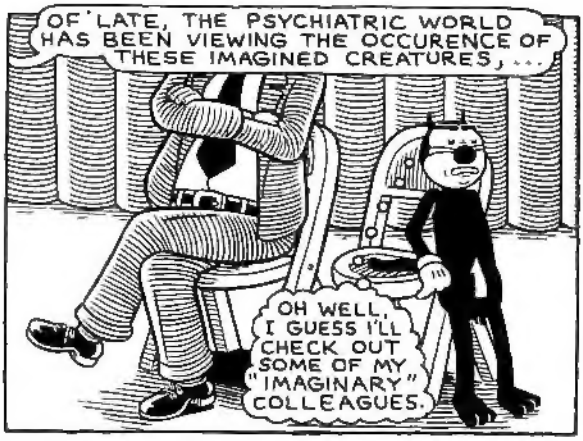
Kim Deitch

LITTLE PAL


THE SCENE IS BERNDALE ACRES SANITARIUM, A SWANK PSYCHIATRIC CENTER WHERE A SEMINAR ON IMAGINARY PLAYMATES IS BEING HELD...
TO BEGIN OUR SEMINAR, I WOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE BERNDALE'S OWN NATHAN MISHKIN,... AND HIS WHIMSICAL SIDE KICK,...


AN IMAGINARY BLUE CAT NAMED WALDO.
IMAGINARY!

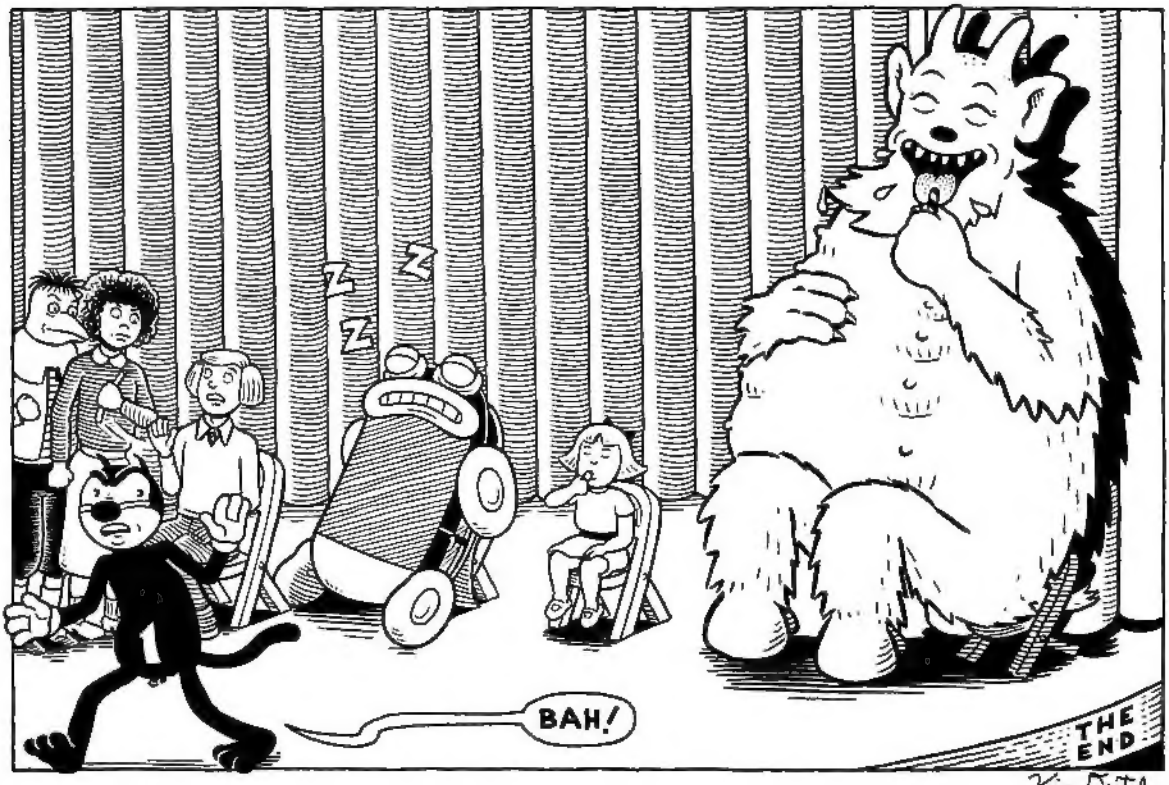
MR. MISHKIN IS A UNIQUE EXAMPLE OF THIS PHENOMENON SINCE IT RARELY IS OBSERVED AMONG ADULTS.
IF I HAVE TO LISTEN TO ANY MORE OF THIS, I'M GONNA PUKE!


OF LATE, THE PSYCHIATRIC WORLD HAS BEEN VIEWING THE OCCURENCE OF THESE IMAGINED CREATURES,...
OH WELL, I GUESS I'LL CHECK OUT SOME OF MY "IMAGINARY" COLLEAGUES.

...WITH GROWING RESPECT.
AND THERE ARE SOME REAL BEAUTS HERE TOO!.....
HMM.

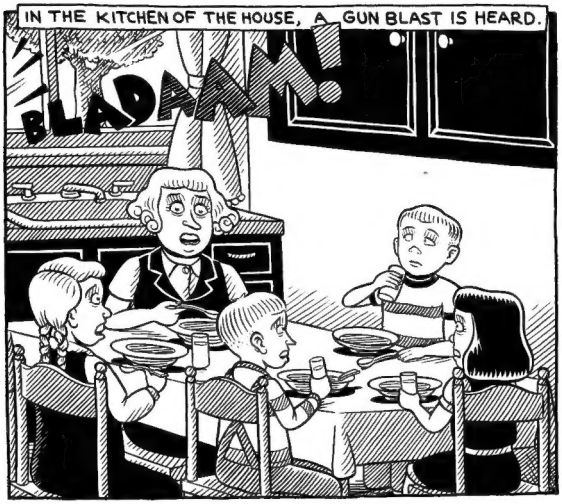
LIKE BOBBY GREEN AND KING VITAMIN
ANN PINES AND HER THREE HUSBANDS, MANNY, MOE AND JACK.
BECKY LEVINE AND BIRD BOY.
GARY MILLSAP AND CAPTAIN CAR.
RATHER THAN DISCOURAGE THESE FANTASIES, WE NOW WELCOME THE OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY THEM.
WELL I GOTTA ADMIT, IT'S SOME MENAGERIE.

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
SAY KID, HOW'S ABOUT A PEPPERMINT STICK FOR YOUR SWEET UNCLE WALDO!
SORRY MR. CAT BUT THIS CANDY IS FOR...
BIG BILLY GOAT.


Z
Z
Z
BAH!
THE END

Kim Deitch

MRS. HOLLA AND THE MAGIC RING!
DUTTON VIRGINIA 1949. BEDELIA, THE BRAUN'S NEW MAID, TIDIES UP BUSTER BRAUN'S DEN IN THE FAMILY GARAGE.
BUSTER'S VERY FIRST AIRPLANE.
?
FLOOSH!!
INTRODUCING BUSTER BRAUN.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!
I (UH) MRS. BRAUN SAID.....


IN THE KITCHEN OF THE HOUSE, A GUN BLAST IS HEARD.
BLADAAAK!

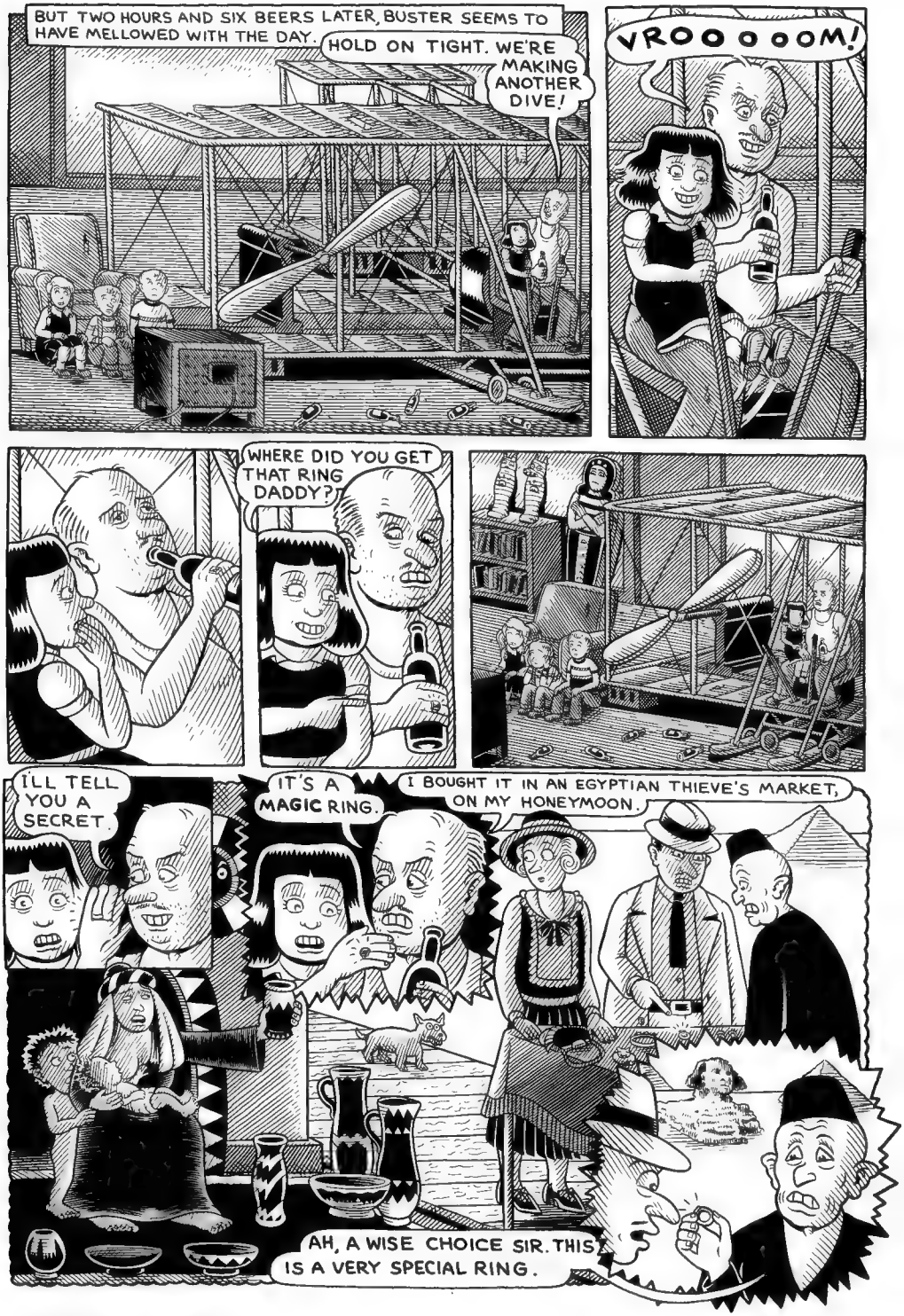
I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS IN TOWN SHOPPING!

THAT'S WHAT HE TOLD ME!

YOU BLACK FIEND! NEXT TIME I'LL KILL YOU!

MRS. BRAUN, I AINT WORKIN HERE NO MO'!

THAT MAN IS CRAZY!


BUT TWO HOURS AND SIX BEERS LATER, BUSTER SEEMS TO HAVE MELLOWED WITH THE DAY.
HOLD ON TIGHT. WE'RE MAKING ANOTHER DIVE!
VROO O OOM!
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT RING DADDY?
I'LL TELL YOU A SECRET.
IT'S A MAGIC RING.
I BOUGHT IT IN AN EGYPTIAN THIEVE'S MARKET, ON MY HONEYMOON.
AH, A WISE CHOICE SIR. THIS IS A VERY SPECIAL RING.

...FOR IT IS SAID THAT NO HARM SHALL EVER BEFALL THE WEARER.

WELL I DIDN'T BELIEVE A WORD. STILL, THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

IT COST A GOOD DEAL BUT I BOUGHT IT.

LITTLE DID I REALIZE HOW SOON IT WOULD PROVE ITS VALUE.

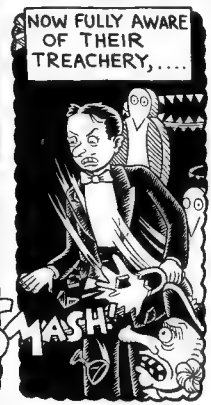
KING TUT AND HIS UNCOMMON SEVEN
MEN
THAT NIGHT, AT A LOCAL CAFE, A WEIRD HAG AND THREE MEN APPROACHED MY TABLE.
KING TUT AND HIS UNCOMMON SEVEN
AREN'T YOU BUSTER BRAUN, THE AMERICAN AVIATOR?

IT WAS MRS. HOLLA, A FAMOUS WOMAN FLYER, AND HER THREE SONS.

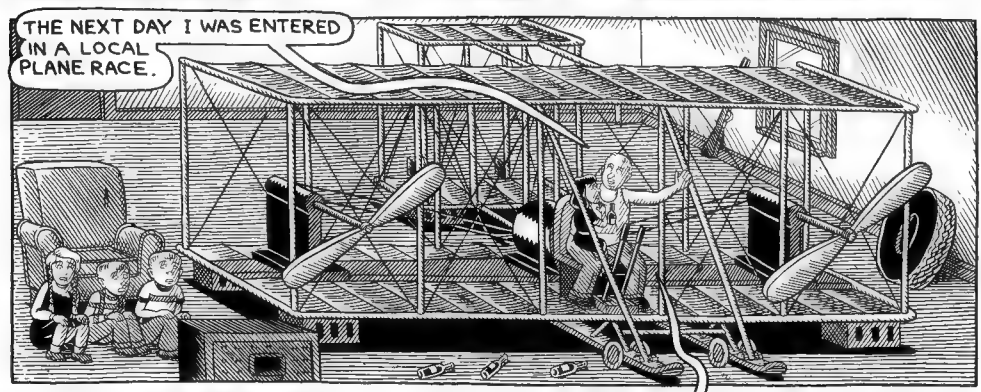
LATER I LEARNED SHE WAS AN AGENT FOR THE INTERNATIONAL JEWISH CONSPIRACY!

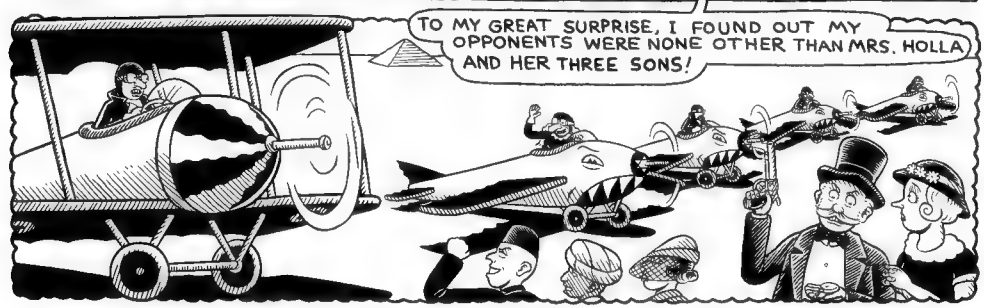
SHE SEEMED MESMERISED BY MY RING.
AND FINALLY OFFERED ME THREE TIMES WHAT I PAID FOR IT.

SHORTLY AFTER I REFUSED, I CAUGHT ONE OF HER SONS TRYING TO DRUG OUR CHAMPAGNE!

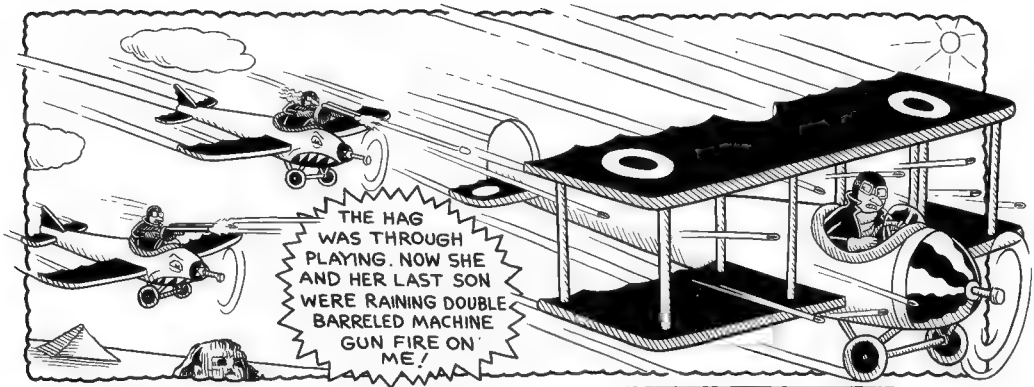

NOW FULLY AWARE OF THEIR TREACHERY,....
SMASH!

I ADVISED THEM TO LEAVE US.


THE NEXT DAY I WAS ENTERED IN A LOCAL PLANE RACE.

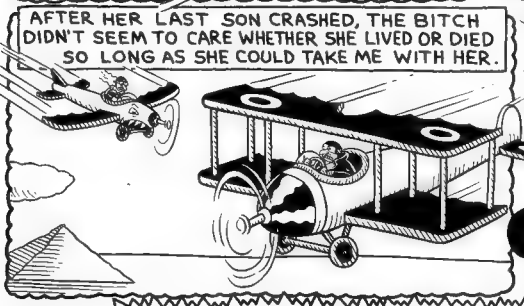

TO MY GREAT SURPRISE, I FOUND OUT MY OPPONENTS WERE NONE OTHER THAN MRS. HOLLA AND HER THREE SONS!

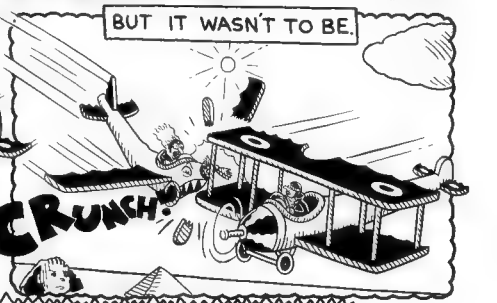
VERY SOON I REALIZED THIS WAS TO BE NO ORDINARY RACE!
BUT RATHER A FIGHT TO THE FINISH.
BOOM!
SUDDENLY BULLETS STARTED WHIZZING BY ME FORE AND AFT!
IT WAS MRS. HOLLA'S OTHER TWO SONS....
...FIRING AT ME WITH DOUBLE BARRELED SUB MACHINE GUNS.
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, I SWERVED OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE.....
AND IN THE CONFUSION, ONE OF MRS. HOLLA'S SONS ACCIDENTALLY SHOT THE OTHER.

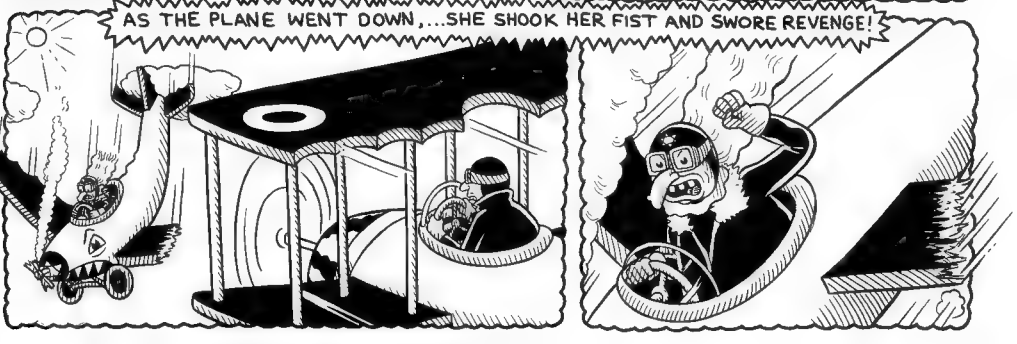

THE HAG WAS THROUGH PLAYING. NOW SHE AND HER LAST SON WERE RAINING DOUBLE BARRELED MACHINE GUN FIRE ON ME!

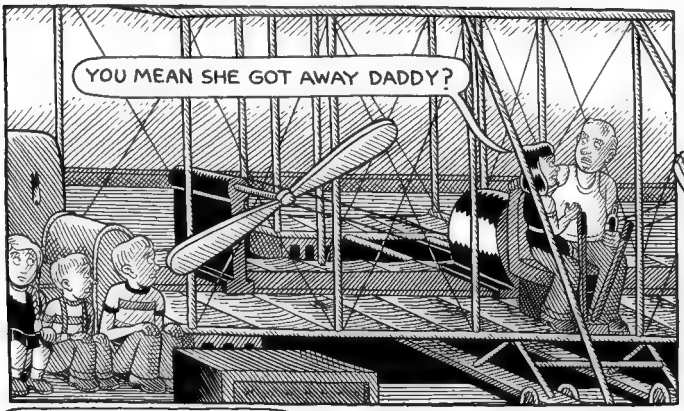
FOR THE NEXT TEN MINUTES I PLAYED A DESPERATE GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE;...

...BUT LUCK WAS WITH ME.
CRASH!


AFTER HER LAST SON CRASHED, THE BITCH DIDN'T SEEM TO CARE WHETHER SHE LIVED OR DIED SO LONG AS SHE COULD TAKE ME WITH HER.


BUT IT WASN'T TO BE.
CRUNCH!


AS THE PLANE WENT DOWN,...SHE SHOOK HER FIST AND SWORE REVENGE!

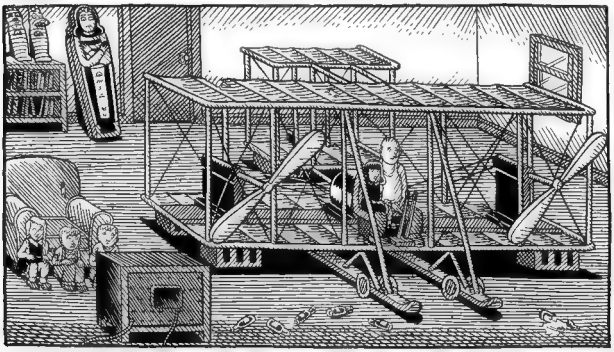

YOU MEAN SHE GOT AWAY DADDY?

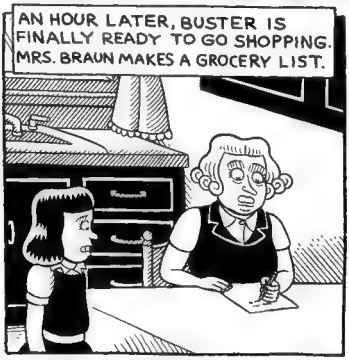
WELL THEY NEVER DID FIND HER BODY; ONLY THE WRECKED PLANE.

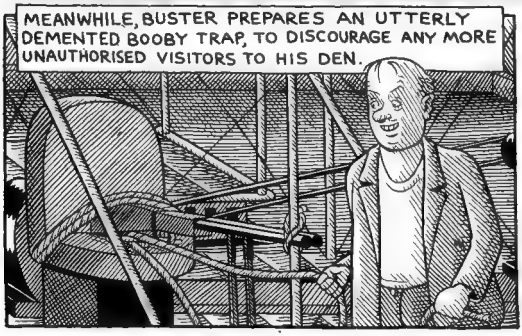
DO YOU THINK SHE'LL EVER COME BACK?

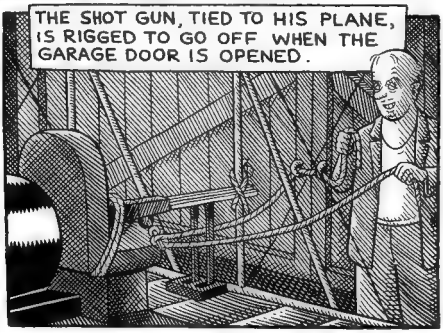
COULD BE. THESE JEW BASTARDS DON'T GIVE UP SO EASY.

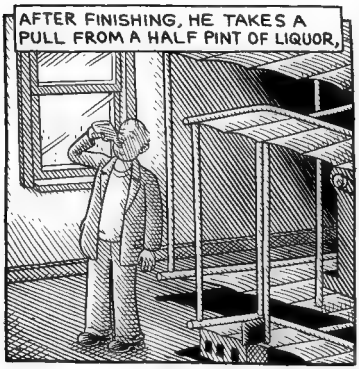
NOT WHEN THEY WANT SOMETHING.

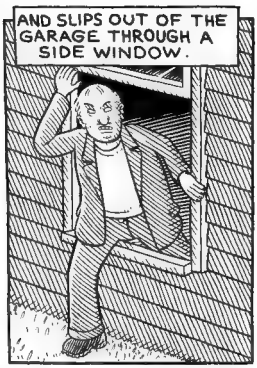


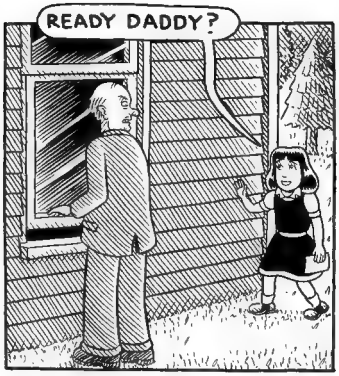

AN HOUR LATER, BUSTER IS FINALLY READY TO GO SHOPPING. MRS. BRAUN MAKES A GROCERY LIST.

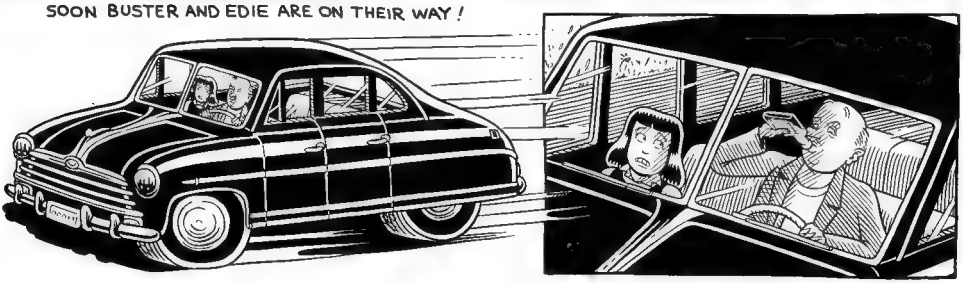

MEANWHILE, BUSTER PREPARES AN UTTERLY DEMENTED BOOBY TRAP, TO DISCOURAGE ANY MORE UNAUTHORISED VISITORS TO HIS DEN.

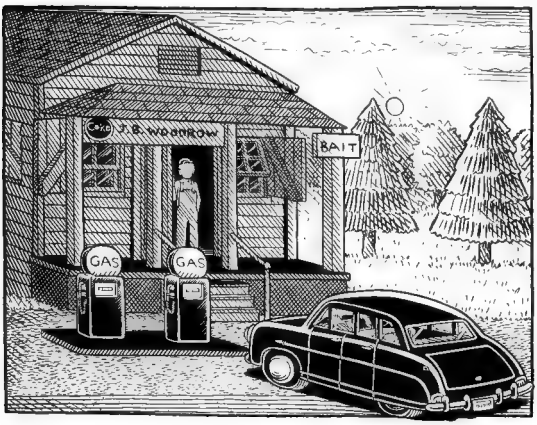

THE SHOT GUN, TIED TO HIS PLANE, IS RIGGED TO GO OFF WHEN THE GARAGE DOOR IS OPENED.

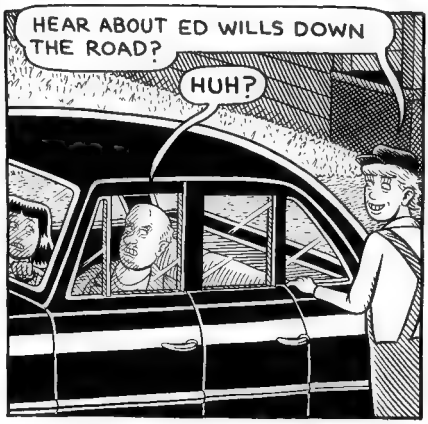

AFTER FINISHING, HE TAKES A PULL FROM A HALF PINT OF LIQUOR,

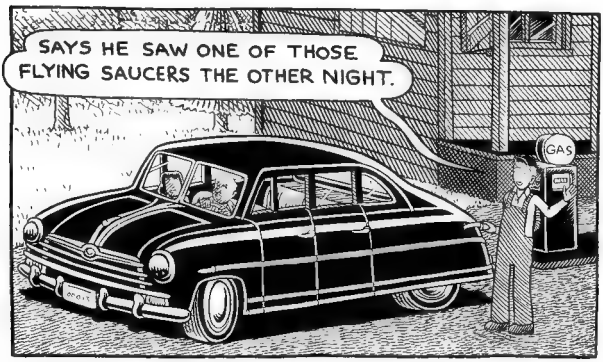

AND SLIPS OUT OF THE GARAGE THROUGH A SIDE WINDOW.


READY DADDY?


SOON BUSTER AND EDIE ARE ON THEIR WAY!


J.B. WOODROW
BAIT
GAS
GAS


HEAR ABOUT ED WILLS DOWN THE ROAD?
HUH?


SAYS HE SAW ONE OF THOSE FLYING SAUCERS THE OTHER NIGHT.
GAS

HEY! MAYBE WE'RE GONNA BE INVADED BY OUTER SPACE.
GAS

BALONEY!
IT COULDN'T HAPPEN!

....MORE LIKELY IT'S THE JEWS.

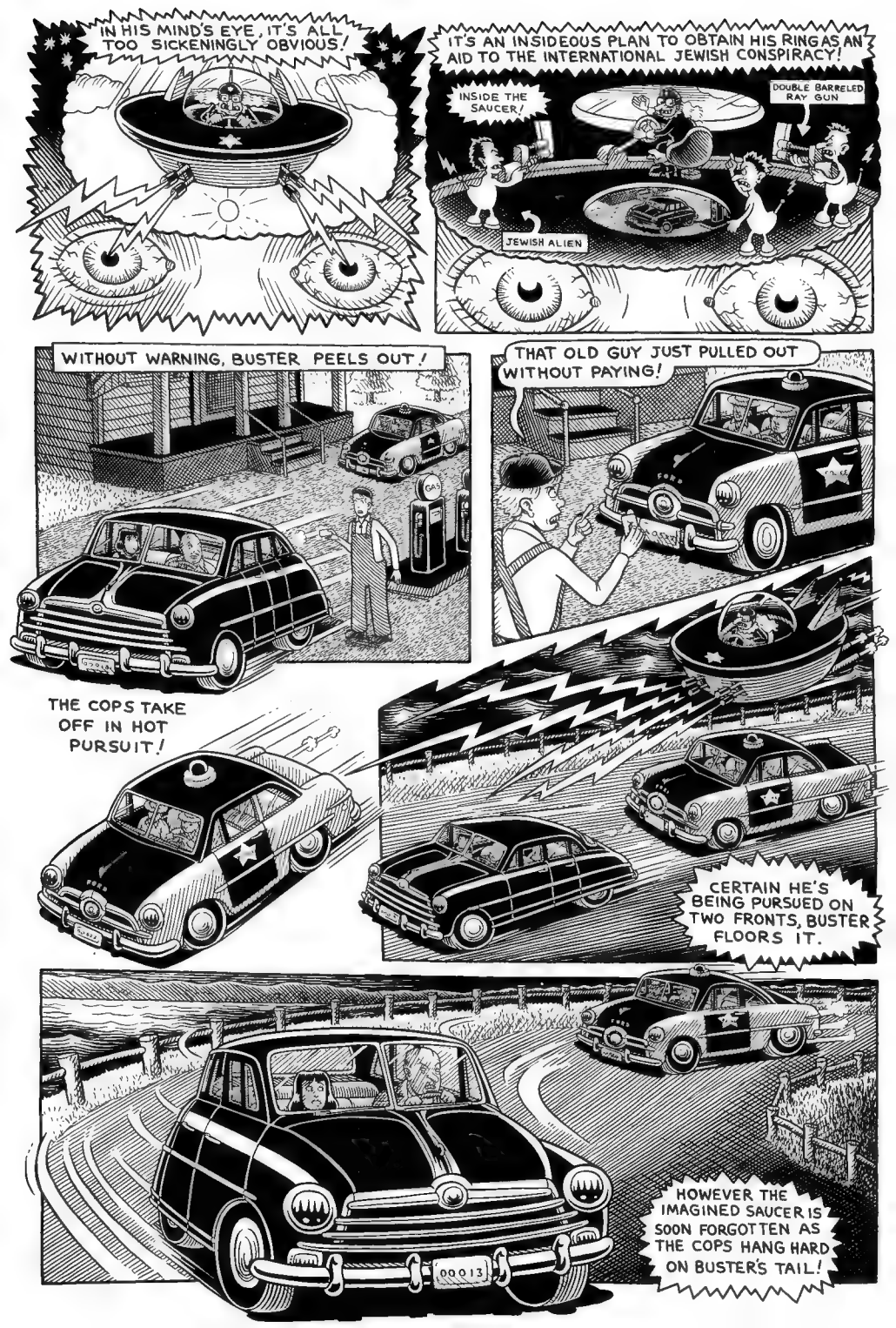
BUSTER HANDS THE ATTENDANT A MOBIL CREDIT CARD.
GEE I'M SORRY MISTER,.....

YOU CAN'T USE THIS CARD HERE. Y'SEE WE'RE NOT....
BUT BUSTER PAYS NO ATTENTION. HIS EYES ARE FIXED ON SOMETHING UP ABOVE.

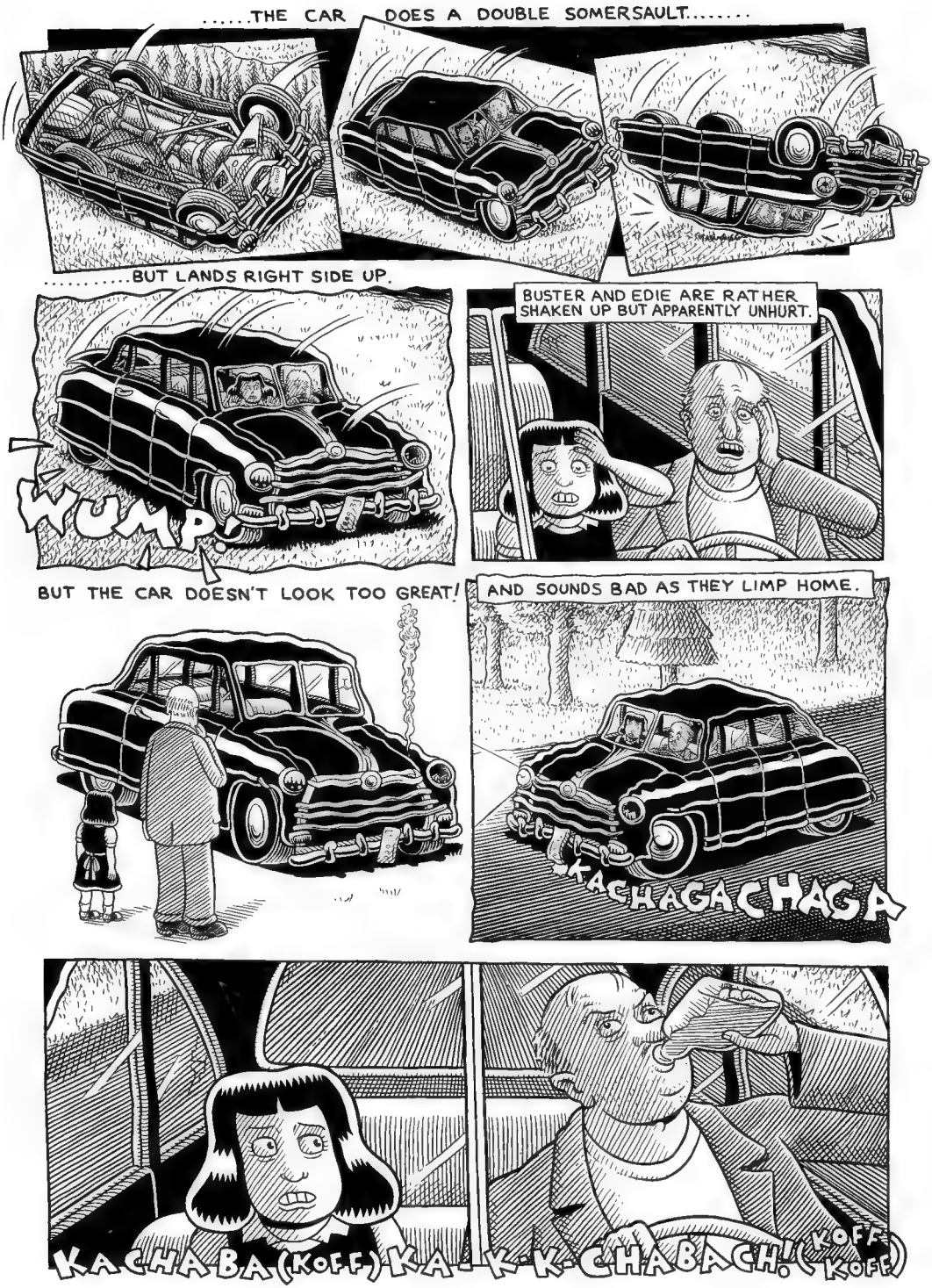
IS IT A BIRD? IS IT A PLANE?

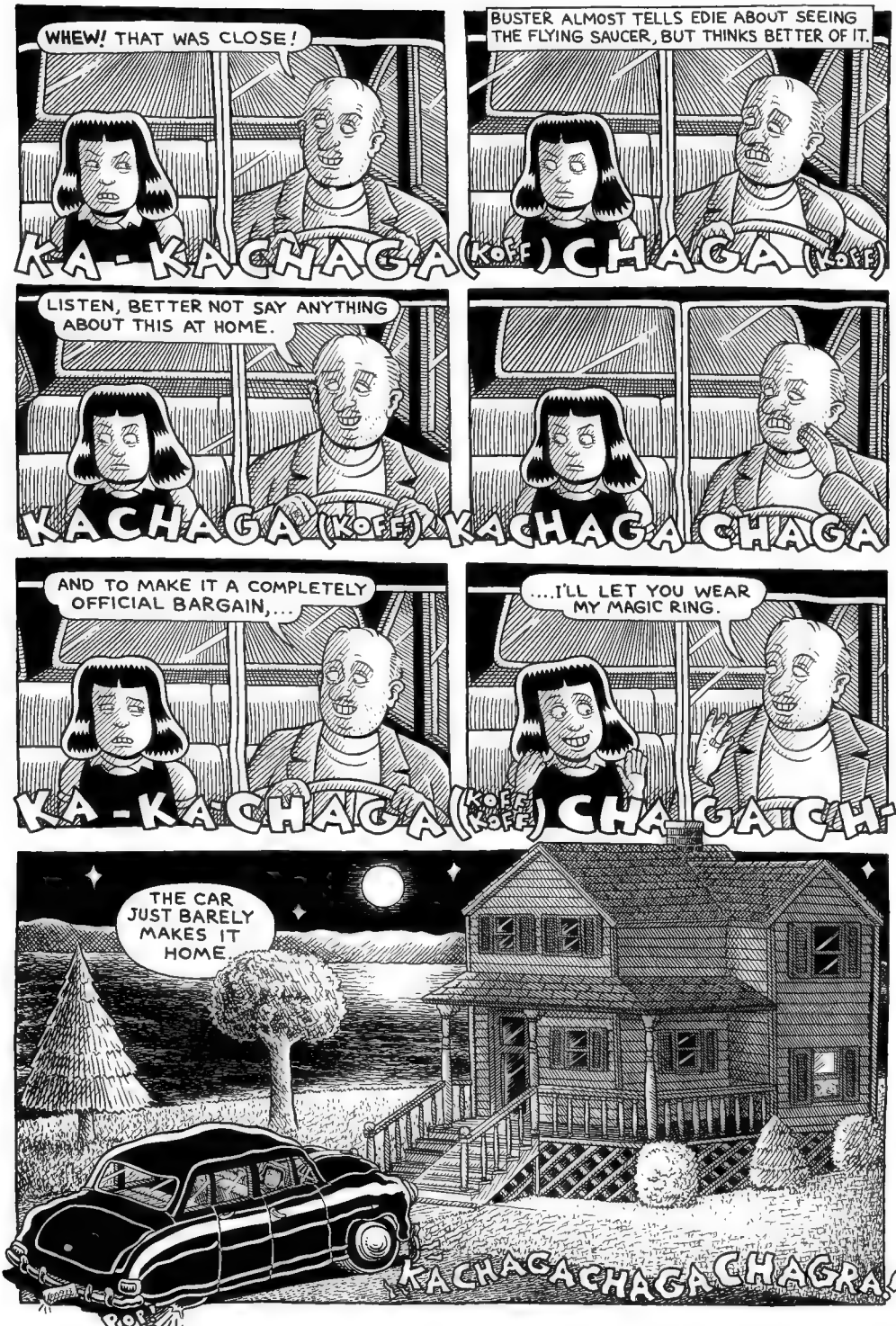
WHO KNOWS? BUT TO BUSTER'S BOOZE FOGGED BRAIN, IT SEEMS ALL TOO DISMALLY CLEAR!

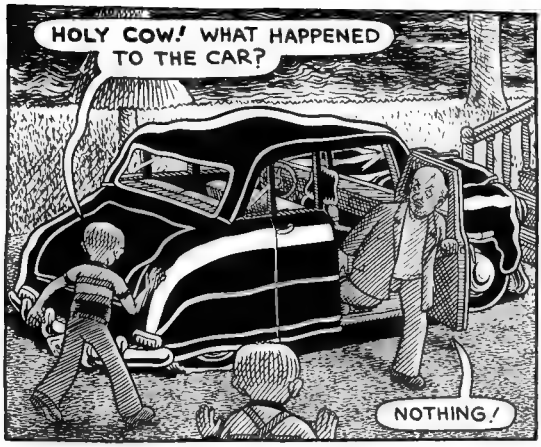
IT'S MRS. HOLLA! RIDING HIGH IN A SINISTER JEWISH FLYING SAUCER


IN HIS MIND'S EYE, IT'S ALL TOO SICKENINGLY OBVIOUS!
IT'S AN INSIDEOUS PLAN TO OBTAIN HIS RING AS AN AID TO THE INTERNATIONAL JEWISH CONSPIRACY!
INSIDE THE SAUCER!
DOUBLE BARRELED RAY GUN
JEWISH ALIEN
WITHOUT WARNING, BUSTER PEELS OUT!
THAT OLD GUY JUST PULLED OUT WITHOUT PAYING!
THE COPS TAKE OFF IN HOT PURSUIT!
CERTAIN HE'S BEING PURSUED ON TWO FRONTS, BUSTER FLOORS IT.
HOWEVER THE IMAGINED SAUCER IS SOON FORGOTTEN AS THE COPS HANG HARD ON BUSTER'S TAIL!
00013

NEARLY CORNERED ON A DEAD END ROAD, HE TURNS ON A DIME....
SCREEECH!
SWIRSH!!
UNEXPECTEDLY BLASTING PAST HIS PURSUERS.
NEAR THE COUNTY LINE, HE SWERVES TOWARD A TELEPHONE POLE;
YOU ARE NOW LEAVING BUTTON
BUT STEERS AWAY JUST IN TIME TO AVOID A COLLISION!
BUT THE COPS AREN'T SO LUCKY. THEY TAKE THE POLE HEAD ON!
CRUNCH!
BUSTER TAKES A VICTORIOUS PULL ON HIS BOTTLE AS HE CROSSES THE COUNTY LINE.
BUT AS HE SWERVES TO AVOID A DITCH,...

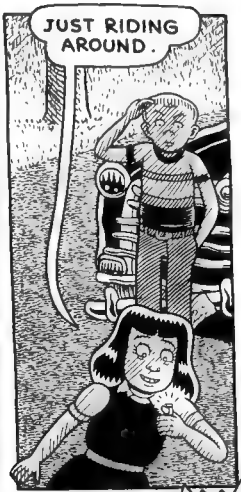

.....THE CAR DOES A DOUBLE SOMERSAULT.....
.....BUT LANDS RIGHT SIDE UP.
WUMP!
BUSTER AND EDIE ARE RATHER SHAKEN UP BUT APPARENTLY UNHURT.
BUT THE CAR DOESN'T LOOK TOO GREAT!
AND SOUNDS BAD AS THEY LIMP HOME.
TACHAGACHAGA
KACHABA (KOFF) KA-K-K-CHABACH! (KOFF KOFF)


WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
KA-KACHAGA (KOFF) CHAGA (KOFF)
BUSTER ALMOST TELLS EDIE ABOUT SEEING THE FLYING SAUCER, BUT THINKS BETTER OF IT.
LISTEN, BETTER NOT SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS AT HOME.
KACHAGA (KOFF) KACHAGA CHAGA
AND TO MAKE IT A COMPLETELY OFFICIAL BARGAIN,...
KA-KACHAGA (KOFF KOFF) CHAGA CH-
...I'LL LET YOU WEAR MY MAGIC RING.
THE CAR JUST BARELY MAKES IT HOME.
KACHAGACHAGACHAGRA!
BOP


HOLY COW! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CAR?
NOTHING!

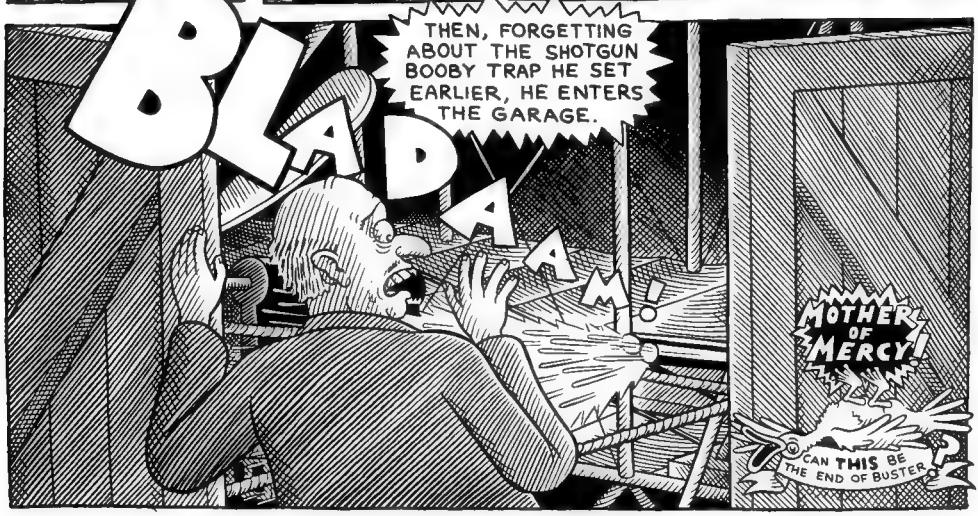
HEY! WHERE'S THE GROCERIES?
GET YOUR OWN STINKIN GROCERIES!

HEY EDIE! WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED TO YOU TWO?
NOTHIN,...


JUST RIDING AROUND.

MEANWHILE BUSTER TAKES ONE LAST DRINK.

...AND TOSSES THE BOTTLE AWAY.


BLADAAM!
THEN, FORGETTING ABOUT THE SHOTGUN BOOBY TRAP HE SET EARLIER, HE ENTERS THE GARAGE.
MOTHER OF MERCY!
CAN THIS BE THE END OF BUSTER?

Kim Deitch

THE STRANGE SAGA OF TWO WEIRDO ARTISTS, WAY BACK IN THE STORMY 60'S!

TWO JEWS FROM YONKERS

BY KIM DEITCH

FEATURING IRA AND POPE PAUL

AND A MIGHTY ROBOT ARMY!

Mine! All Mine!

"PEN thee door Heepy!"

"Fuck You! We've got nothin of yours in here!" Harry turned back to his drawing board where a big white piece of bristol board glared back at him.

The Puerto Ricans started pounding on the door again as they had been off and on for the last two hours.

"Let us een Heepy!"

"Come on Heepy or we call thee Poleece!"

"Yeah, why don't you just do that," taunted Harry.

THE phone rang. It was Arnie, his boss over at the paper.

"Well boys, how's it going?"

"Well we've got two drunk Puerto Ricans pounding on our door about to sic the cops on us but otherwise things are fine."

"Yeah great. How about your strip?"

"Getting there," lied Harry.

"Okay," said Arnie, "See you boys the day after tomorrow."

"Right, see ya then."

Harry Simon hung up the phone. Damn Arnie! The man had a sixth sense. He never called when Harry wasn't in trouble.

Hmm, thought Harry. Maybe he's seen Jake somewhere! Nah, he'd have told me. He stared at the oppressive white paper again and attempted to jolly himself along. Hell, this is nothing new. He'd pulled it off without Jake before. Besides it was only Sunday. He still had tomorrow. Just the same, it was a bad trend and he didn't like it. The underground comic team of Harry and Jake Simon was getting more one sided all the time.

"Two Jews from Yonkers." That's what a friend had called them. It wasn't entirely accurate since they'd actually come from the next town over, but Harry liked the sound of Two Jews from Yonkers. He thought it had a certain ring to it and even had it put on their letterhead.

Anyway, just now it was more like one Jew from Yonkers and the comic strip ideas were <u>not</u> flowing. It was Harry who did most of the final work for their weekly underground newspaper strip and it was he who had the ultimate responsibility for getting it in each week. Nevertheless, Harry didn't mind giving Jake half the credit.

Jake was excellent at telling Harry when he was off base. He was also a great idea "sparkplug" and Harry relied on him heavily.

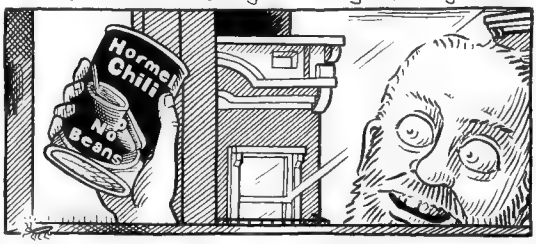
Unfortunately he was becoming less and less reliable all the time. The fact is, neither one was exactly a bastion of responsibility, but compared to Jake, Harry was presidential timber.

Of course the lower East side of New York was no stronghold of responsible behavior. Drugs were in and neither brother was immune to their influence. However, lately, Jake seemed to be sinking under the combined influence of speed and booze. Harry was worried.

Hmm, maybe some food's the ticket. Harry went to the kitchen area which split his and Jake's two rooms, pretty sure there was a can of Hormel beanless chile there. Yes it was still there. Wonderful. He reached for the can as three cockroaches scurried for cover.

Next he looked around the kitchen's disarray for the can opener. The place was never really clean, but just now it was in a particularly haphazard state.

They hadn't really recovered from their most recent burglary. The last time had been more thorough than usual and they were still discovering new things missing. The



latest casualty seemed to be the can opener. Damn!

He looked under the bathtub which was right next to the sink. Just about every flat below Avenue A had this odd arrangement, but all Harry found under it were gobs of dust and some dead cockroaches.

In desperation he grabbed a steel triangle from among his art supplies and managed to hammer a wedge into the can with the triangle and a rock. He scooped the chile out through a jagged hole with a spoon and soon had it cooking over a low blue flame.

THERE was a loud knock at the door.

"What!" yelled Harry.

"It's the Police. We'd like to come in and look around."

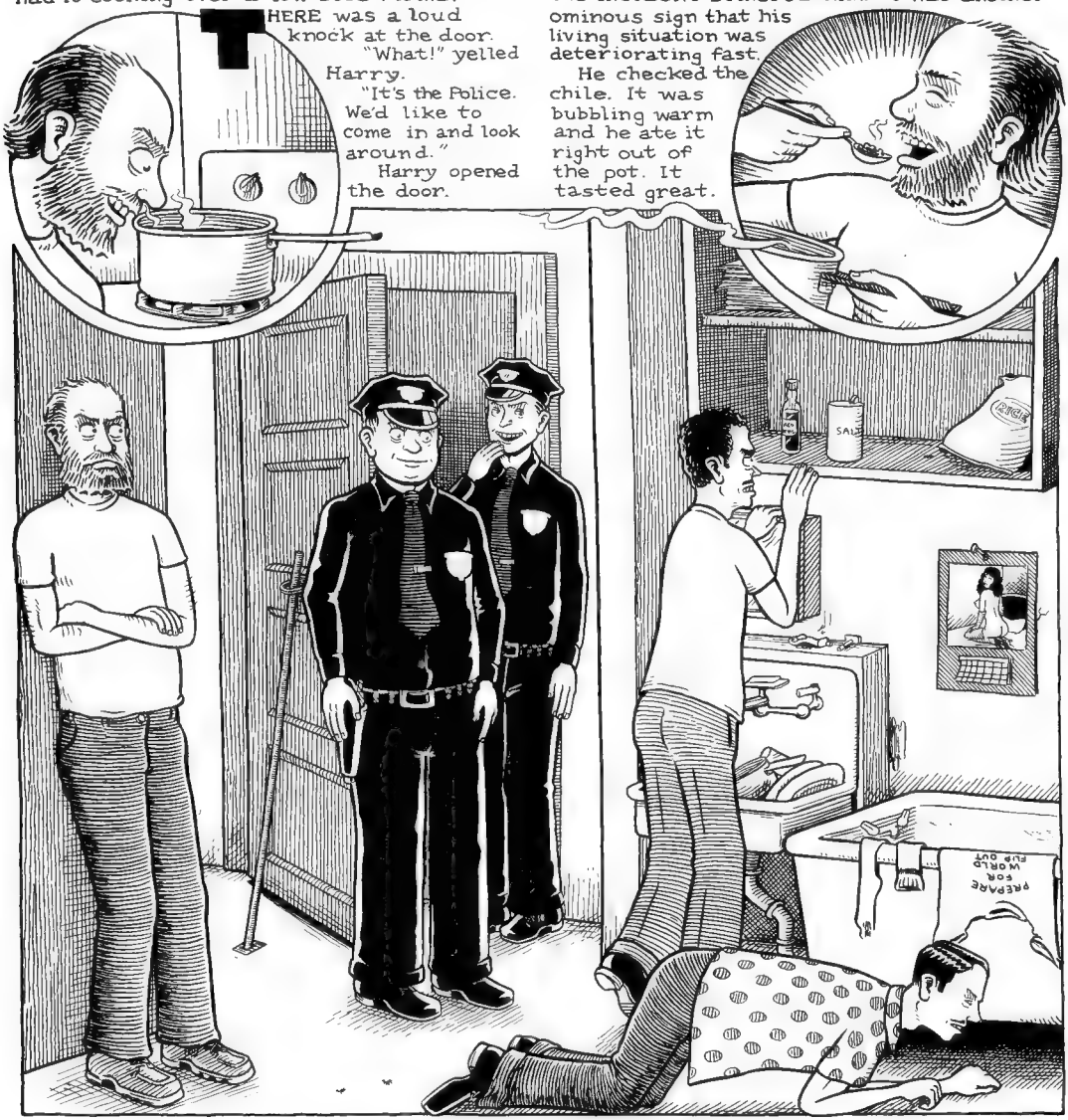
Harry opened the door.

In came two cops followed by the two Puerto Ricans who'd been pounding on the door all day. The Puerto Ricans were short, wiry and in their mid thirties.

They looked around kind of meekly while the cops watched. They were in and out in less than a minute and found nothing that belonged to them.

"Jerks!" muttered Harry after they'd left. In a way he sympathized with them. They were probably taken off by the same ones that got us last time, Harry figured. Still the incident bothered him. It was another ominous sign that his living situation was deteriorating fast.

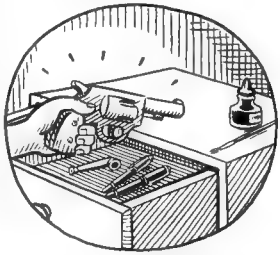
He checked the chile. It was bubbling warm and he ate it right out of the pot. It tasted great.



HARRY felt lousy when he woke up the next morning. His dreams all night had been a long chattering line of vague comic strip plots. A bad night's sleep but at least it showed his subconscious was working.

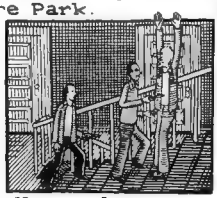
Anyway he had no time to wallow in self pity. Just one more day to finish his as yet unconceived comic strip. He dressed for his brief exodus onto the street for breakfast.

Just before leaving, he reached into the drawer that held his rapidograph pens, removed an ancient five shot revolver and slid it into his jeans. He didn't like carrying it, had never fired it, but it was the cornerstone of his and Jake's personal safety.

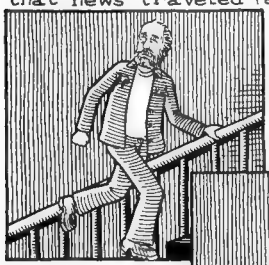


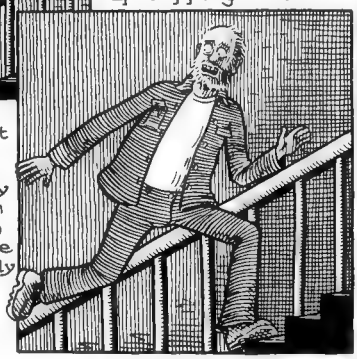
Harry and Jake had been in their flat for more than two years; ever since they moved to Manhattan in pursuit of comic strip glory. It was situated on eighth street between avenues B and C; just a block from Tompkin's Square Park.

For Harry the situation had slipped from poor to critical about five months earlier when he'd been mugged at knife point. Two junkies had followed him into the building and caught up with him on the fifth floor; got him for thirty bucks and a watch. Harry knew that news traveled fast on the junkie grapevine and he got a gun immediately.

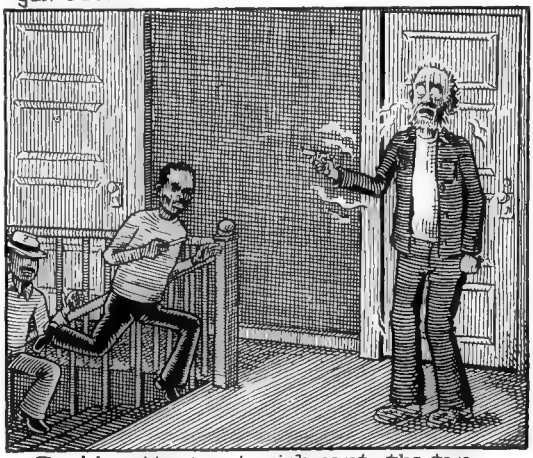


He was right. Two days later, as he climbed the apartment stairs, he heard a fast tap tap tapping about a flight behind him which didn't let up as he increased his own pace. They caught up with him on his own floor this time as he feverishly tried to open the sluggish police lock on his door.

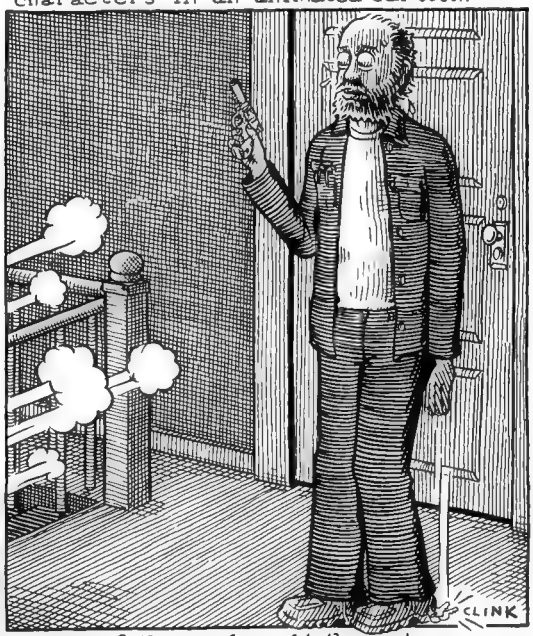




His hand wobbled badly when he pulled the gun out.



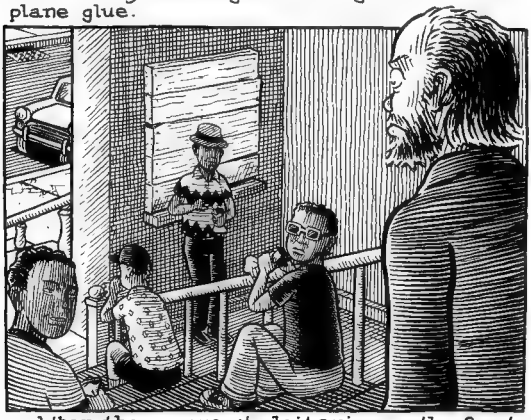
To his utter astonishment, the two assailants seemed to disappear like characters in an animated cartoon.



News of the gun brought things to an uneasy standoff and there'd been no more mugging attempts since then.

Even armed he had a queasy feeling just coming and going from the building at any given time. He felt it now. The long steel bolt of the police lock slid back giving off a slight metallic ring as he opened the door. The halls reeked of garbage, Puerto Rican cooking and cockroach spray.

OUNGING along the last flight of stairs facing the entrance, was a cluster of young glue heads, the building's latest and most pathetic phenomenon. They were very young. Harry estimated the average age of these Puerto Rican boys was about twelve. They were busily inhaling small bags full of airplane glue.



When they weren't loitering on the front steps, they used to hang out on the roof and it was still heavily littered with squeezed out tubes of Testor's airplane glue.

However recently, the apartment next to Harry and Jake's had been gutted by fire and the glue heads now used the abandoned flat as their headquarters. Great neighbors.

Actually, constant glue sniffing had left these kids utterly uncoordinated and debilitated. They were no threat to anybody's personal safety and Harry felt pity for them more than anything else.

He walked gingerly along the sidewalk which was a sea of cracks punctuated by frequent islands of dog shit. Just as he was about to step into a corner bodega, he heard someone call his name out.

He looked across the street to the entrance of Tompkin's Square Park and saw Ira Mednick. Harry pretended not to see him and was about to enter the store when Ira ran over.

IRA, a large twenty year old high school drop out, was a real neighborhood phenomenon; a white native. He was built somewhat along the lines of the Incredible Hulk. He could kick ass with easy aplomb, but he was no bully.

The first time Harry saw Ira, he was defending his brother Seymore, a hopelessly swishy faggot against three neighborhood toughs. Harry liked him on sight and when he met him a short time later, the two had become friends.

However Ira had fallen on Evil days. Over the previous six months he had gradually gotten hooked on heroin and was now totally strung out. He'd lost some weight, but it only seemed to make him look leaner and tougher. Harry, who was six feet tall and weighed a hundred and seventy pounds, looked puny next to Ira.

"What's happening Ira?" said Harry, steeling himself to reject any proposition Ira might make. Ira had burned his bridges well all over the neighborhood and Harry was in no mood or position to "loan" him any more money.

"Hey man, you wouldn't be into some really good speed would ya? I got some stuff that is dy-na-mite!"

Speed! This is something he hadn't considered! Harry dabbled in the stuff occasionally but it wasn't really his thing.

Besides, he was pretty alarmed at the inroads it was making in Jake. Nevertheless, it might be the very thing to save the day; give him the pep to be two Jews from Yonkers rolled into one. He studied Ira who studied him right back. His plain flat face had a slightly desperate expression. but Harry sensed a certain credibility there too.

"How much?"

"Dollar a pill."

Harry started to move toward the store. Ira pulled him roughly back by the shoulders.

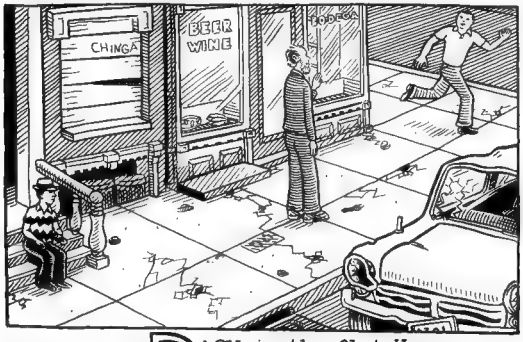
"Harry I swear this is good stuff. I'm getting two dollars a pill uptown easy! No shit!"

"Okay, I'll go four," said Harry after a moment's hesitation.

"Great! Gimme the money and I'll meet you in th' park with it in ten minutes.

"Get out of here!"

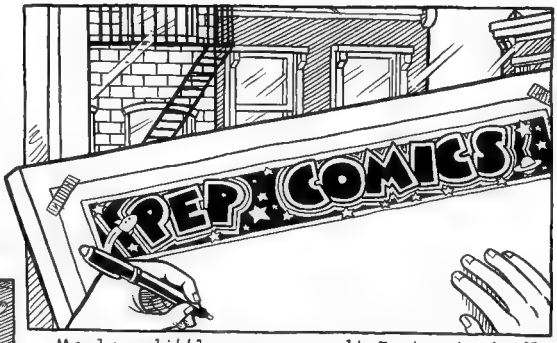
Ira shrugged."Okay. Okay. See ya in ten across the street."



BACK in the flat Harry produced his breakfast from a paper bag; a tropical fruit yogurt and a can of Colt 45. He polished off the former quickly and washed down two of Ira's pills with the latter. He felt better right away. The routine queasiness of his return home was gone already. Of course he attributed that to the Colt 45. But wait! He could feel a certain zinginess coming over him! My God! Ira wasn't kidding!

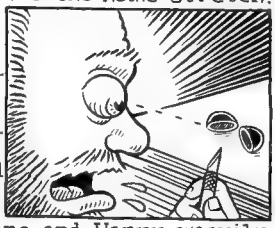
He fairly ran to the drawing board. Start the logo! Why not! Plenty of times he'd get a logo down before he had a story, just to get things rolling. He'd call it "Pep Comics" in honor of the grand and glorious feeling that was fast coming over him.

Fortyfive minutes later the logo was a sterling reality. A beauty! All flash and fire! Still no story but who cares? He knew it would soon be there.



Maybe a little more speed! Just a taste. He decided to take half of one of the other two pills; save the rest for the home stretch.

With an exacto knife he began to carefully split one of the pills and stared with sinking disbelief at its chocolatey center. He chewed. The sickening truth was confirmed. Ira had sold him four M and M candies.



THE phone rang and Harry wearily plodded into the kitchen to get it. It was Jake.

"Where the fuck have you been?"

"Hey keep your shirt on will ya; I'm in jail."

"What do you mean jail!" said Harry apoplectically.

"Relax will ya? Twentyfive dollars takes me home. It's no big thing. Some bullshit cop pulled me in for selling Pope Paul buttons without a licence."

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Look never mind. I'll fill you in later. Just get me out of here! I'm goin crazy!"

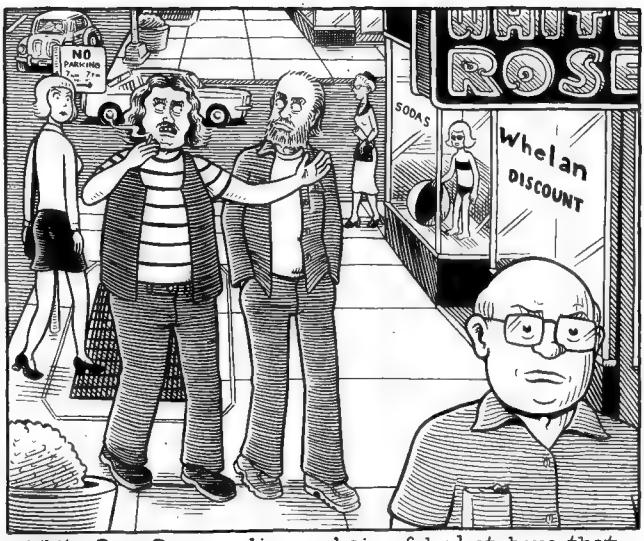
Harry grumbled on a bit more about the money but finally got the address of the police station and told Jake he'd get there as soon as he could.

ABOUT an hour later, he and Jake emerged from a police station in the West fifties. You could tell they were brothers at a glance. They had the same piercing eyes though Jake's were somewhat less severe.

Harry was older, taller and skinnier. At twentyfour he was already losing his hair. As if to compensate for this galling fact, he wore a full beard which made him look even more severe.

Jake was a battleworn twentyone. Though all the speed he took should have made him skinny, chronic beer drinking kept his weight up. His face had a high color and liquor fat puffiness. He was nominally clean shaven except for a mustache which he grew droopily over his mouth in an attempt to hide several missing front teeth.

"So what happened," said Harry unenthusiastically.



They were coming upon one of the White Rose Bars, a dingy chain of budget bars that were spotted throughout Manhattan.

"Look," said Jake, "I'm a real wreck." He gestured towards the White Rose. "Lets stop in the bar and I'll tell all. Believe me you won't believe it."

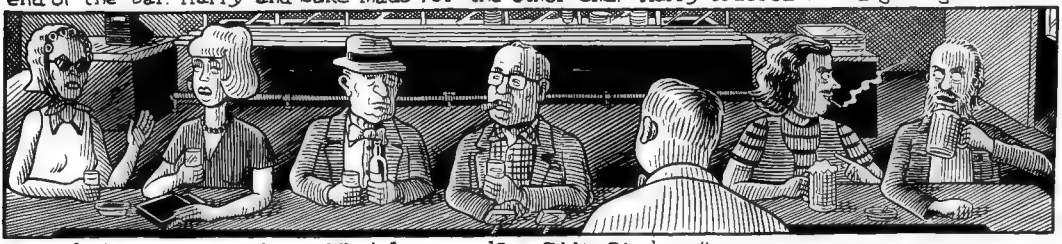
"There's no time," said Harry with a slight edge of panic in his voice; "We've got a strip to do!"

"We'll do it," soothed Jake, "but my nerves are all in."

Harry still looked unimpressed so Jake played his trump.

"Besides I wanna tell you how I met the Pope. Maybe we can get a strip out of it."

They entered the bar. The lunch counter opposite the bar was closed for the day and there were only several blousy looking housewives and two older pensioners sitting at one end of the bar. Harry and Jake made for the other end. Harry ordered two large mugs of beer.



"Well, there's your beer. What happened? I've been going crazy...."

"Like I told you; I met the Pope. He blessed me!"

"Yeah, and I had lunch with Joan Crawford," said Harry taking a sip of beer. So what else is new?"

Jake grinned and took a long pull. "I'm not kidding! Just shut up and listen!" The floor was Jake's

"It's like this. I was over in Washington Square Park and ran into Jamie. I hadn't seen him since he burned me on that speed deal. You remember I was telling...."

"Get on with it!" said Harry impatiently.

"So Jamie's got all these Pope Paul buttons he's gonna sell over at Rockefeller center where the Pope's gonna make this big personal appearance. About six guys in the park were goin over. Georgie, Floyd, Eddie Bird...."

"Yeah, yeah,"

"Anyway Jamie offers to split his buttons with me on account of what he owes me. So a bird in the hand and all. Anyway we snorted a little bit of meth that Jamie had, panhandled forty cents and took the subway over to Rockefeller center with the other guys.

"Well at first business is so so. The Pope is late and competition is heavy. Plus the cops wouldn't let us mingle. They had all the souvenir sellers herded together.

"Finally the Pope arrives. A whole bunch of cops are trying to get him inside fast, but they aren't having a whole lot of luck. There's just too many people there. But they're just getting him past us when this button seller, an

old Italian guy decides he wants to meet the Pope. He breaks through the police line and

he's makin for the Pope when these two cops start beating on him.

They probably would have hauled him off to jail but the Pope sees it and tells em to stop.

He asks to have all the souvenir guys brought through the line and pretty soon there's about fifteen of us standing in front of the Pope including six of us from the park!"

Jake stopped momentarily to let this much of the narrative sink in while Harry ordered another round of beers.

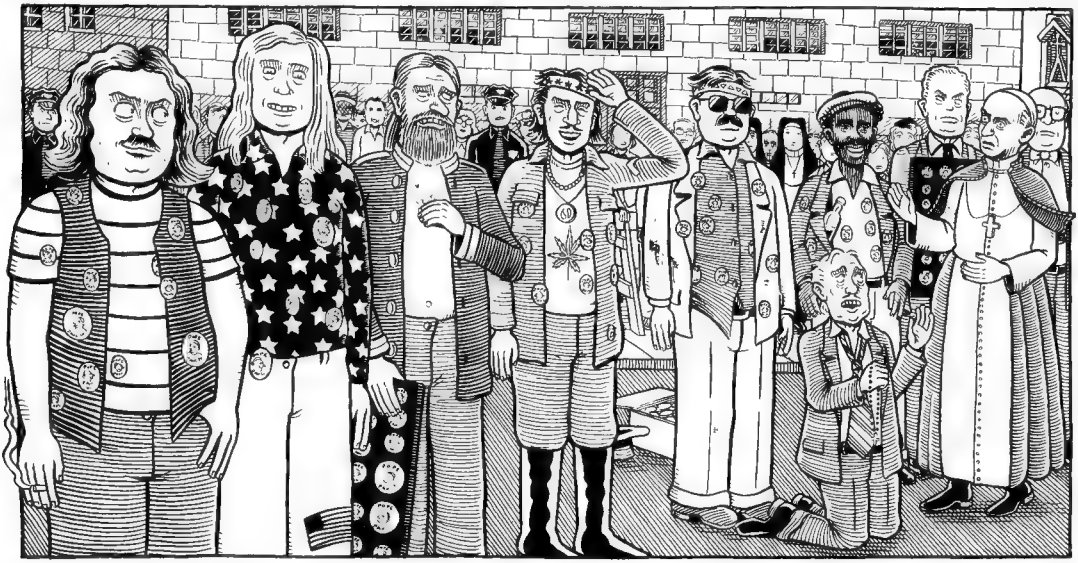
"So anyway the Pope goes down the line blessing each one until he gets to the six of us from the park and stops kind of startled like he didn't know what to make of us. Maybe he's never seen any Hippies because he's looking at us like we're some weird kind of poor people they haven't been telling him about.

"But he finally blesses us along with the rest. You should have seen the cops! They were pissed off!

"And let me tell you! After that business was great! We doubled our price and sold everything!"

"So how come I'm bailin you out!" said Harry.

"Well it's like this. We're all headin for the subway, feelin good and it turns out Eddie Bird's got some speed for sale. I knew I could get high and make money too, so I bought some. So,.... just outside the subway



entrance, I saw a phone booth. I told the guys to wait a minute and I went in;... to call you up!" he added defensively.

"Uh huh."

"So this cop from the Pope thing suddenly comes from around the corner. The others see him first and scatter, but he sees I'm stuck in the booth and he zooms right in on me. The fucker busts me for selling buttons without a license."

Harry glanced at the clock over the bar. It was ten of three.

"Listen," he said, "It's a good story, but finish it on the way home; we've got work to do."

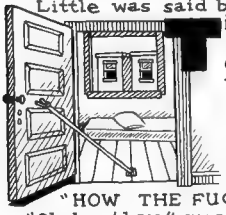
They walked in silence for about half a block. Jake was beginning to look anxious. At the corner was a subway entrance. Right next to it was a phone booth.

"There it is!" shouted Jake, pointing feverishly at the phone booth.

"Look," said Harry, "if you think I believe all that....."

Ignoring Harry, Jake ran to the booth, got out his keys, and inserted one behind the phone's metal coin slot. After a few seconds of careful manuvering, he managed to slide a tiny packet of white powder out from behind it. He smiled triumphantly and held it out for Harry to see.

Little was said by either one on the way back.



THE front door of their apartment gaped open in ominous greeting when they got back. They were thunderstruck.

Harry examined the locks. To his amazement, there was no sign of tampering on any of them.

"HOW THE FUCK!"

"Oh brother," moaned Jake from inside, "Get a load of this!"

Dazed, Harry walked in. Jake stood in Harry's room, staring at a jagged, vaguely round hole in the wall. It was about a foot up from the floor, just large enough for someone to squeeze through. It led to the apartment of their neighbors, the glue heads.

"I don't believe it," said Harry, sinking into a chair near the drawing board. Jake wandered back into his room.

"Hey. They got the radio!" he yelled a few seconds later.

After taking hurried inventory of the rest of the flat, he came back into Harry's room.

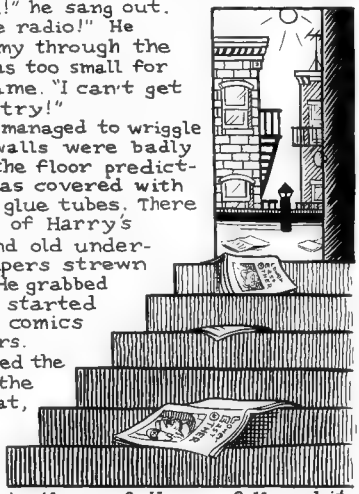
"There doesn't seem to be much else missing."

"Nothing much left to steal," said Harry almost catatonically.

Jake knelt amidst chinks of plaster and peered through the hole.

"Nobody home!" he sang out. "Hey! I see the radio!" He tried to shimmy through the hole but it was too small for his portly frame. "I can't get through! You try!"

Harry just managed to wriggle through. The walls were badly scorched and the floor predictably enough, was covered with squeezed out glue tubes. There were also lots of Harry's comic books and old underground newspapers strewn everywhere. He grabbed the radio and started picking up the comics and newspapers.



When he opened the front door of the glue head's flat, there was a trail of more papers and comics leading up the stairs to the roof. Harry followed it picking up as he went, but there were no glue heads to be found on the roof either.

JAKE was industriously sending speed up his nose when Harry re-entered the apartment. He didn't stop, but walked wearily back to his own room, dropped the retrieved debris on his mattress and sank into his chair. I can not take much more of this he thought.

He was still sitting there staring blankly at his board, when Jake came in twenty minutes later. "Hey come off it!" he said, eyes glistening, "You look like they stole your life support system!" He looked over Harry's shoulder at the logo he'd drawn earlier that day. "Pep Comics huh? NOT BAD! NOT BAD AT ALL!"

Harry made no response.

"Come on! Snap out of it! We've gotta comic strip to do! The show must go on!"

"Why don't you draw it?" said Harry listlessly.

"Maybe I just will," said Jake, clearly feeling his oats. He looked at the hole and laughed. "One thing's for sure; They'll never go near that hole while we're in here. They know we'd blow their fuckin heads off!"

It wasn't a particularly clever remark, but Harry smiled in spite of himself.

"Hey!" said Jake, "How about doing a strip with this guy sitting in a room see? And there's this hole in the wall just like this one! Only the top of this guy's head's been sawed off! A clean cut and his brain's missing see? He's just sitting there staring blankly at nothing!

Then in panel two there's this robot! Only his stomach's made of clear plexiglas and there's the guy's brain in it see?"

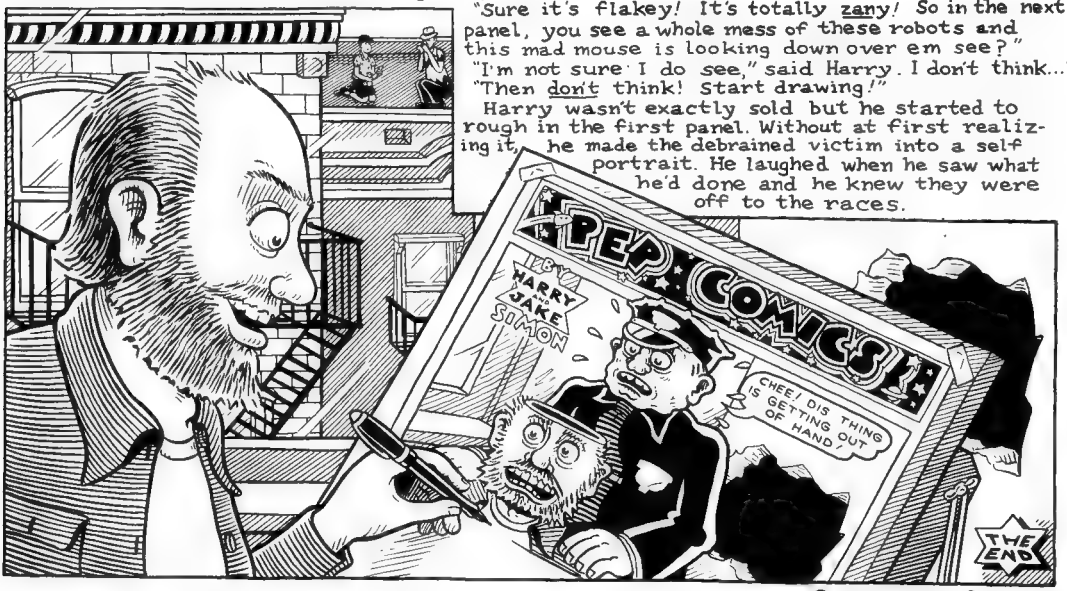
"I don't know. It's kind of flakey if you ask me."

"Sure it's flakey! It's totally zany! So in the next panel, you see a whole mess of these robots and this mad mouse is looking down over em see?"

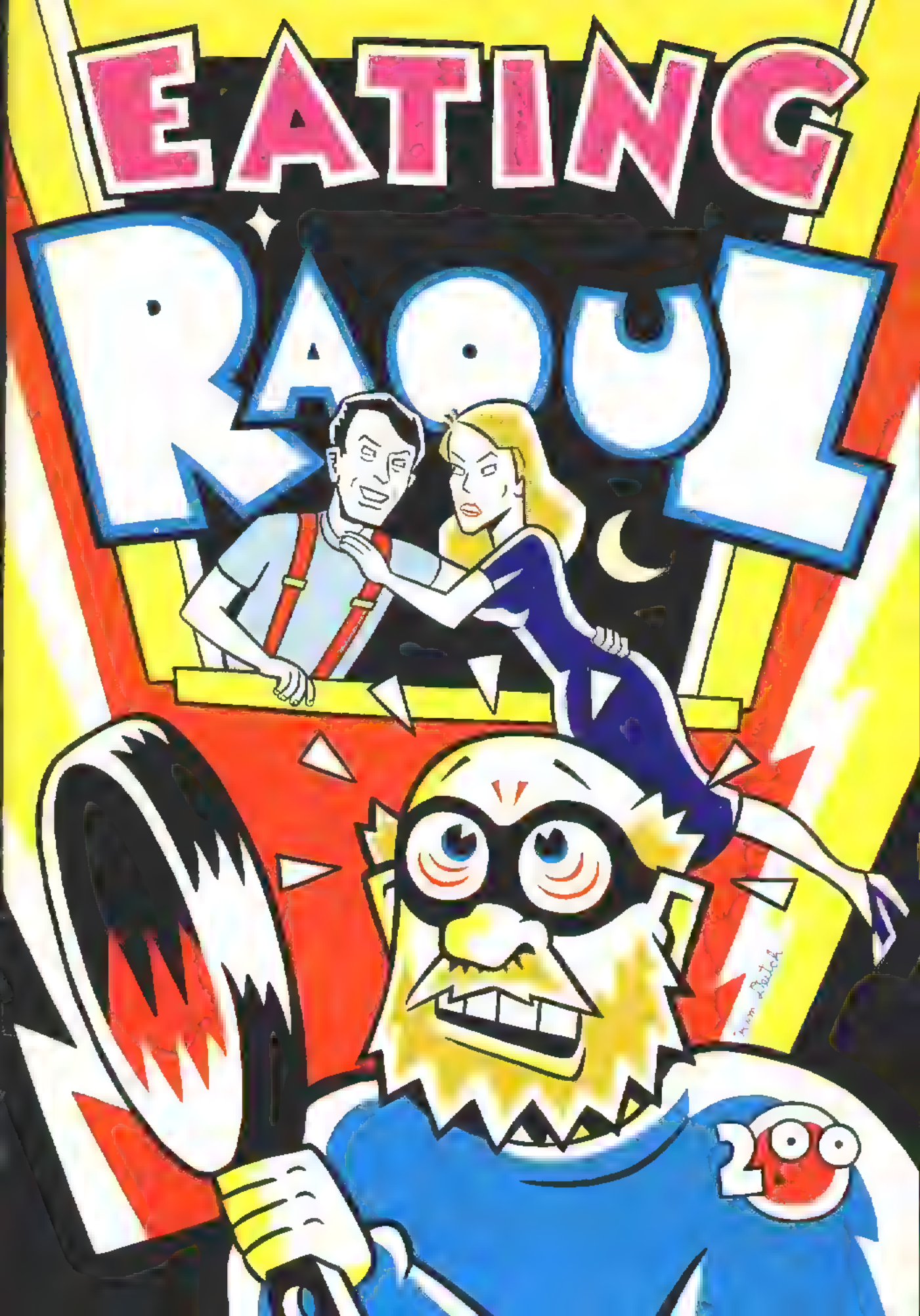
"I'm not sure I do see," said Harry. I don't think..."

"Then don't think! Start drawing!"

Harry wasn't exactly sold but he started to rough in the first panel. Without at first realizing it, he made the debrained victim into a self portrait. He laughed when he saw what he'd done and he knew they were off to the races.



© 1984 BY Kim Deitch


EATING
RAOUL
20

HOLLYWOOD WHERE SEX HUNGER IS REFLECTED IN EVERY ASPECT OF DAILY LIFE. RAMPANT VICE AND VIOLENCE PERMEATE EVERY STRATA OF SOCIETY. AND THE BARRIER BETWEEN FOOD AND SEX HAS TOTALLY DISSOLVED.

EATING RAOUL

the big weenie

CHATEAU LAFITTE

MOUNTAIN BROOK

BLAND! DID YOU ORDER THIS CASE OF CHATEAU LAFITTE?

THAT STUFF GOES FOR **FOUR HUNDRED** A BOTTLE! WE'LL **NEVER** SELL IT!

I WOULD ONE OF YOU GENTLEMENS BE SO KIND AS TO GIVE ME **ALL** THE MONEY IN THE REGISTER?

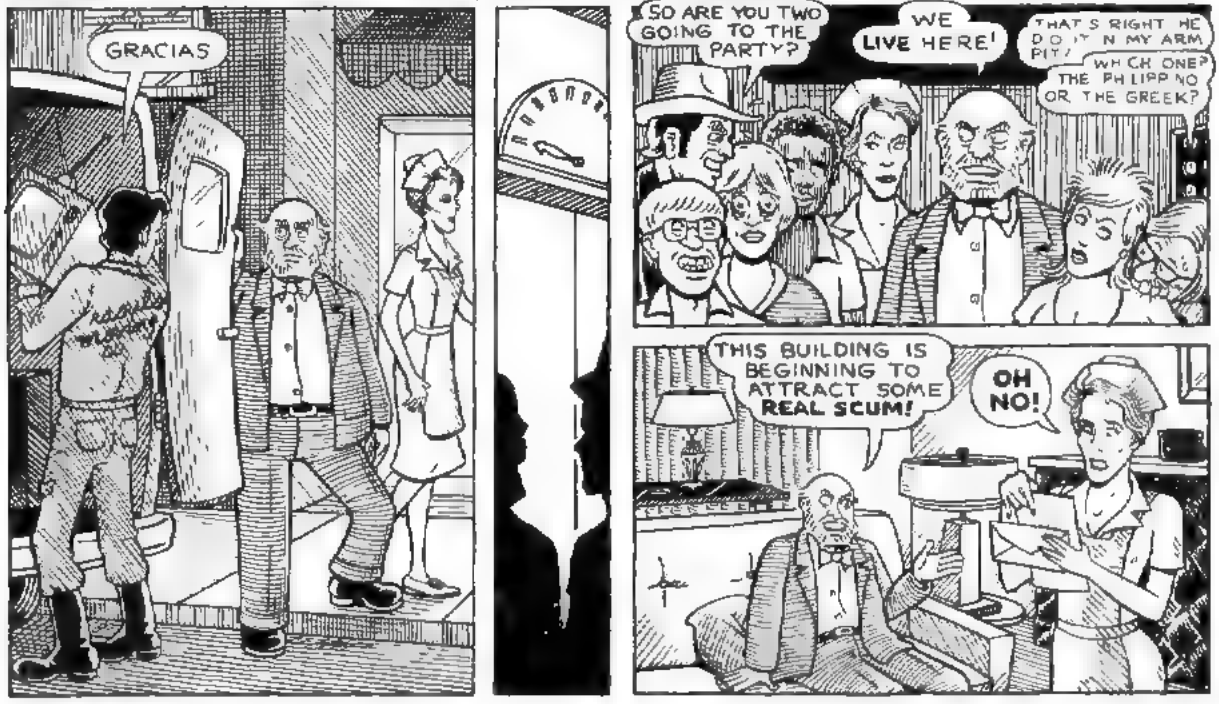
BLAM!

MR. KRAY! YOU **KILLED** HIM!

YEAH, NOW WHAT ABOUT THAT **CHATEAU LAFITTE?**

HOSPITAL
HEY BABY, WHO WAS THAT DUMPY DUDE WHO CAME BY FOR YOU THE OTHER DAY?
HE HAPPENS TO BE MY HUSBAND!
HEY, YOU GOT A PROBLEM AND WE COULD SOLVE IT SO EASILY.
EEK!
STOP IT!
THORAZIN

JAB
AIEE!!
HOSPITAL
I HAD ANOTHER IDEA FOR THE RESTAURANT'S NAME I KNOW YOU LIKE CHEZ BLAND, BUT HOW DOES PAUL AND MARY'S COUNTRY KITCHEN SOUND?
I HOPE WE'RE NOT BEING PREMATURE ABOUT THIS!


GRACIAS
SO ARE YOU TWO GOING TO THE PARTY?
WE LIVE HERE!
THAT'S RIGHT HE DOIT IN MY ARM PIT!
WHICH ONE? THE PHILIPPINO OR THE GREEK?
THIS BUILDING IS BEGINNING TO ATTRACT SOME REAL SCUM!
OH NO!

$175.00!
NOTICE
RENT INCREASE $175.00 PER MONTH

WELL, AT LEAST WE STILL HAVE OUR JOBS.
I, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU THIS MARY...

OH HONEY! YOU DIDN'T LOSE YOUR JOB!
IT WASN'T MY FAULT! I

UH OH JAMES! AND DINNER ISN'T EVEN STARTED YET!
STALL HIM! WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET THIS RESTAURANT SLIP THROUGH OUR FINGERS!
DING DONG
HEY, AM I EARLY OR WHAT? OH WELL THE EARLY BIRD GETS THE PUSSY RIGHT?
?!!

HEY BABY! YOU LOOK LIKE A PARTY ALL BY YOURSELF!

YOU GET OUT OF HERE!
WHY? YOU'RE NOT FUCKIN' HER! BESIDES I WAS INVITED HERE SO JUST GO FUCK YOURSELF CHARLIE!
URK!
POW!

BLECH!

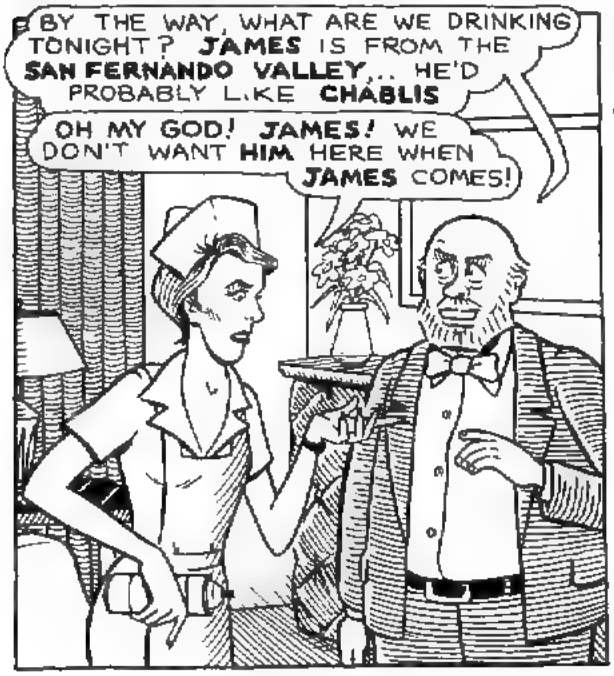
QUICK! GET HIM INTO THE BATHROOM BEFORE HE DOES IT AGAIN!

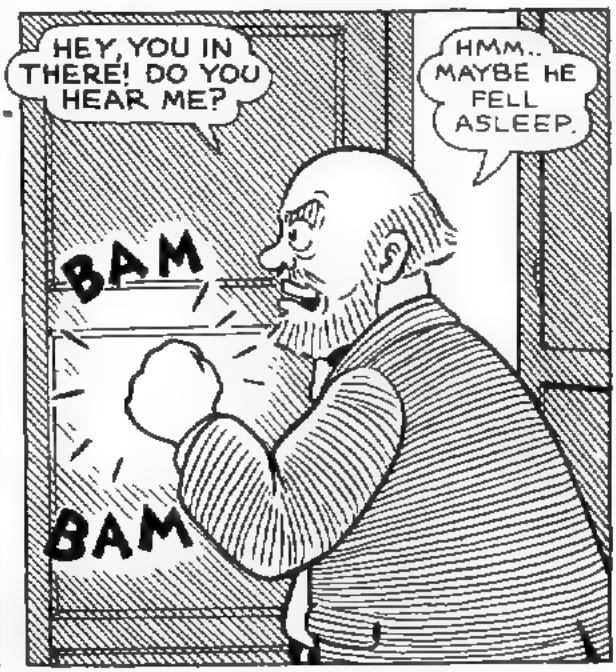
A LI'L PRIVACY IF YOU DON'T MIND.

THAT'S EXACTLY THE SORT OF PERSON WE SHOULD REFUSE TO SERVE IN OUR RESTAURANT!

YES, I HAVE SOME. **1948** AS A MATTER OF FACT. NO....I DON'T THINK I'D BE INTERESTED.

WHO WAS THAT?
SOME WINE COLLECTOR WHO WANTS TO BUY MY **CHATEAU LAFITTE**.


BY THE WAY, WHAT ARE WE DRINKING TONIGHT? **JAMES** IS FROM THE **SAN FERNANDO VALLEY**... HE'D PROBABLY LIKE **CHABLIS**
OH MY GOD! **JAMES!** WE DON'T WANT **HIM** HERE WHEN **JAMES** COMES!

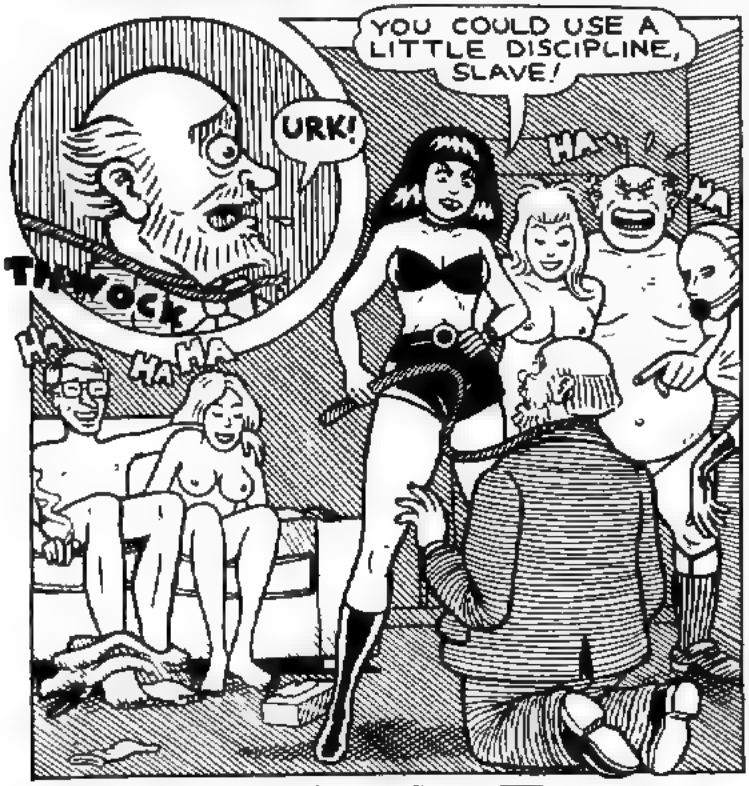

HEY, YOU IN THERE! DO YOU HEAR ME?
HMM.. MAYBE HE FELL ASLEEP.
BAM
BAM

MY GOD, MARY HE'S DEAD!
OH GREAT! WHAT DO WE DO NOW!
CALL THE POLICE?
WHO DO I TALK TO TO REPORT A MURDER?
NOT A MURDER! AN ACCIDENTAL DEATH!
GROAN!
GUESS WHAT!
NEVER MIND WRONG NUMBER!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH HIM?
LL GET HIM TO HIS PARTY
HEY HEY HEY!

WELL GOODBYE.
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? THIS IS LIKE A FREE CANDY STORE YOU CAN GOBBLE ANY PIECE YOU WANT!

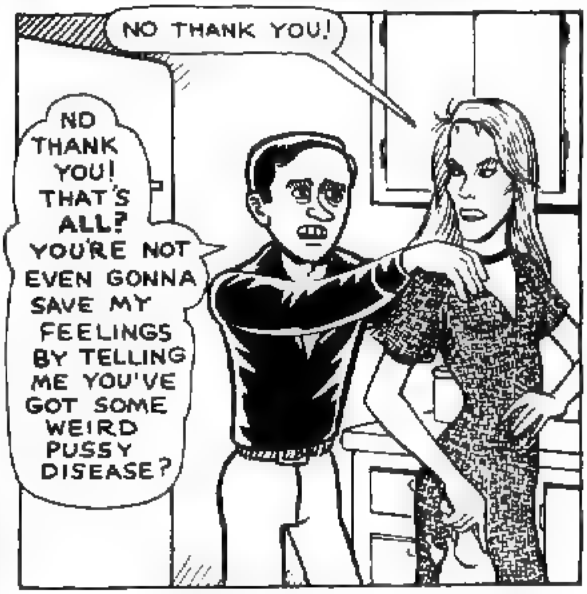
REALLY, I HAVE TO GET BACK NOW WE'RE HAVING A FRIEND TO DINNER AND. . .

YOU'RE SO UPTIGHT! DON'T YA WANNA BE FREE?
YEAH, SURE, GOODNIGHT NOW.


YOU COULD USE A LITTLE DISCIPLINE, SLAVE!
URK!
THWOCK
HA HA HA

PAUL JAMES' OFFICE CALLED...

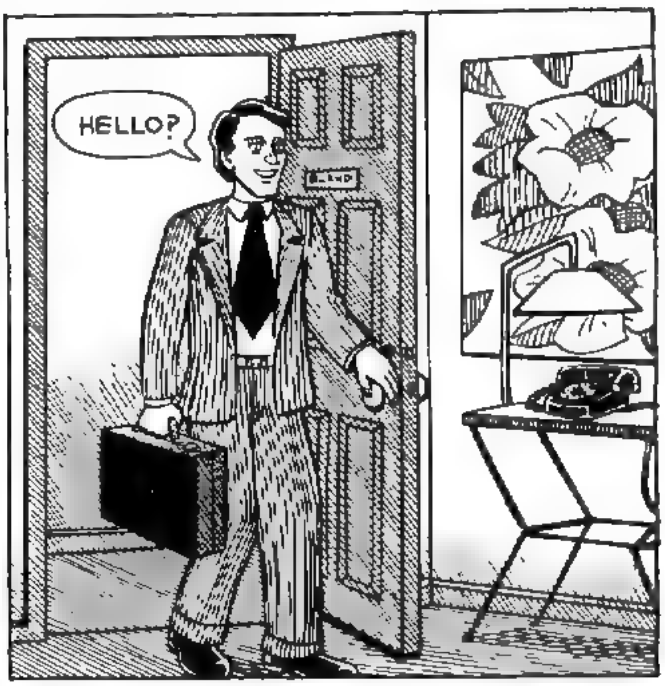
HE SHOULD BE HERE IN ABOUT... WHA? WHERE'S PAUL?
GETTING T ON WITH THE MARQUISE DE SADE SO I THOUGHT I'D COME BACK AND GET IT ON WITH YOU!


NO THANK YOU!
NO THANK YOU! THAT'S ALL? YOU'RE NOT EVEN GONNA SAVE MY FEELINGS BY TELLING ME YOU'VE GOT SOME WEIRD PUSSY DISEASE?

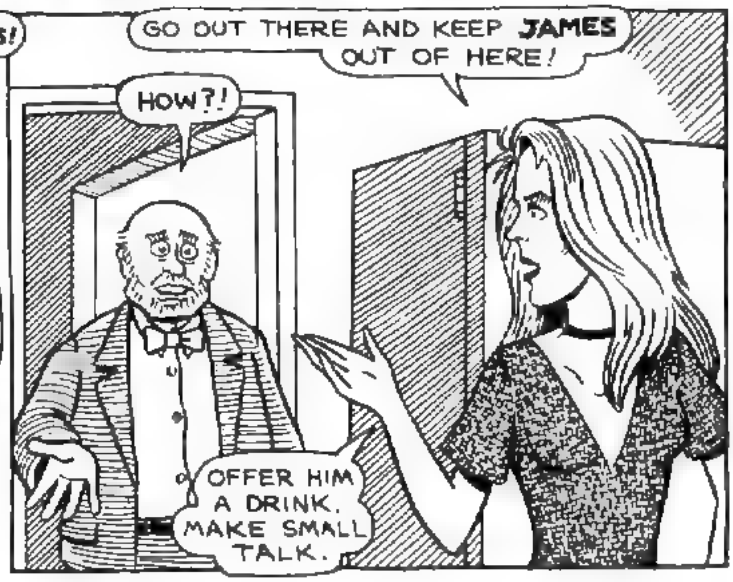
C'MON, BABY!
YANK!
HELP!!
AOOOOW!!
NOW WHERE WERE WE?

IN A FLURY OF FURY, PAUL REPEATEDLY CLOBBERS THE SEEDY SWINGER.
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
PAUL! YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
OH SHIT! THAT'S ALL I NEEDED!

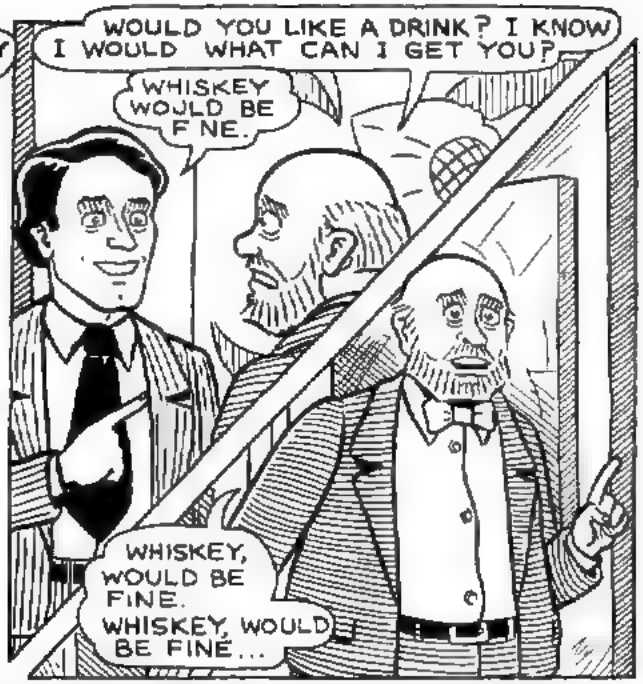
MARY LOOK! THIS GUY'S WALLET HAS 600 DOLLARS IN IT!

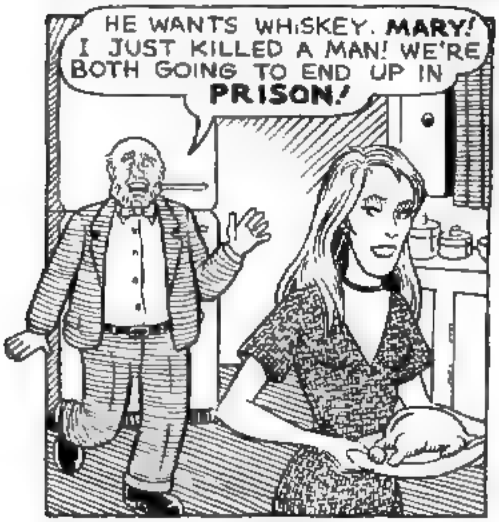

HELLO?

JUST A MINUTE! THERE'S JAMES! QUICK.. TAKE THE MONEY AND PUT THE WALLET BACK WHERE YOU FOUND IT!


GO OUT THERE AND KEEP JAMES OUT OF HERE!
HOW?!
OFFER HIM A DRINK. MAKE SMALL TALK.

HI THERE! YOU AND MARY HAV NG A LITTLE SET TO?
NO NO! I WAS JUST HELPING MARY POUND THE (UH) CHICKEN!


WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK? I KNOW I WOULD WHAT CAN I GET YOU?
WHISKEY WOULD BE F NE.
WHISKEY, WOULD BE FINE. WHISKEY, WOULD BE FINE...


HE WANTS WHISKEY. MARY! I JUST KILLED A MAN! WE'RE BOTH GOING TO END UP IN PRISON!

PAUL, HE WAS A MAN

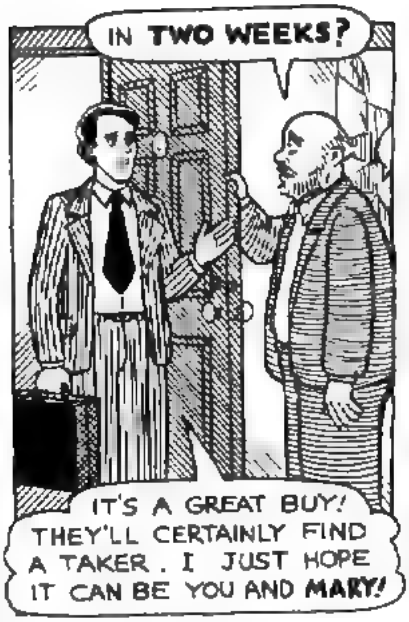
...NOW HE'S JUST A BAG OF GARBAGE....

AFTER DINNER...
I COULDN'T IMAGINE ANY PLACE MORE PERFECT!

THE MINUTE I SAW IT I KNEW IT WAS FOR YOU.

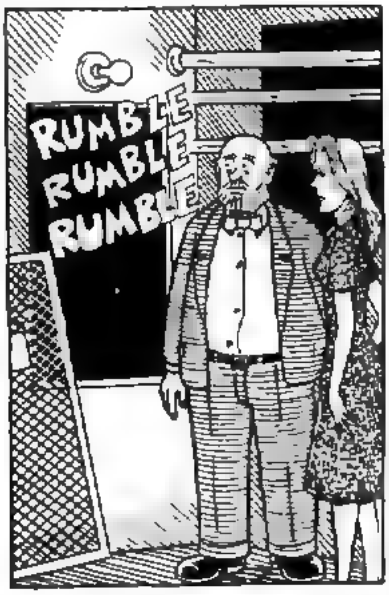
..AND ONLY A HUNDRED THOUSAND!

HOW MUCH DO THEY WANT DOWN?
20 THOUSAND AT LEAST.

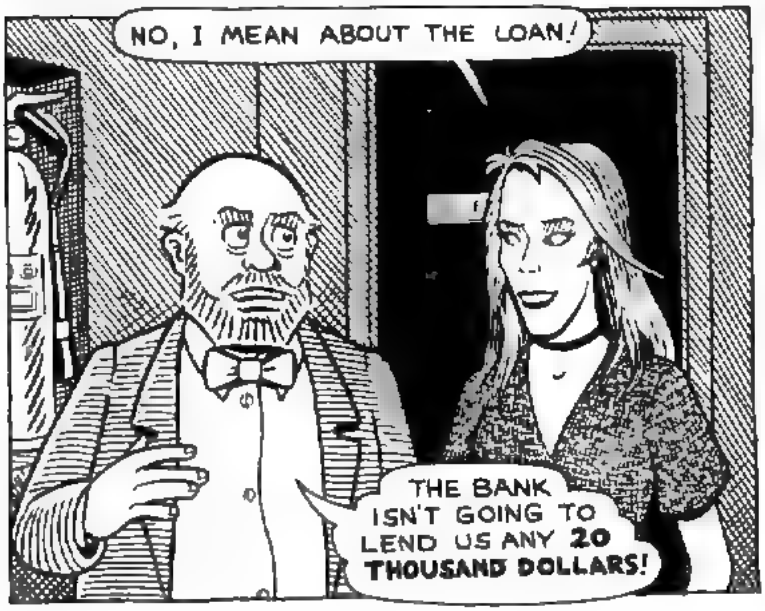

IN TWO WEEKS?
IT'S A GREAT BUY! THEY'LL CERTAINLY FIND A TAKER. I JUST HOPE IT CAN BE YOU AND MARY!

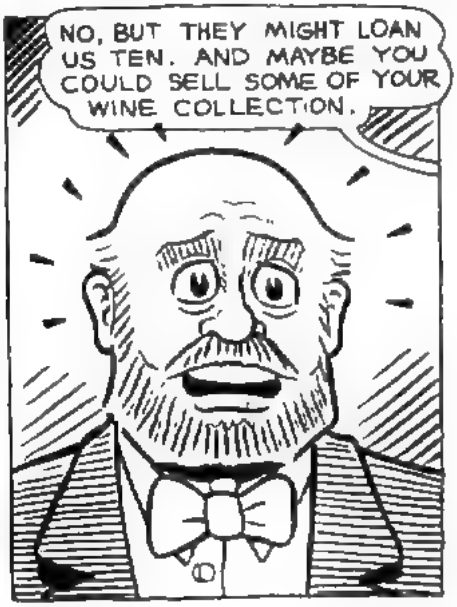
WHERE ARE WE GOING TO GET 20 THOUSAND DOLLARS?
COME ON AND HELP ME TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE.

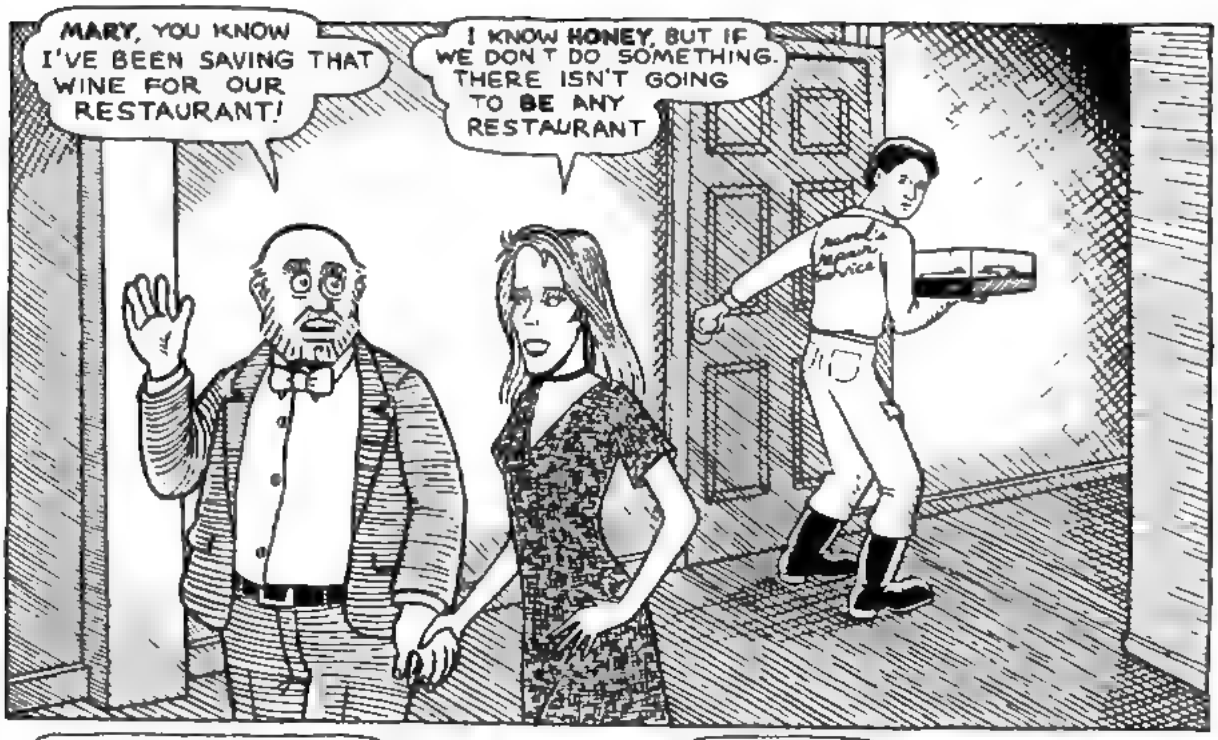
TOMORROW I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET A LOAN AT THE BANK.


RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE

WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I GUESS IT TOOK H.M.


NO, I MEAN ABOUT THE LOAN!
THE BANK ISN'T GOING TO LEND US ANY 20 THOUSAND DOLLARS!


NO, BUT THEY MIGHT LOAN US TEN. AND MAYBE YOU COULD SELL SOME OF YOUR WINE COLLECTION.


MARY, YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN SAVING THAT WINE FOR OUR RESTAURANT!
I KNOW HONEY, BUT IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING. THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY RESTAURANT

I'LL CALL THE GUY THAT WAS INTERESTED IN THE CHATEAU LAFITTE TOMORROW.
AND I'LL CHECK OUT THE BANK LOAN.

BEDTIME

PAUL, WHAT'S THIS?
DORIS THE DOMINATRIX

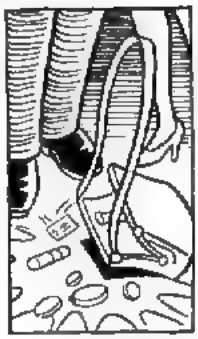
OH, THAT! SHE'S SOME MAD WOMAN WHO ATTACKS PEOPLE WITH A WHIP! SHE WAS AT THE SWINGER'S PARTY.
SHE GAVE YOU HER CARD?

SHE GAVE EVERYBODY HER CARD!
HMMPH! I DON'T MIND A LITTLE HUGGING AND KISSING, BUT THAT'S DISGUSTING!

WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY GO FOR ALL THAT WEIRD STUFF?
THEY'RE SICK, PAUL. THIS COUNTRY IS OVERFLOWING WITH MILLIONS OF SEXUAL FREAKS!
WE'RE SO LUCKY TO HAVE FOUND EACH OTHER!
I KNOW. GOODNIGHT HONEY.

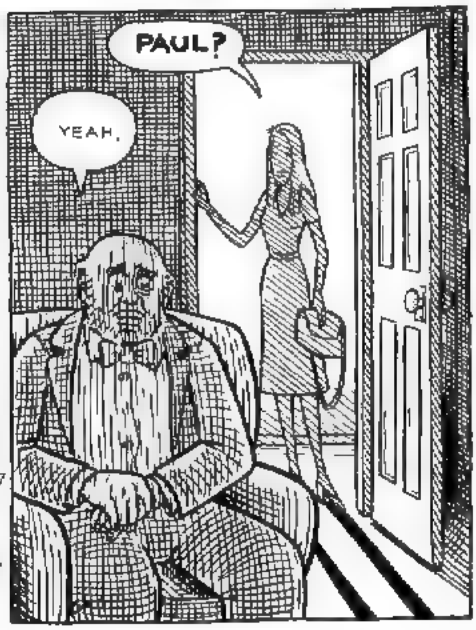
HOSPITAL
HEY, NOT SO FAST. THEY RE LETTING ME OUT TODAY WHY DON T YOU LET ME TAKE YOU OUT FOR A DRINK OR SOMETHING?
FORGET IT!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!



WOW! IS THIS YOU? DORIS THE DOMINATRIX?
THAT'S RIGHT BUSTER AND I'M WAY OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE!
DORIS THE DOMINATRIX DISCIPLINE
?
I KNEW SHE WAS A LOT HIPPER THAN SHE LET ON

LATER...


PAUL?
YEAH.

HOW DID YOU DO WITH THE WINE COLLECTOR?
GREAT! HE RIPPED OFF SIX BOTTLES OF MY BEST CLARET HOW ABOUT YOU? GET THE LOAN?
NO, HE TRIED TO PUT THE MAKE ON ME!
PEOPLE ARE SUCH PIGS! WHY SHOULD THEY LIVE SO WELL WHEN GOOD PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND ME GET SHAFTED?
I DON'T KNOW BUT I'M READY TO START SHAFTING RIGHT BACK!
HIYA DORIS!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? GET OUT!
MARY, WHO IS THIS GUY?
NOBODY. A PATIENT FROM THE HOSPITAL.
WHADDAYA MEAN NOBODY? I GOT BIG BUCKS!
RIP!
HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS INTO RAPE FANTASIES?

LEAVE HER ALONE YOU **PERVERT!**

OOF!

CRASH!

GET AWAY!
HAW!

MARY! HE'S **DEAD!**
PAUL! THERE'S OVER **500 DOLLARS** HERE!

THESE SWINGER TYPES ALWAYS SEEM TO HAVE MONEY!
DO YOU REALIZE WE'VE MADE OVER A **THOUSAND DOLLARS** IN **TWO** DAYS?

JUST BY KILLING PEOPLE!
...HORRIBLE SEX CRAZED MANIACS THAT NO ONE WILL MISS!

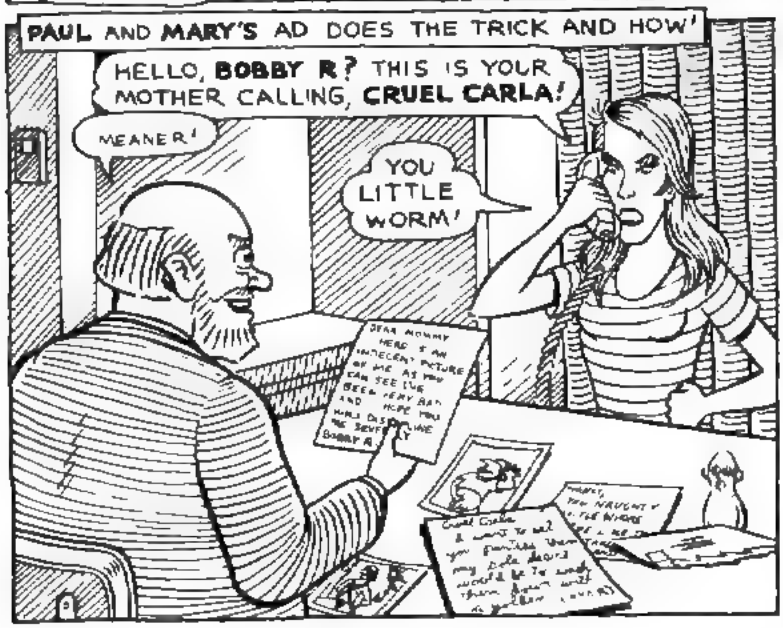
I WONDER HOW MUCH WE COULD MAKE IF WE REALLY PUT OUR MINDS TO IT.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
THIS CITY IS FULL OF RICH PERVERTS. IF WE COULD SOMEHOW GET THEM TO COME TO OUR APARTMENT...
BUT WE'D HAVE TO LURE THEM WITH....
SEX!
WE WOULDN'T REALLY, I MEAN YOU WOULDN'T ACTUALLY DO ANYTHING WITH THEM?
OF COURSE NOT! AS SOON AS THEY TRY ANYTHING DIRTY WE POP THEM WITH THE FRYING PAN!
BUT HOW DO WE FIND THEM? WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS SWINGER STUFF!
WE COULD ASK SOMEONE WHO DOES!
DORIS
ALL OF THEM READ THIS THING?
YOU BET. IF THEY'RE KINKY THEY READ THE SWINGER'S CLASSIFIED.
SWAP 'N SWING
HOLLYWOOD BABYLON
SWINGER'S CLASSIFIED
Baby

GOOD LUCK!
THANKS FOR THE ADVICE.

OH NO! IS THAT A TICKET?

NO IT'S SOME LOCKSMITH.
LOCK'S INSTALLED ONLY $12.95 RAOUL'S LOCK AND KEY SERVICE 824-5972
WELL, THE PRICE IS RIGHT
LET'S CALL HIM. WE DON'T WANT PEOPLE WANDERING INTO OUR APARTMENT WHEN WE'RE BOPPING SWINGERS

LATER THAT WEEK.
WE DO ANYTHING
NAUGHTY NANCY
CRUEL CARLA
"TWO OF OUR MOST POPULAR ROUTINES"
WHATEVER YOUR SEX FANTASIES, FROM THE ORDINARY TO THE MOST BIZARRE, CARLA AND NANCY WILL ACCOMODATE YOU. SEND FANTASIES, PHOTO, ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER TO
SWINGER'S PARADISE
1711 YUCCA STREET · BOKITA · HOLLYWOOD


PAUL AND MARY'S AD DOES THE TRICK AND HOW!
HELLO, BOBBY R? THIS IS YOUR MOTHER CALLING, CRUEL CARLA!
MEANER!
YOU LITTLE WORM!

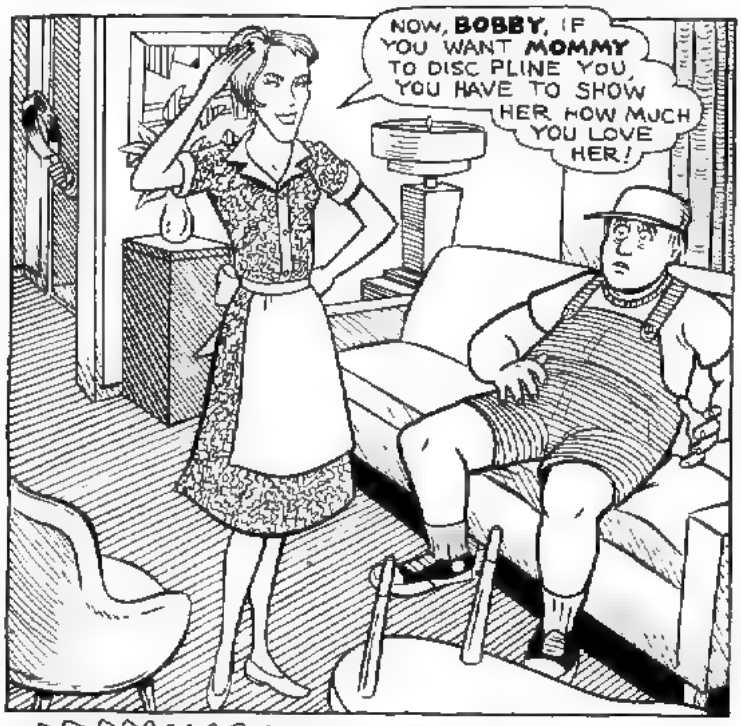
DING DONG!
WH' WHO IS IT?
LOCK SMITH!

HELLO, I'M RAOUL AND IT'S A GOOD THING YOU CALLED ME.
ANY THIEF WITH HALF A BRAIN COULD OPEN THIS LOCK WITH A PLASTIC CARD OR FLEXIBLE RULER SEE?
GOOD HEAVENS!
YOU GOT A NICE PLACE HERE. IT WOULD BE A CRIME TO LET SOME PUNK BREAK IN AND TAKE YOUR,..UH, YOU GOT ANYTHING OF VALUE HERE?
WELL PAUL, THERE'S YOUR WINE COLLECTION.
I COULD PUT A NEW ONE IN LIKE I ADVERTISED FOR ONLY 20 DOLLARS!
20 DOLLARS!
OH YEAH? HOW MUCH IS THAT WORTH?
SOME BOTTLES ARE WORTH MORE THAN $500.00!
MARY!
WELL, YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE A CHANCE WITH THAT. BESIDES, ANYONE BREAKS THROUGH ONE OF MY LOCKS, I GUARANTEE THE VALUE OF ANYTHING STOLEN.
HOW OFTEN DOES THAT HAPPEN?
NEVER.
I'VE BEEN VERY BAD, HAVEN'T I, MOMMY? ARE YOU GONNA SPANK ME?
YES, BOBBY, YOU'VE BEEN VERY BAD AND I AM GOING TO SPANK YOU!

THE HELL YOU WILL! FUCK YOU MOMMY!

HOLD ON A MINUTE YOU LITTLE CREEP!

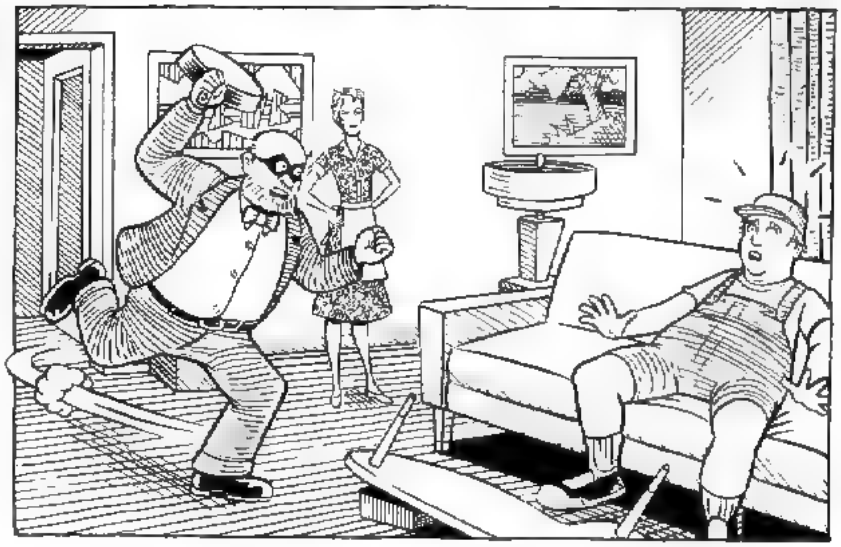
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
CAN'T YOU GET HIM TO DO SOMETHING TO YOU? I CAN'T HIT HIM UNLESS HE MAKES ME ANGRY!

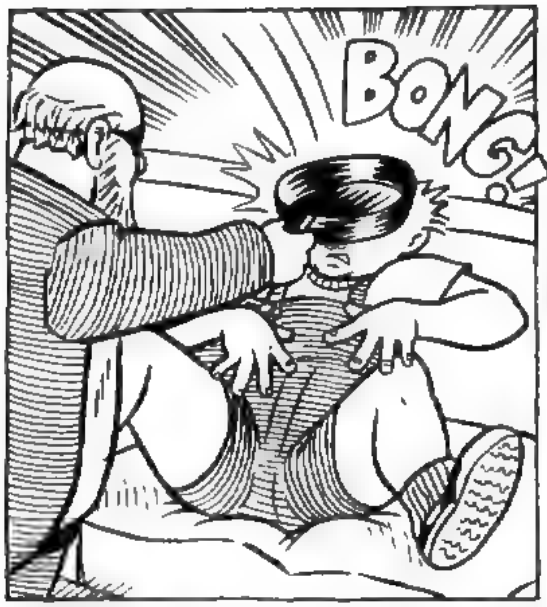

NOW, BOBBY, IF YOU WANT MOMMY TO DISC PLINE YOU, YOU HAVE TO SHOW HER HOW MUCH YOU LOVE HER!

OH YES, BOBBY THAT'S WHAT MOMMY LIKES! BOBBY! STOP IT! OW!

BOBBY! STOP! STOP!

BOBBY! I'M NOT KIDDING! THAT HURTS!



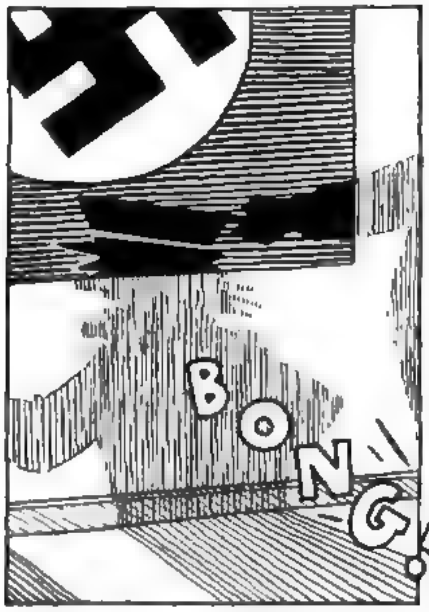

BONG!

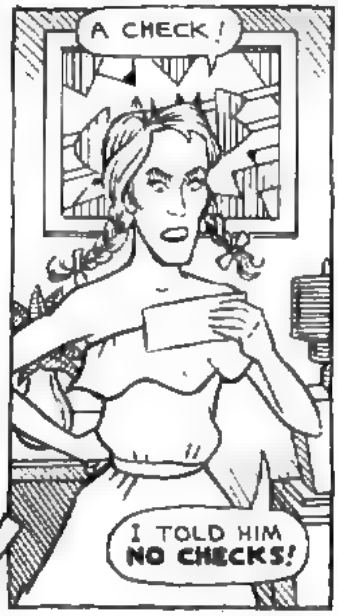
ARE YOU ALRIGHT? WHERE DID HE GET YOU?
HE DIDN'T GET ME ANYWHERE! I WAS FAKING TO GET YOU OUT HERE!

THIS MAY BE HARDER THAN WE THOUGHT!

BUT THEY SOON CATCH ON...
FAT NAZI PIG! I'LL NEVER TALK!

SO, YOU VANT TO PLAY ROUGH DO YOU?


BONG!


A CHECK!
I TOLD HIM NO CHECKS!

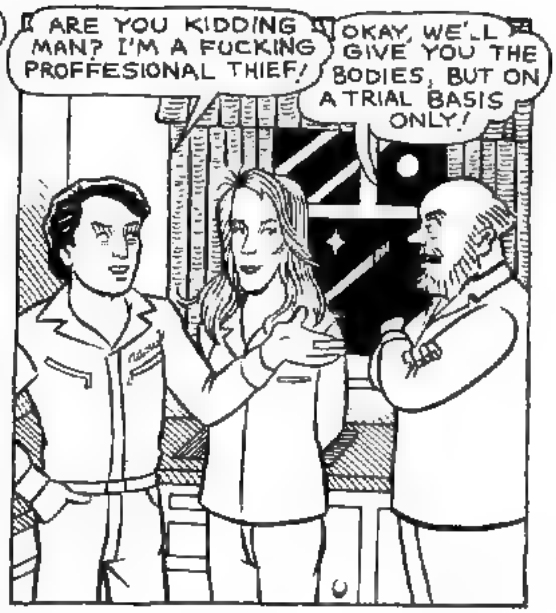
WE'LL NEVER MAKE 20 THOUSAND AT THIS RATE!
DID YOU PUT BOBBY IN THE COMPACTOR? I'M EXHAUSTED!
DON'T WORRY, I'LL BAG THE NAZI AND PUT THEM BOTH IN FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

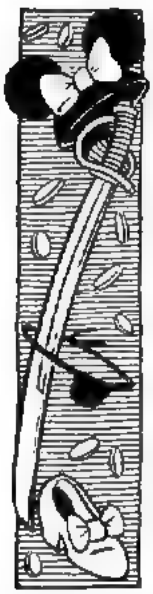
LATER ON...
MADRE DE DIOS!
CLICK!
MARY, GO LOCK THE FRONT DOOR!
I KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE. ALL RIGHT RAOUL, GIVE US BACK THE MONEY!
WHAT MONEY?
THE MONEY YOU TOOK FROM THE OTHER ROOM. GIVE IT BACK!
WHY? IS IT YOURS?
raoul
OF COURSE IT'S OURS!
PERHAPS IT BELONGS TO THE VATOS IN THE BAGS!
raoul's lock service
WE DIDN'T KILL THEM. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.
WHAT HAPPENED?

THERE WAS A GAS LEAK IN THE KITCHEN!
THEY WERE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING!
I THINK YOU KILL THIS PERSONS AND I THINK YOU WILL NOT WANT THE POLICE TO KNOW ABOUT IT.
WHAT IF WE DID KILL THEM? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE WON'T KILL YOU?
YOU CAN TRY.
LOOK, WHY DON'T WE MAKE A DEAL?
WHY SHOULD WE GIVE YOU ANYTHING? WE HAD TO KILL TWO PEOPLE TO GET THAT MONEY!
FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS? THAT SEEMS LIKE A LOT OF WORK FOR NOT SO MUCH MONEY!
ONE OF THEM SHORT CHANGED US!
AS A MATTER OF FACT IT WAS EASY. WE LURED THEM HERE WITH AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE SWINGER'S CLASSIFIED..
AND HIT THEM ON THE HEAD WITH A FRYING PAN!
I GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, YOU GOT A VERY ORIGINAL SCAM GOING HERE
WE DO ANYTHING
LET'S MAKE A DEAL! I GIVE BACK ALL THE MONEY. YOU GIVE ME THE BODIES TO SELL. WE GONNA MAKE A NICE PROFIT FOR EACH OF US!
SWAP N' SWING AT THE HOLLYWOOD BABYLON
SWINGERS CLASSIFIED

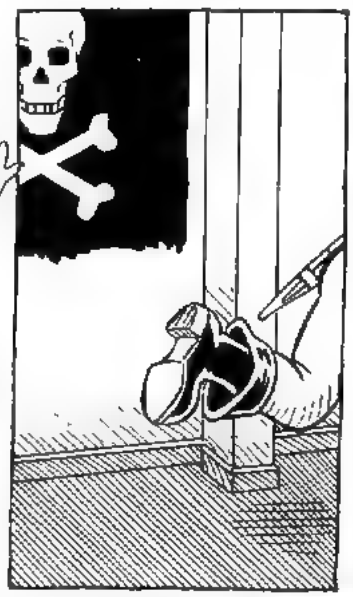
JUST THINK, NO MORE TRASH COMPACTOR!
WAIT A MINUTE MARY!

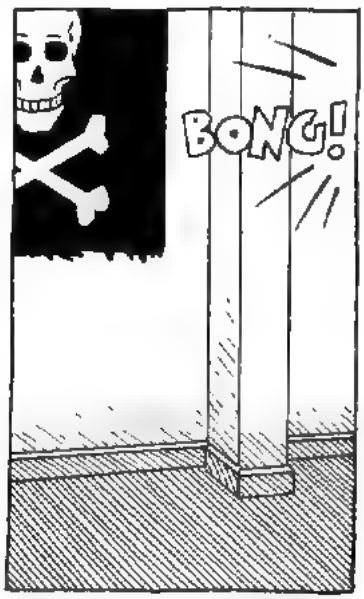
HOW DO WE KNOW HE WON'T JUST GO TO THE POLICE?


ARE YOU KIDDING MAN? I'M A FUCKING PROFFESIONAL THIEF!
OKAY, WE'LL GIVE YOU THE BODIES, BUT ON A TRIAL BASIS ONLY!



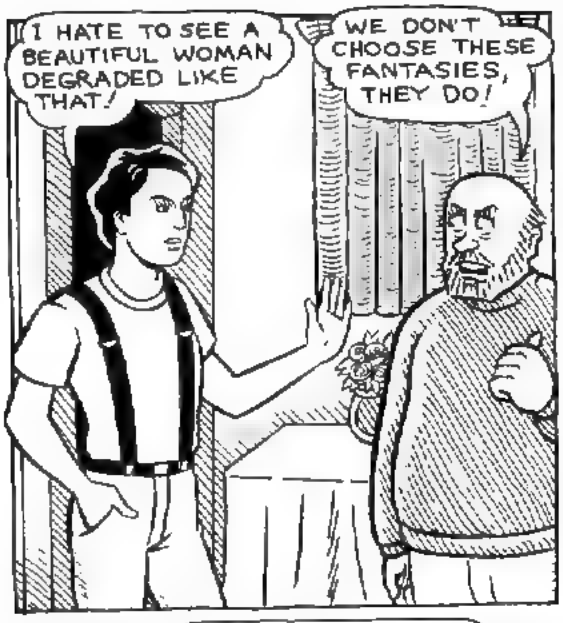
EEK EEK!

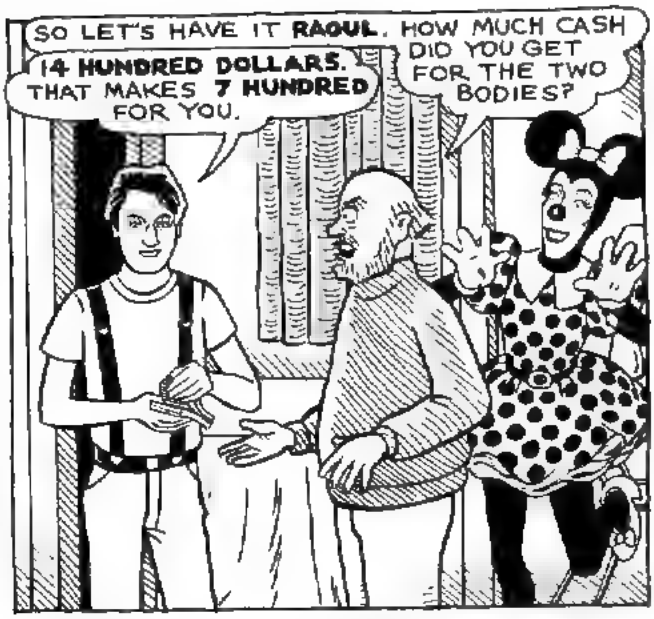


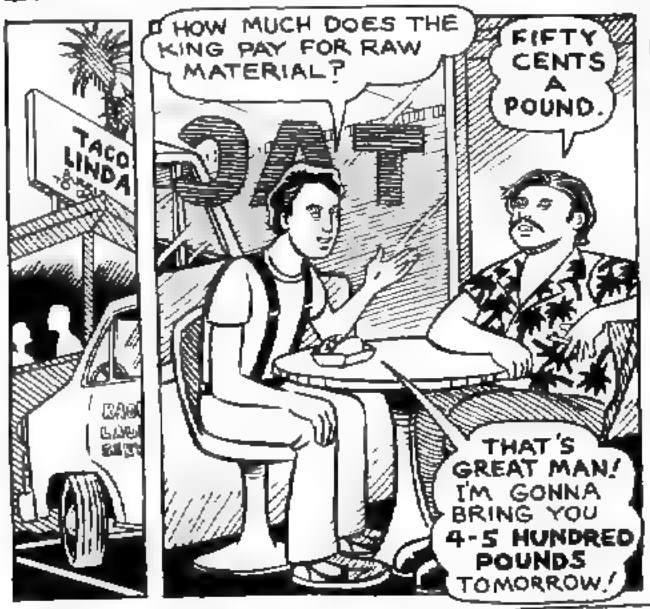

BONG!

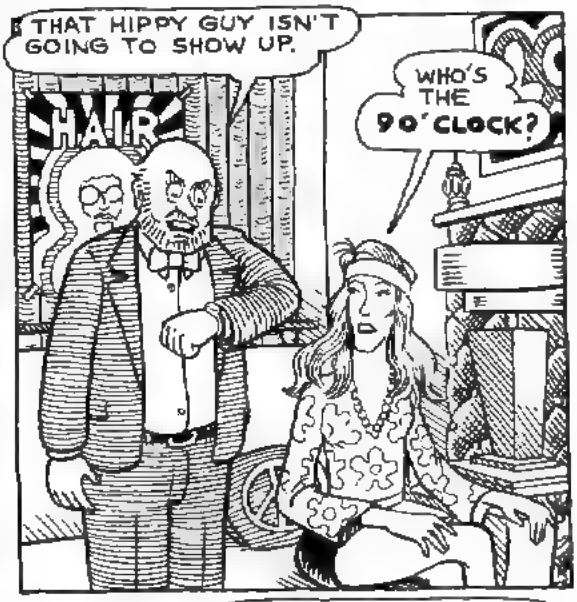
DING DONG!
WHO IS IT?
IT'S ME, RAOUL!

WHAT'S SHE SUPPOSED TO BE?
A CARTOON MOUSE


I HATE TO SEE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN DEGRADED LIKE THAT!
WE DON'T CHOOSE THESE FANTASIES, THEY DO!


SO LET'S HAVE IT RAOUL. HOW MUCH CASH DID YOU GET FOR THE TWO BODIES?
14 HUNDRED DOLLARS. THAT MAKES 7 HUNDRED FOR YOU.


TACO LINDA
HOW MUCH DOES THE KING PAY FOR RAW MATERIAL?
FIFTY CENTS A POUND.
THAT'S GREAT MAN! I'M GONNA BRING YOU 4-5 HUNDRED POUNDS TOMORROW!

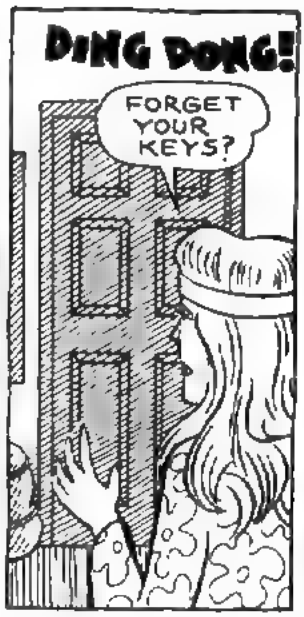

THAT HIPPY GUY ISN'T GOING TO SHOW UP.
HAIR
WHO'S THE 90'CLOCK?

SOME SICKIE WITH A GREAT DANE!

LISTEN, I'M GOING TO RUN DOWN AND GET US SOMETHING TO EAT. CHICKEN ALL RIGHT?
SURE

AND PAUL, WILL YOU GET US ANOTHER FRYING PAN? I FEEL FUNNY ABOUT COOKING WITH THE ONE WE USE TO KILL PEOPLE WITH.

A MINUTE LATER


DING DONG!
FORGET YOUR KEYS?

HI CHICK, GROOVY PAD YOU'VE GOT HERE!
I'M SORRY BUT YOU'RE LATE AND...

HOW CAN I BE LATE? ALL TIME IS RELATIVE.

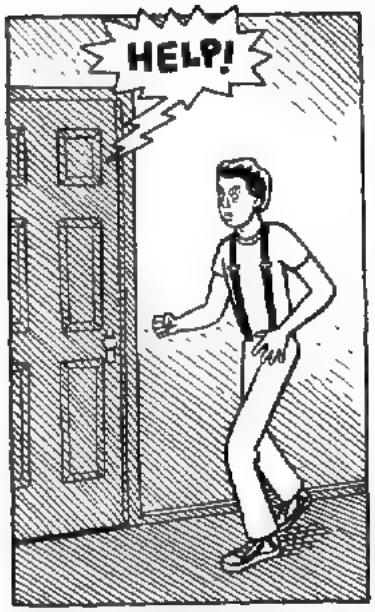
LISTEN, THIS WHOLE THING IS A MISTAKE
OH WOW! I GET IT YOU'RE GIVING ME A CHANCE TO COOL YOU OUT AND MAKE YOU LESS UPTIGHT. OUTASIGHT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
YOU'RE RIGHT, WORDS ARE A DRAG WHY TALK WHEN WE CAN SMOKE SOME REALLY HEAVY THA! STICK

I DON'T WANT WHATEVER THAT IS! ALL I WANT IS FOR YOU TO GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!
YOU'RE BUMMING ME OUT!
YOU THINK I'M A CAPITALIST PIG BECAUSE I WEAR A DIGITAL WATCH AND HAVE A COUPLE OF CREDIT CARDS!

WELL FUCK YOU, YOU HIPPIE WHORE! I WAS OVER IN NAM DEFENDING YOUR ASS WHEN YOU WERE WATCHING CAPTAIN KANGAROO!

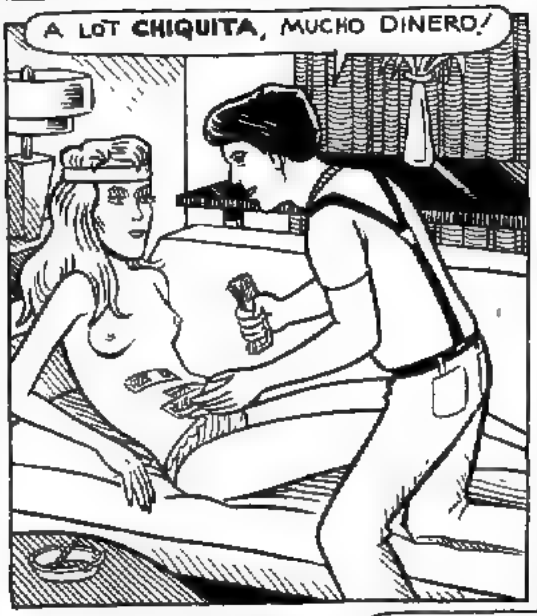
WHERE'S YOUR BODY PAINT, BITCH? I THINK I'LL PAINT PEACE SIGNS ON YOUR TITS AND FUCK YOU TO DEATH!
STOP! HELP! HELP!
RIP!


HELP!

I THOUGHT YOU HIPPIE WHORES DIDN'T WEAR UNDER-WEAR!

ACK!

HEY, HEY! LOOK AT THIS!
WH' HOW MUCH?

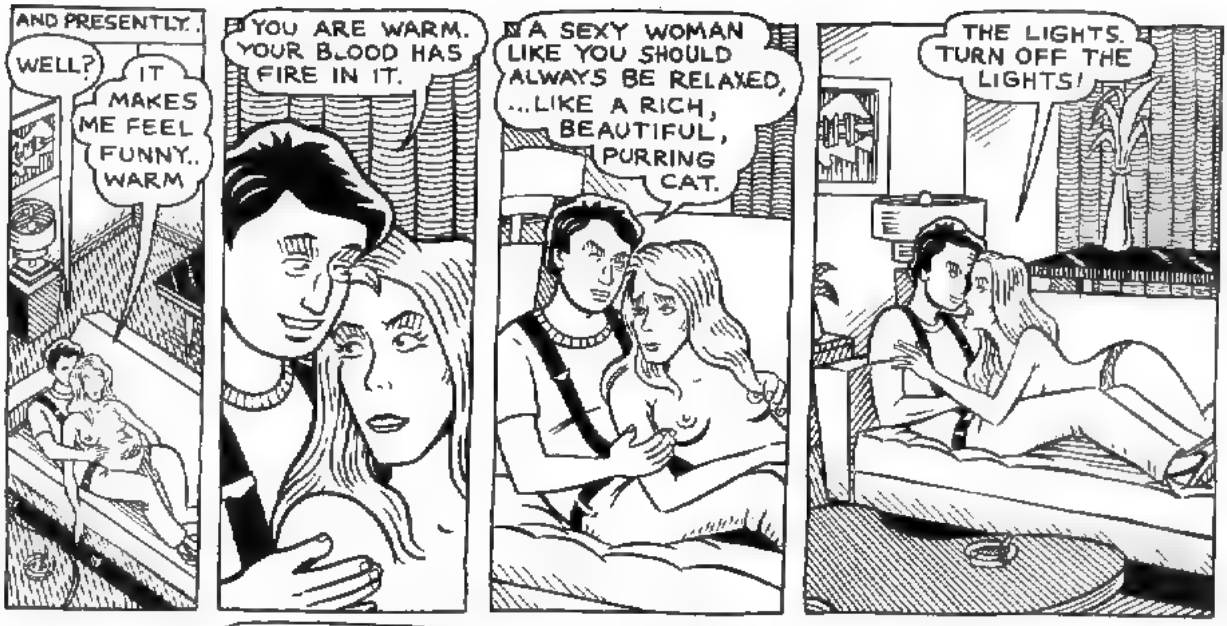

A LOT CHIQUITA, MUCHO DINERO!

WHAT'S THIS?

WHAT IS THAT STUFF?

YOU NEVER HAD THA!?
NO, IS IT GOOD?

TRY SOME. IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL FANTASTIC!
I DON'T KNOW
JUST INHALE DEEP AND HOLD IT!
THE RIGHT STUFF

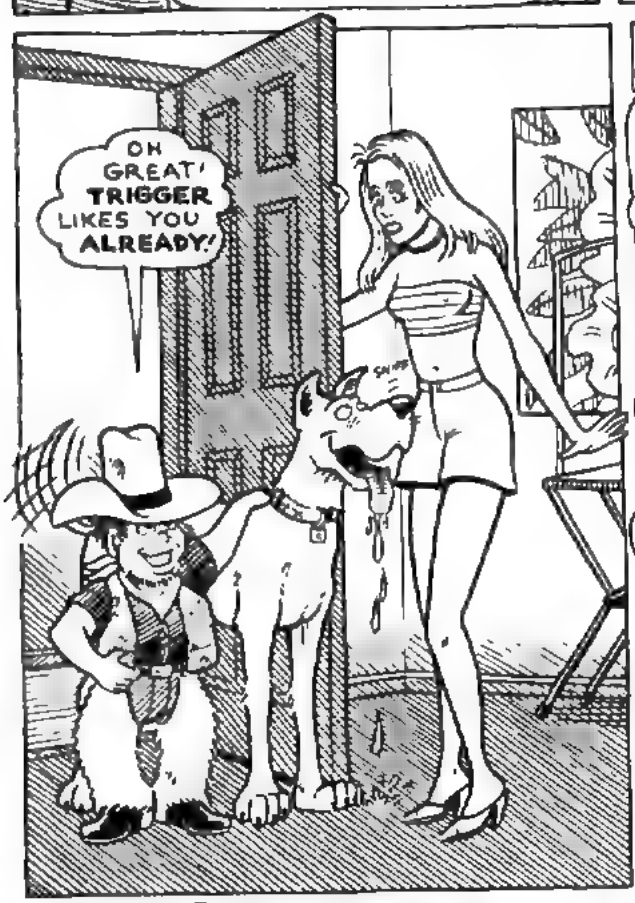

AND PRESENTLY.
WELL?
IT MAKES ME FEEL FUNNY.. WARM
YOU ARE WARM. YOUR BLOOD HAS FIRE IN IT.
A SEXY WOMAN LIKE YOU SHOULD ALWAYS BE RELAXED, ...LIKE A RICH, BEAUTIFUL, PURRING CAT.
THE LIGHTS. TURN OFF THE LIGHTS!

MUCH LATER.
WHAT ARE **YOU** DOING HERE?
YOU SHOULD BE GLAD HE CAME. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR **RAOUL**, THAT CREEP WOULD HAVE RAPED ME.

THE GUY WE THOUGHT WOULDN'T SHOW UP?
I KILL HIM WITH HIS OWN LOVE BEADS
SEE YOU TOMORROW NIGHT!
BYE, **RAOUL**. **VAYOS CON DIOS!**

SO HE'S TEACHING YOU SPANISH NOW! THAT WAY HE CAN TALK TO YOU BEHIND MY BACK!
FOR GOD'S SAKE, PAUL. EVERYBODY KNOWS WHAT VAYOS CON DIOS MEANS!

DING! DONG!
HERE'S MY 9 O'CLOCK. HOW DO I LOOK?
YOU LOOK TERRIFIC!


OH GREAT! TRIGGER LIKES YOU ALREADY!

THE NEXT DAY RAOUL VISITS THE HOSPITAL FOR AN "EXAMINATION"
HOSPITAL
WE HAVE TO HAVE A SERIOUS TALK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT
THAT'S ALL I BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT
PRIVATE

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. I'M NOT ABOUT TO RISK MY MARRAIGE FOR SOME LOW ANIMAL ATTRACTION
THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU SAID THE OTHER NIGHT

IT WAS THAT WEIRD CIGARETTE YOU GAVE ME

YOU WILL LIKE THIS EVEN BETTER THE SECOND TIME IF I AM WRONG I WILL NEVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN.
YOU'LL SAY NOTHING TO PAUL?

LATER ON...

YOU KNOW, CHIQUITA, WE COULD BE VERY HAPPY AND VERY RICH IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOUR HUSBAND
PAUL AND I HAVE BEEN TOGETHER FOR TEN YEARS. OUR MARRAIGE IS BASED ON FRIENDSHIP AND SECURITY.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO,... JUST SUPPOSING NOW,... IF SOMETHING WERE TO HAPPEN TO HIM?
NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO PAUL!
Le Sex Shoppe
OPEN ALL NITE
NO MINORS
MOVIES 25¢
VROOM VROOM
25¢
SCREEEEE
MOVIES 25¢
BAR
BOOM BOOM ROOM
LATER...
HE TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN! THE ROTTON LITTLE BEANER!
PAUL, DID YOU ACTUALLY SEE RAOUL DRIVING THAT CAR?
HE WAS WEARING SOME KIND OF SKI MASK OR SOMETHING!
I THINK YOU'RE JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS AND I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT ANY MORE!
HELP ME WITH THESE LETTERS DO YOU KNOW WHAT A BASKET JOB IS?

THE NEXT DAY...
THAT'S RIGHT! I TRAILED HIM TO THE DOGGIE KING PET FOOD FACTORY.
WHO CARES? SO LONG AS WE GET OUR CUT!
THAT'S JUST IT. NOT ONLY HAS HE BEEN SELLING THEIR BODIES, BUT THEIR CARS TOO, AND KEEPING ALL THE MONEY.
PAUL, WHAT'S THE POINT OF MAKING TROUBLE? SOON WE'LL HAVE ALL WE WANT
WHAT'S THE POINT? THAT SON OF A BITCH IS MAKING A PLAY FOR MY WIFE AND TRYING TO KILL ME!
DING! DONG!
OH MY GOD! IT'S NINE! WHERE ARE THE PANTS TO THIS COSTUME?
VAYOS CON DIOS INDEED!
LOS GAZLOS MEXICANOS PROPHYLACTICOS ¡OLE!
FUCK THE COSTUME!
BONG!
THE NEXT DAY, PAUL VISITS DORIS, ALONE.
MARY'S GETTING PRETTY GOOD, BUT THERE'S ONE JOB THAT'S, UH...WELL, IT'S JUST ...
YOU NEED A PRO HUH?
EXACTLY.
DOGGIE KING

SO DORIS PAYS RAOUL A VISIT DISGUISED AS A HEALTH INSPECTOR..
V.D.! HEY, LADY I'M CLEAN!
I'M AFRAID NOT, MR. MENDOZA!
BUT DON'T WORRY. JUST TAKE TWO OF THESE EACH TIME YOU HAVE SEXUAL RELATIONS.
AND DON'T FORGET TO TAKE THEM..... YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO END UP LIKE THIS WOULD YOU?

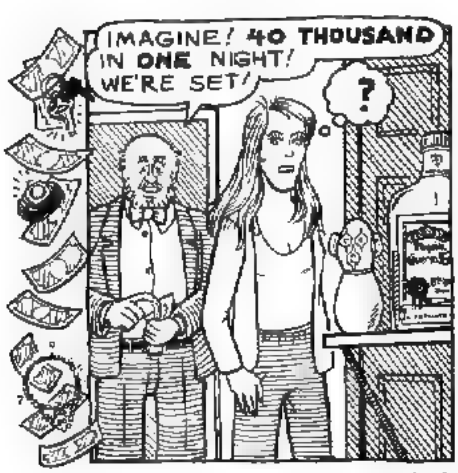
CHINGA TU MADRE! I BETTER TAKE ANOTHER ONE OF THESE PILLS.!
WHAT PILLS?

OH, THEY'RE (UH)...VITAMINS
LET ME SEE...
WHO GAVE YOU THESE?
SOME NURSE

THESE AREN'T VITAMINS, THEY'RE SALTPETER! THAT'S WHAT THEY GIVE KID'S IN CAMP SO THEY WON'T PLAY WITH THEMSELVES!
YOUR HUSBAND DID THIS! HE'S FIXED IT SO I CAN'T MAKE LOVE TO YOU!
THAT NIGHT..
ALL RIGHT JAMES. WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO. THANKYOU JAMES ... BYE.

DON'T TELL ME THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER OFFER MADE ON OUR HOUSE!
THEY WANT $25,000 BY FRIDAY OR THEY'RE GIVING IT TO ANOTHER COUPLE.
NOBODY'S GETTING THAT HOUSE BUT US! ...WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SPEED UP PRODUCTION.
WHAT ABOUT THAT SWINGER'S PARTY DORIS TOLD US ABOUT? IT'S TONIGHT!
A BIT LATER....
EVERYBODY STRIP FOR THE HOT TUB!
HOLD'ER UP, (HIC) NOW....OL' BUDDY! SURP!
HOBOY!
I'M THE HOST HERE GODDAMNIT! NOW YOU TWO GET OUT OF YOUR CLOTHES AN' INTO THE TUB OR GET THE HELL OUT! WE'RE HERE TO SWING....AREN'T WE KIDS?
YEAH!
RIGHT ON!
FUCKIN' A!
YEAH BABY!
OH YOU ARE HUH? WELL SWING ON THIS!

SPLASH!
ZZZT!
BUSINESS IN REFRIED SWINGERS AND RESOLD VEHICLES IS VERY BRISK FOR PAUL AND MARY IN THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING
PAUL
300 XKE
CALIFORNIA
JACK


IMAGINE! 40 THOUSAND IN ONE NIGHT! WE'RE SET!
?

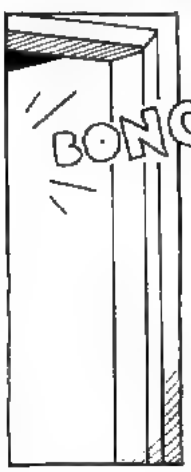
DON'T WORRY, CHIQUITA! THE TIME HAS COME TO LIBERATE YOU FROM THIS HUSBAND OF YOURS!

I GOT AMBITION! MARY AND ME ARE GONNA FIX THIS PLACE UP GOOD. GOLD LAMPS, RED VELVET WALLPAPER, THOSE REAL GOOD BLACK VELVET PAINTINGS!
NO CHEAP SHIT!

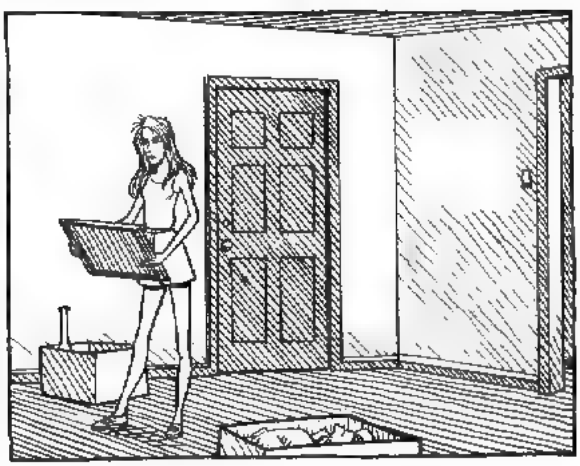
AN' WE'RE GONNA BRING IN SOME SEXY YOUNGER GIRLS TO DRESS UP INSTEAD OF MY WIFE WHO'LL BE BUSY HAVING MY KIDS!

CHIQUITA! GO BRING ME THAT FRYING PAN! HURRY!

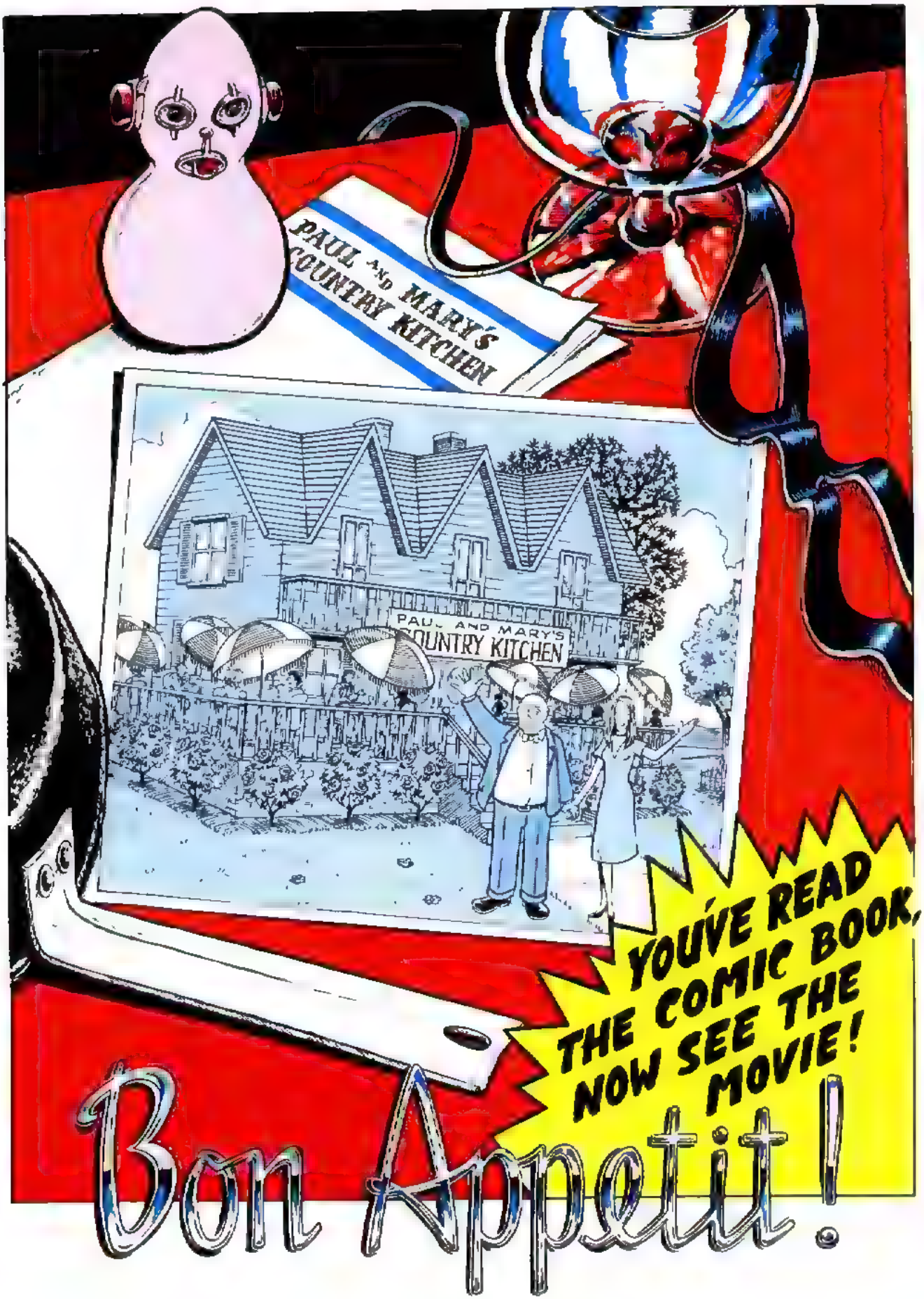
I CAN'T FIND IT.
MARY!
MOVE INTO THAT KITCHEN, MOTHER FUCKER!


BONG!

MOVING DAY....

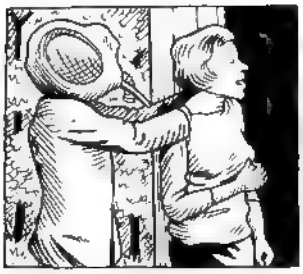


DAMN KIDS BROKE THE COMPACTOR SO I'M TAKING HIM TO DOGGIE KING
OH NO! NOT DOGGIE KING!
I NEVER TOLD YOU PAUL, BUT RAOUL AND I, WE...
I KNOW.
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK. HE DRUGGED ME AND THEN HE RAPED ME AND...
WELL, IT'S ALL OVER NOW. WE'LL SIGN THE PAPERS, GIVE JAMES THE MONEY, AND..
OH MY GOD! JAMES! I COMPLETELY FORGOT!
HE'LL BE HERE IN 45 MINUTES!
I DON'T HAVE TIME TO GO TO THE MARKET! I'LL HAVE TO IMPROVISE SOMETHING!
ONE HOUR LATER.
MMM! THIS IS DELICIOUS! I HOPE IT'S GOING TO BE A PERMANENT ITEM ON YOUR MENU. IS IT FRENCH?
NO, IT'S MORE SPANISH
THIS MEAT IS REALLY TENDER
SIGH... I KNOW..
IT'S AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH A CHEAP PIECE OF MEAT IF YOU KNOW HOW TO TREAT IT!
I'LL DRINK TO THAT!
CLINK!
PAUL AND MARY'S COUNTRY KITCHEN
Bon Appetit!

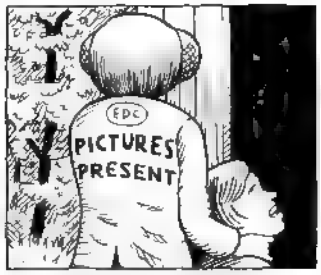

PAUL AND MARY'S COUNTRY KITCHEN
PAUL AND MARY'S COUNTRY KITCHEN
YOU'VE READ THE COMIC BOOK, NOW SEE THE MOVIE!
Bon Appetit!

THE 60'S STARTED OUT WITH A BANG FOR ME.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1960



TONY EASTMAN AND ME,



PRODUCED A 17 MINUTE MOVIE EPIC CALLED,

DIAL M FOR MONSTER

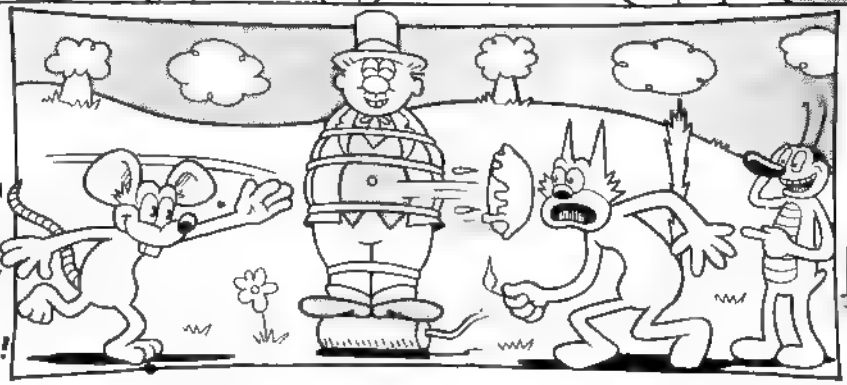
Produced and Directed by **Tony Eastman** and **Kim Deitch**

Animation and Special Effects by **Tony Eastman**

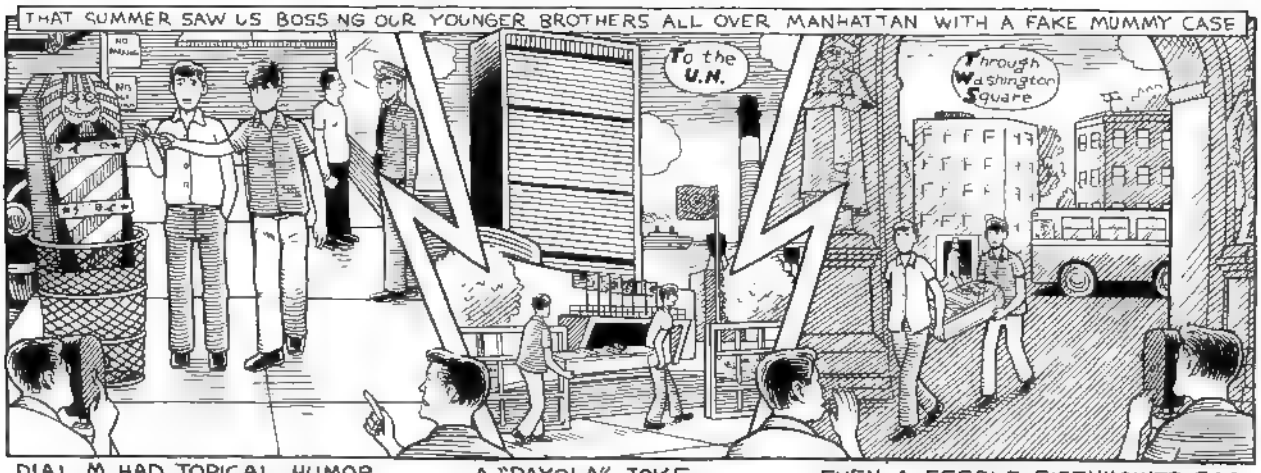
TANNA CRISPIES

Starring Simon Deitch and Alan Eastman

DIAL M WASN'T OUR FIRST FILM EASTMAN DEITCH CARTOONS (EDC) HAD BEEN GOING FOR ABOUT THREE YEARS WITH A STABLE OF SCREEN IMMORTALS LIKE **ROCKY RAT, THE PROFESSOR, CLODHOPPER KITTY** AND **PHILBERT FLEA!**



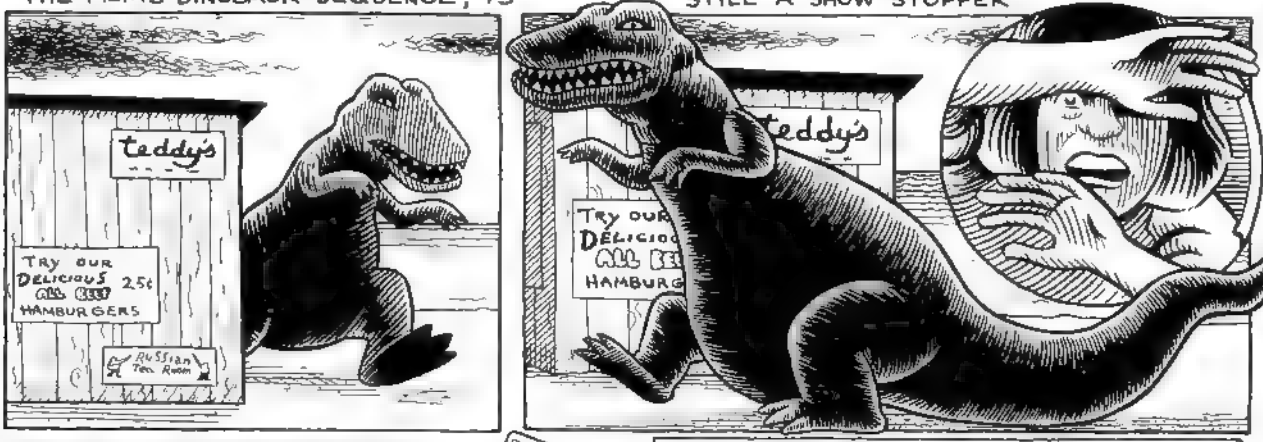
BUT '60 WAS THE YEAR OF THE BIGGIE!

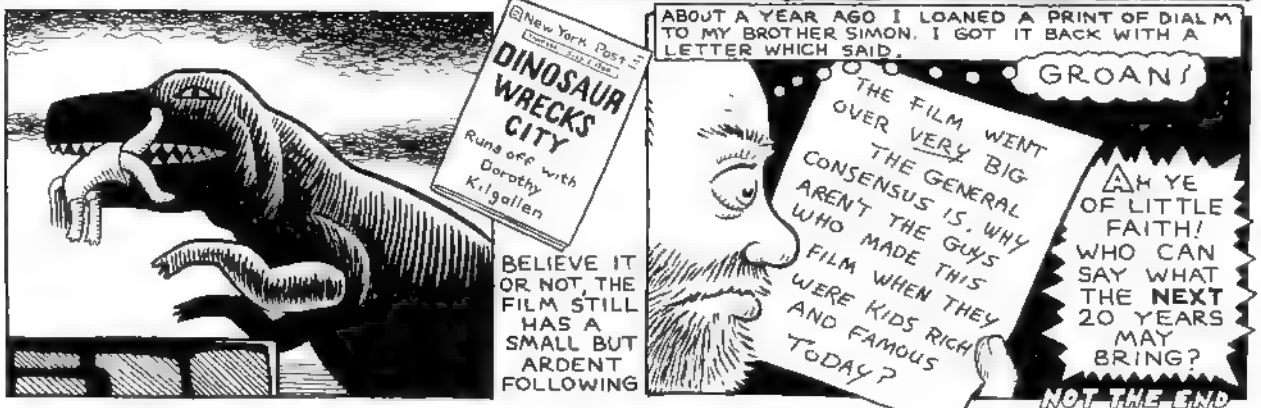


DIAL M HAD TOPICAL HUMOR, A "PAYOLA" JOKE, EVEN A FEEBLE EISENHOWER GAG.

THANKS TO LOTS OF STOLEN STOCK FOOTAGE, OUR BIG WAR SEQUENCE HAD THUNDERING COSSACKS, . AN ATOM BOMB BLAST, AND GREAT GUEST STARS LIKE STALIN AND POPE PIUS

TONY EASTMAN'S SPECIAL EFFECTS WERE BRILLIANT. SEEN TODAY, HIS STOP MOTION WORK IN THE FILM'S DINOSAUR SEQUENCE, IS STILL A SHOW STOPPER



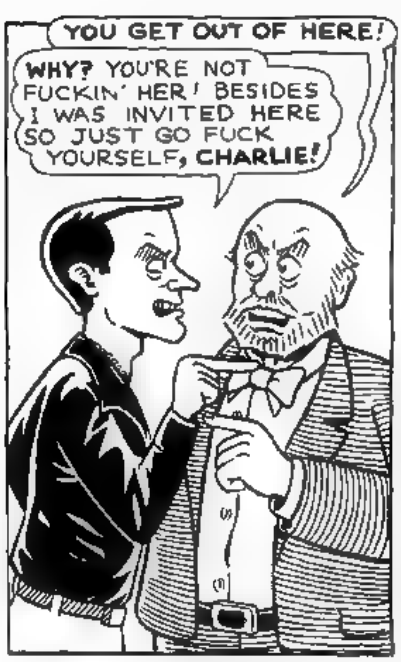


BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THE FILM STILL HAS A SMALL BUT ARDENT FOLLOWING

HOLLYWOOD WHERE SEX HUNGER IS REFLECTED IN EVERY ASPECT OF DAILY LIFE. RAMPANT VICE AND VIOLENCE PERMEATE EVERY STRATA OF SOCIETY. AND THE BARRIER BETWEEN FOOD AND SEX HAS TOTALLY DISSOLVED.

EATING RAOUL

the big weenie


YOU GET OUT OF HERE!
WHY? YOU'RE NOT FUCKIN' HER! BESIDES I WAS INVITED HERE SO JUST GO FUCK YOURSELF, CHARLIE!

NOW WHERE WERE WE, BABY?
PAUL! HELP!

PAUL GRABS A FRYING PAN FROM THE KITCHEN.

AND IN A FLURRY OF FURY, REPEATEDLY CLOBBERS THE SEEDY SWINGER!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
PAUL! YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
OH SHIT! THAT'S ALL I NEEDED!

MARY LOOK! THERE'S OVER 600 DOLLARS IN THIS GUY'S WALLET!

PAUL, THAT'S THE EASIEST MONEY WE'VE EVER MADE

BUT WE JUST KILLED A MAN!
NOT A MAN,.. JUST A SEX CRAZED MANIAC THAT NOBODY WILL MISS.

I WONDER HOW MUCH WE COULD MAKE IF WE REALLY PUT OUR MINDS TO IT.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THIS CITY IS FULL OF RICH PERVERTS. IF WE COULD SOMEHOW GET THEM TO COME TO OUR APARTMENT..

BUT WE'D HAVE TO LURE THEM WITH....

SEX!

WE WOULDN'T REALLY..I MEAN WE WOULDN'T ACTUALLY **DO** ANYTHING WITH THEM?

OF COURSE NOT! AS SOON AS THEY TRY SOMETHING, WE BOP THEM WITH THE FRYING PAN!

AND SOON...

WE DO ANYTHING

NAUGHTY NANCY

CRUEL CARLA

"TWO OF OUR MOST POPULAR ROUTINES"

WHATEVER YOUR SEX FANTASIES, FROM THE ORDINARY TO THE MOST BIZARRE, CARLA AND NANCY WILL ACCOMODATE YOU! SEND FANTASIES, PHOTO, ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER TO:

SWINGER'S PARADISE

1171 YUCCA STREET · BOX 1171 · HOLLYWOOD

PORNO

PAUL AND **MARY'S** AD DOES THE TRICK—AND HOW!

HELLO, **BOBBY R?** THIS IS YOUR MOTHER, **CRUEL CARLA**, CALLING!

MEANER!

YOU LITTLE WORM!

DEAR MOMMY, HERE'S AN INDECENT PICTURE OF ME AS YOU CAN SEE I'VE BEEN VERY BAD AND I HOPE YOU WILL DISCIPLINE ME SOON. BOBBY R.

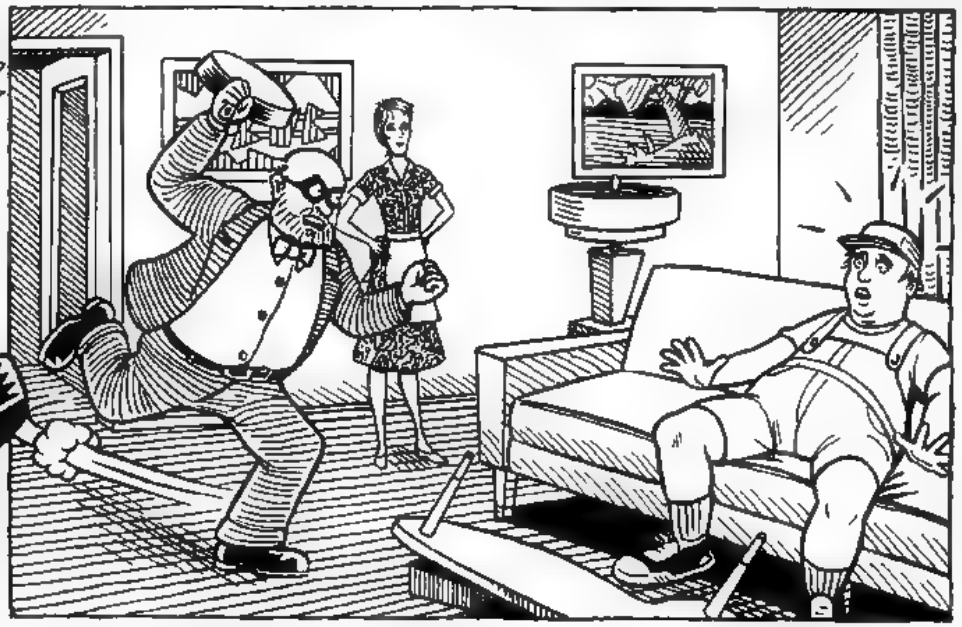
Cruel Carla, I want to see your panties. Your dolls desire my dolls would be to wear them. Spank with a golden (over)

NANCY, YOU NAUGHTY LITTLE WHORE

THAT NIGHT

I'VE BEEN BAD HAVEN'T I, **MOMMY?** ARE YOU GONNA **SPANK** ME?

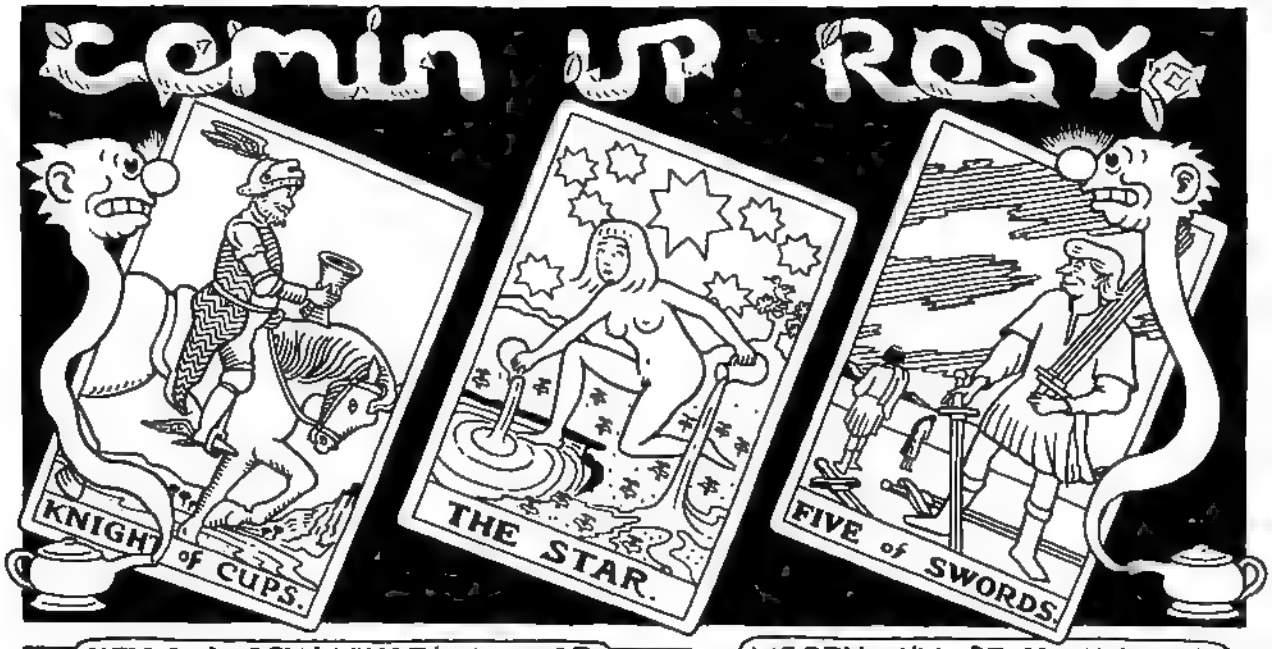
YES, **BOBBY**, YOU HAVE BEEN BAD AND I **AM** GOING TO SPANK YOU

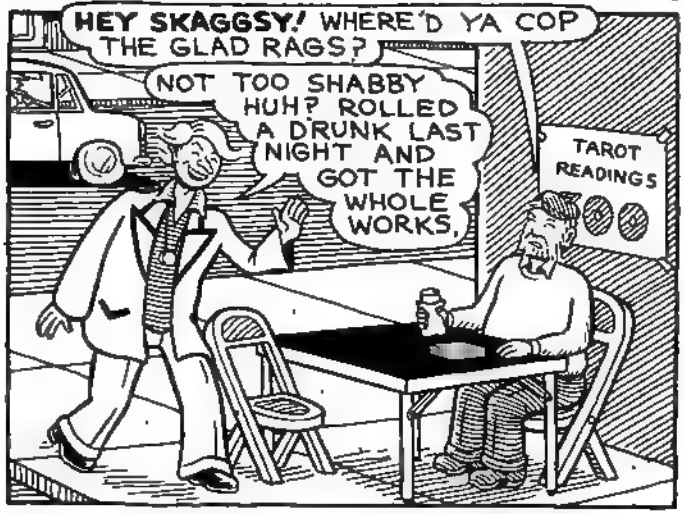


SEE THE BLAND'S CONTINUED ADVENTURES **LIVE** ON THE SILVER SCREEN!

ART BY Kim Deitch AND CAROL JAY

COMIN UP ROSY



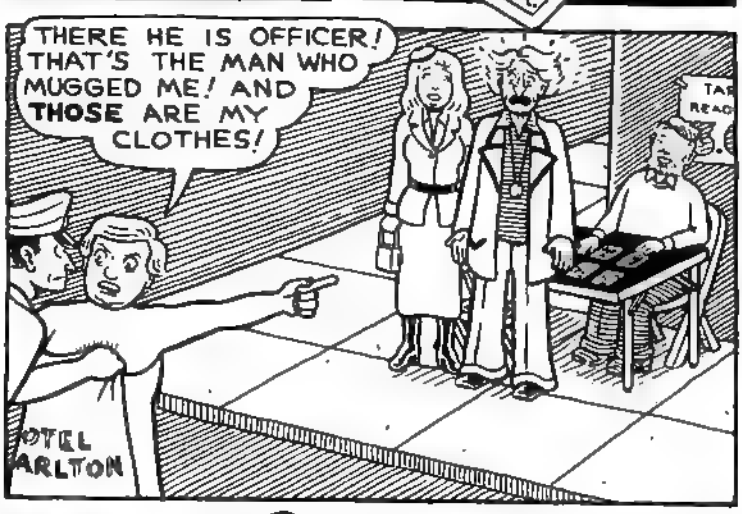


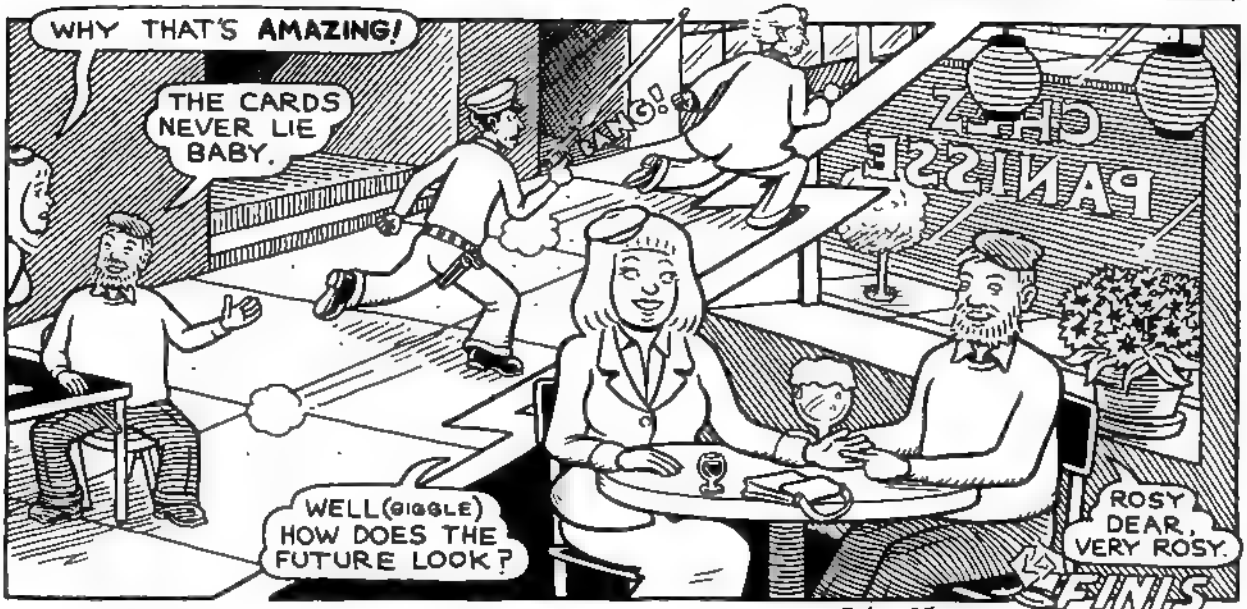
HMM. THE THREE OF SWORDS IN REVERSE POSITION ISN'T GOOD,

....PARTICULARLY JUXTAPOSED AS IT IS HERE WITH THE TOWER CARD,...
THE TOWER

...A DEFINITE SIGN OF CHICKENS COMING HOME TO ROOST.
THE TOWER

?
THAT'S ENOUGH WISE GUY! C'MON ROSE!


THERE HE IS OFFICER! THAT'S THE MAN WHO MUGGED ME! AND THOSE ARE MY CLOTHES!
OTEL
ARLTON

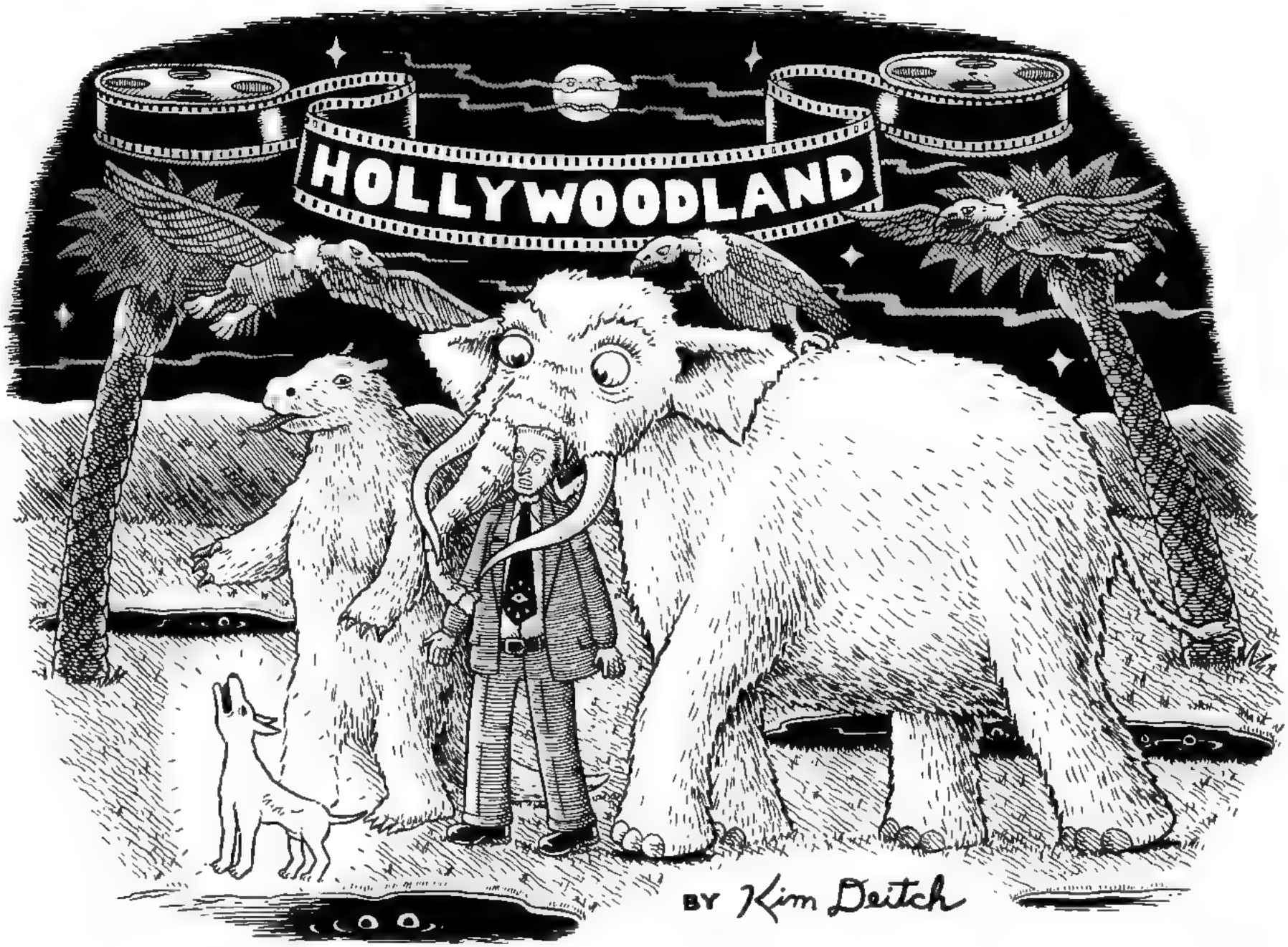

WHY THAT'S AMAZING!
THE CARDS NEVER LIE BABY.
BANG!
CHEZ PANISSE
WELL (GIGGLE) HOW DOES THE FUTURE LOOK?
ROSY DEAR, VERY ROSY.
FINIS

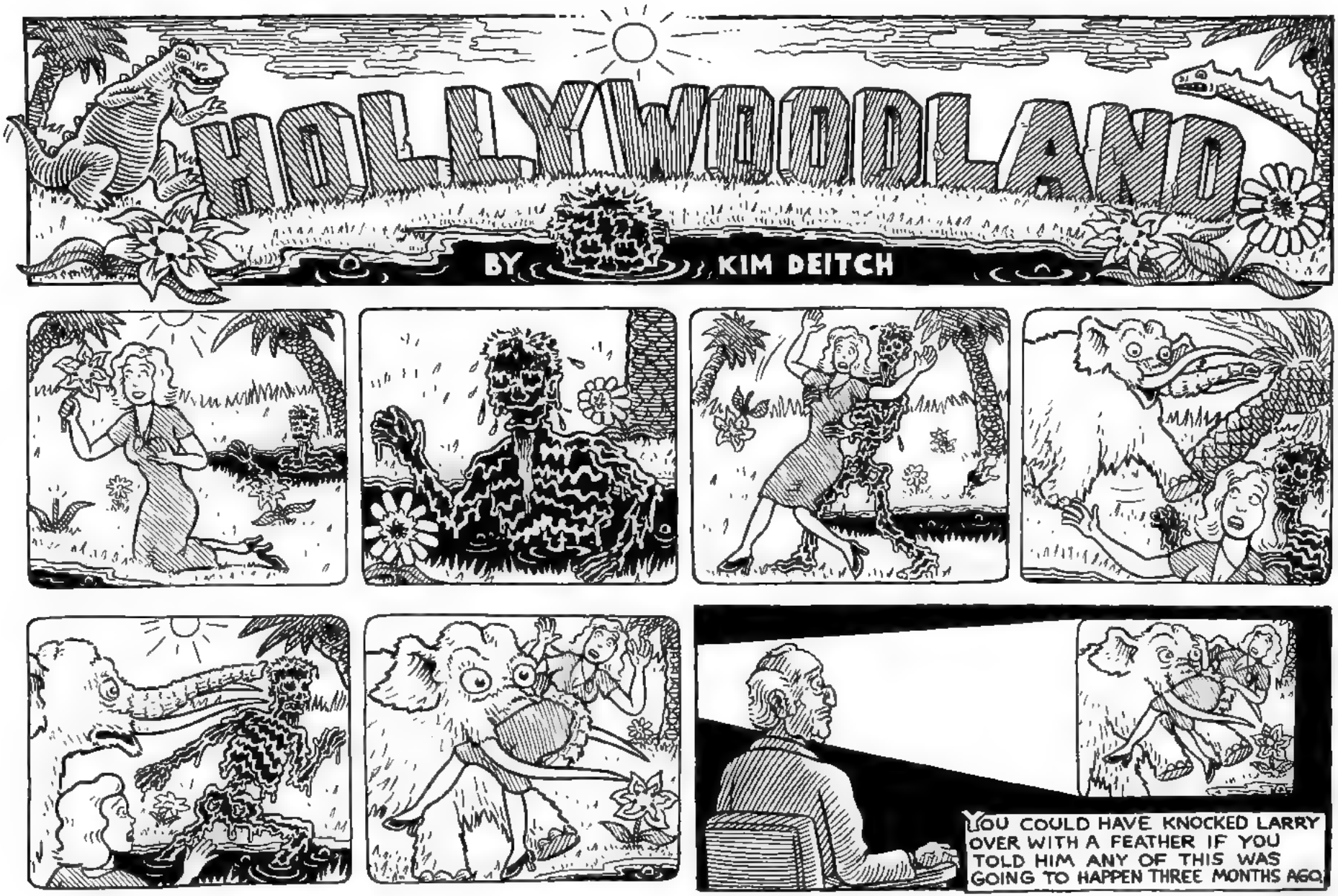
Kim Deitch

HOLLYWOODLAND!
HOLLYWOODLAND
BEVERLY
FAIRFAX
BY
Kim Deitch

HOLLYWOODLAND
STRANGE DOINGS AT THE LA BREA TAR PITS!
HARD HITTING HUMAN INTEREST! ARLENE DOES IT ALL!
THRILLS!
SPILLS AND SURPRISES
WITH A GALAXY OF STARS! INCLUDING FAMED PSYCHIC SLEUTH MILES MICROFT!
AND INTRODUCING BRAVEHEART! THE ECTOPLASMIC WONDER DOG!
DON'T MISS THIS THRILL PACKED SENSATION!

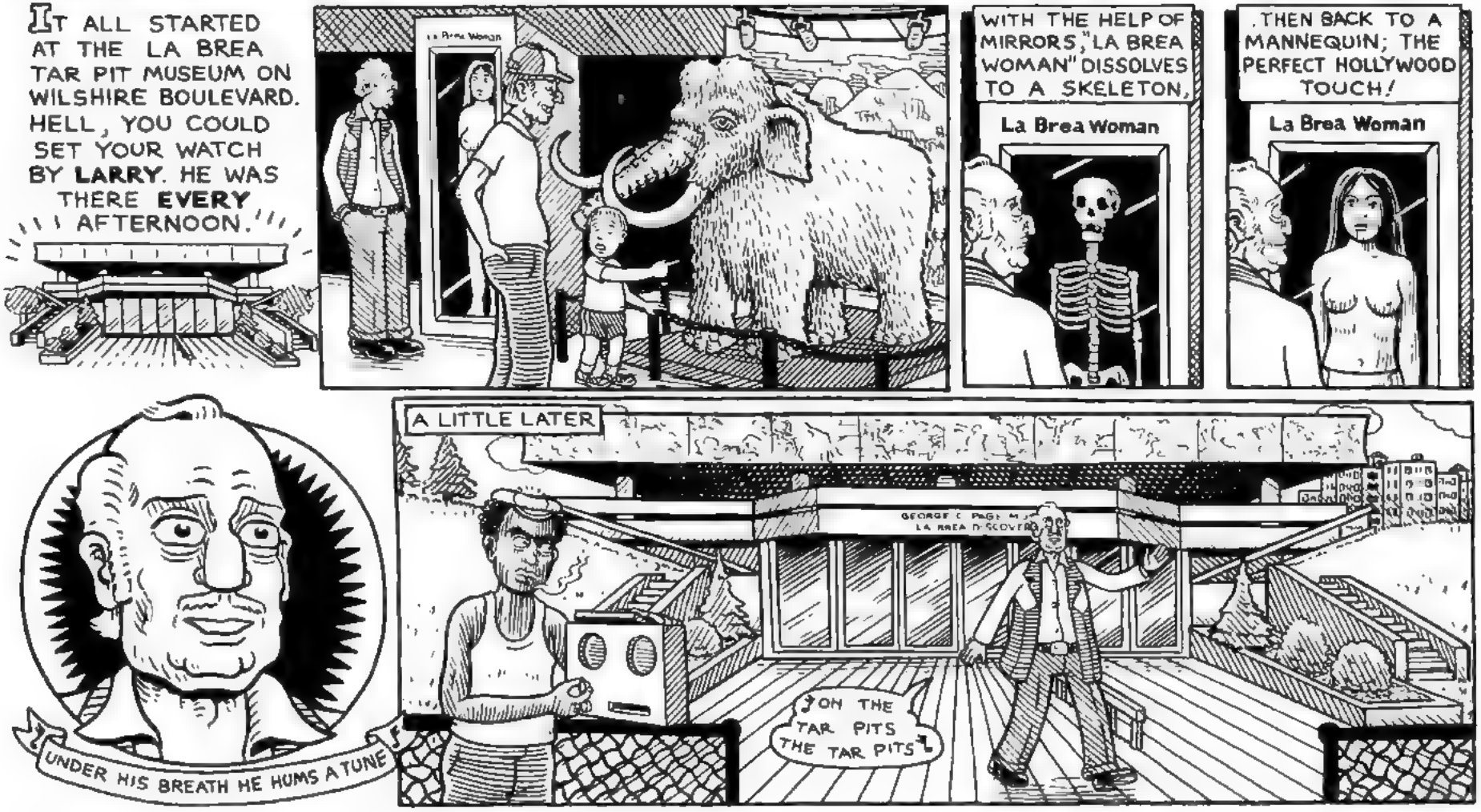
Kim Deitch

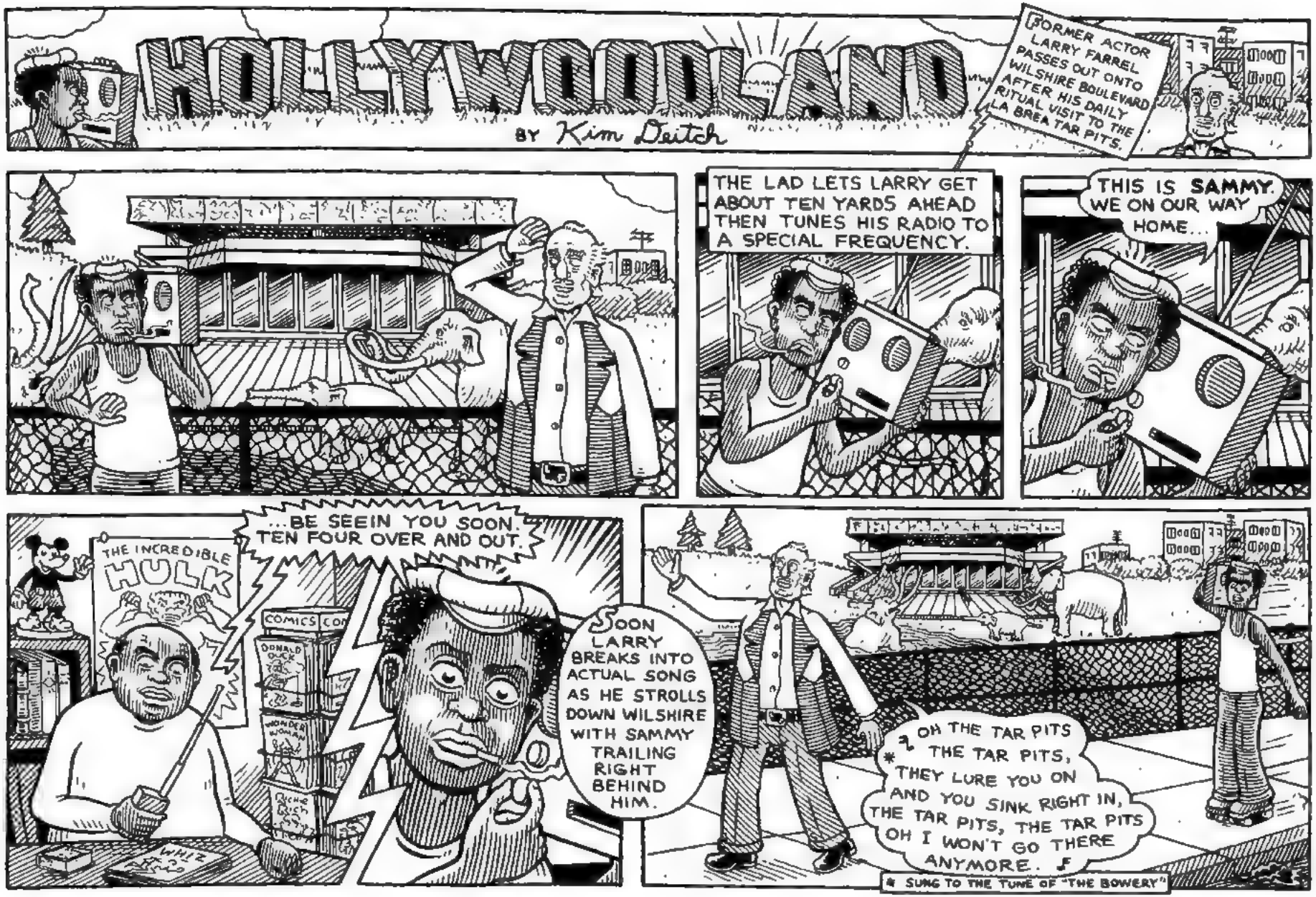

HOLLYWOODLAND
BY Kim Deitch

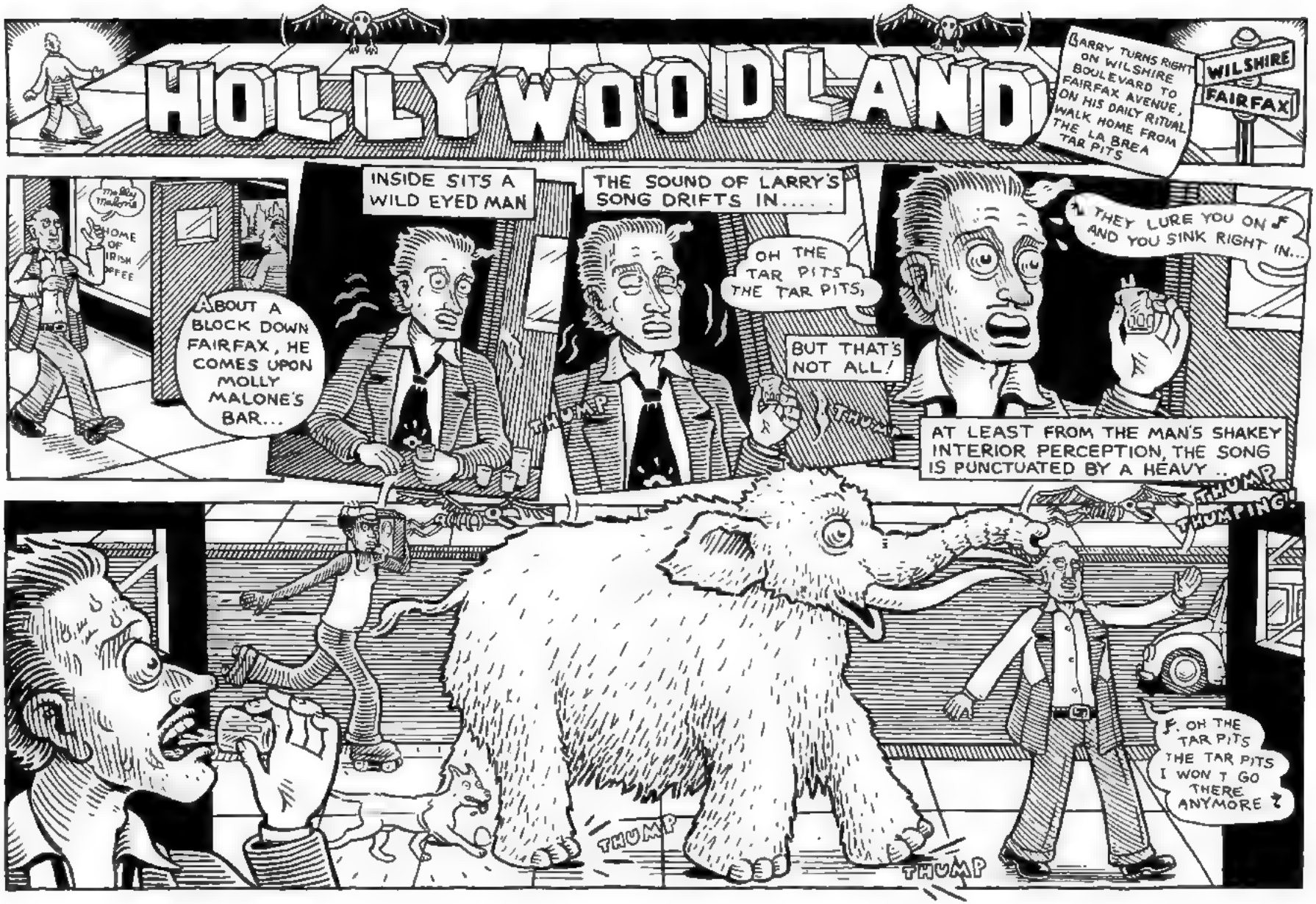

HOLLYWOODLAND
BY KIM DEITCH
YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED LARRY OVER WITH A FEATHER IF YOU TOLD HIM ANY OF THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN THREE MONTHS AGO.

HOLLYWOODLAND

BY KIM DEITCH

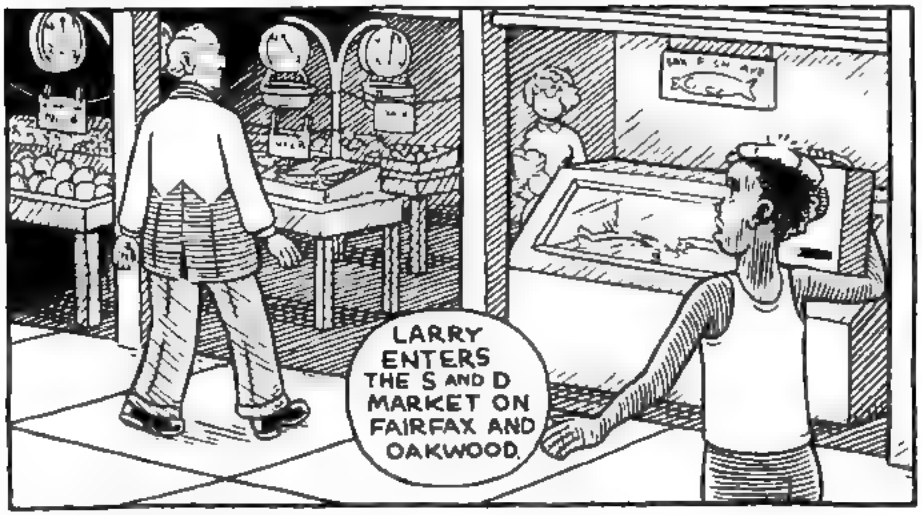


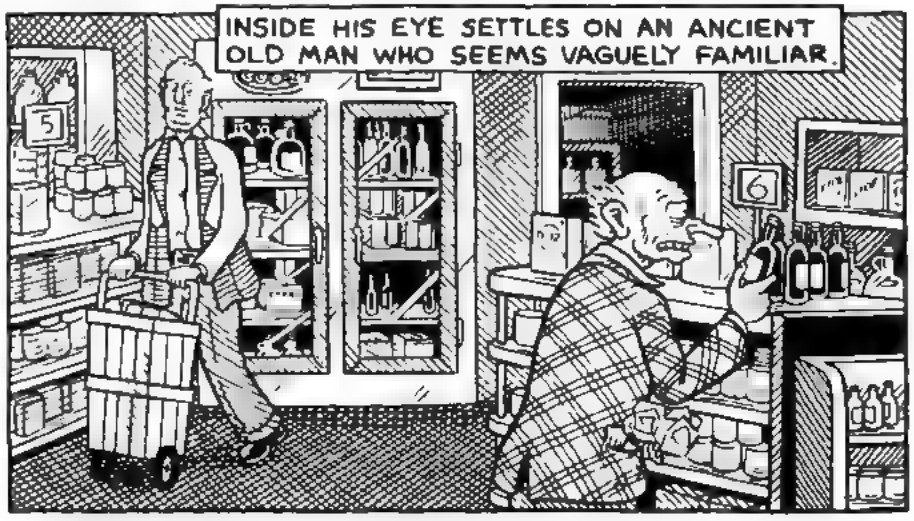

HOLLYWOODLAND
BY Kim Deitch
FORMER ACTOR LARRY FARREL PASSES OUT ONTO WILSHIRE BOULEVARD AFTER HIS DAILY RITUAL VISIT TO THE LA BREA TAR PITS.
THE LAD LETS LARRY GET ABOUT TEN YARDS AHEAD THEN TUNES HIS RADIO TO A SPECIAL FREQUENCY.
THIS IS SAMMY. WE ON OUR WAY HOME...
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
...BE SEEIN YOU SOON. TEN FOUR OVER AND OUT.
COMICS
DONALD DUCK
WONDER WOMAN
RICHIE RICH
WHIZ
SOON LARRY BREAKS INTO ACTUAL SONG AS HE STROLLS DOWN WILSHIRE WITH SAMMY TRAILING RIGHT BEHIND HIM.
♪ OH THE TAR PITS THE TAR PITS, * THEY LURE YOU ON AND YOU SINK RIGHT IN, THE TAR PITS, THE TAR PITS OH I WON'T GO THERE ANYMORE. ♪
* SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "THE BOWERY"

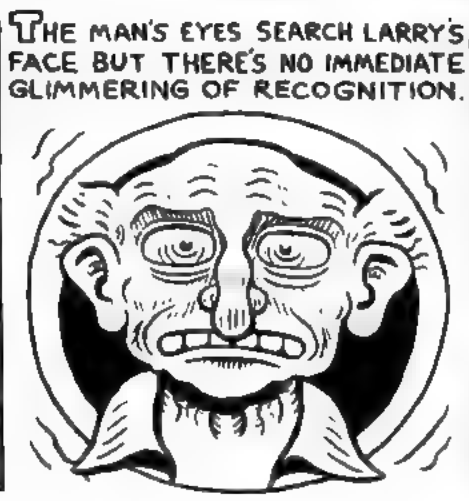

HOLLYWOODLAND
LARRY TURNS RIGHT ON WILSHIRE BOULEVARD TO FAIRFAX AVENUE, ON HIS DAILY RITUAL WALK HOME FROM THE LA BREA TAR PITS
WILSHIRE
FAIRFAX
HOME OF IRISH COFFEE
ABOUT A BLOCK DOWN FAIRFAX, HE COMES UPON MOLLY MALONE'S BAR...
INSIDE SITS A WILD EYED MAN
THE SOUND OF LARRY'S SONG DRIFTS IN.....
OH THE TAR PITS THE TAR PITS,
BUT THAT'S NOT ALL!
THUMP
THUMP
THEY LURE YOU ON AND YOU SINK RIGHT IN...
AT LEAST FROM THE MAN'S SHAKEY INTERIOR PERCEPTION, THE SONG IS PUNCTUATED BY A HEAVY ..
THUMP
THUMPING!
THUMP
THUMP
OH THE TAR PITS THE TAR PITS I WON'T GO THERE ANYMORE

HOLLYWOODLAND

by Kim Deitch

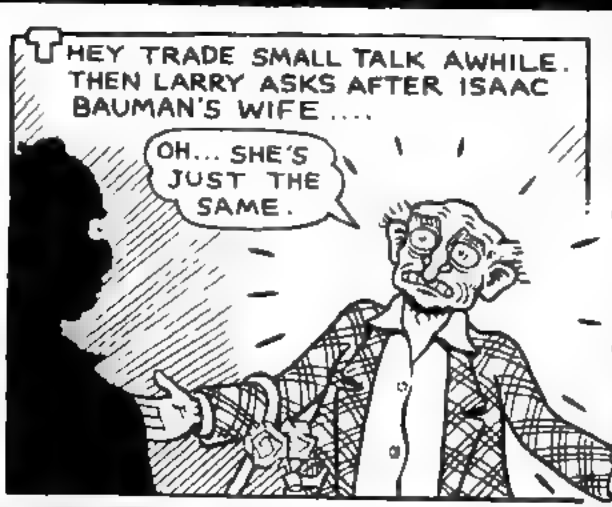


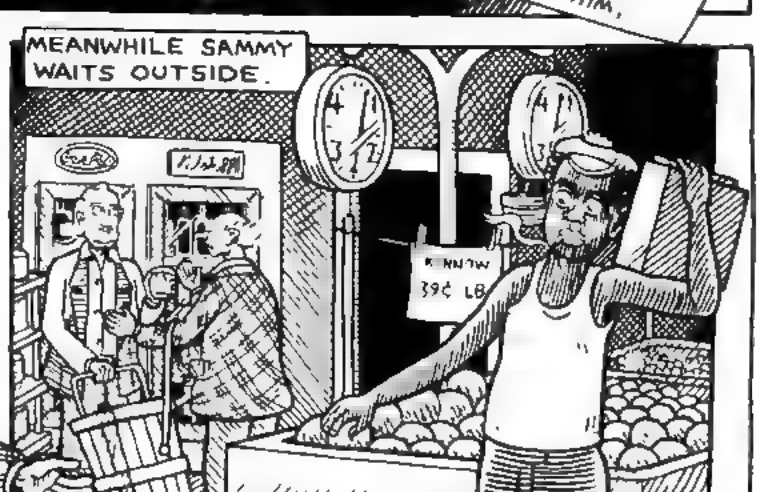


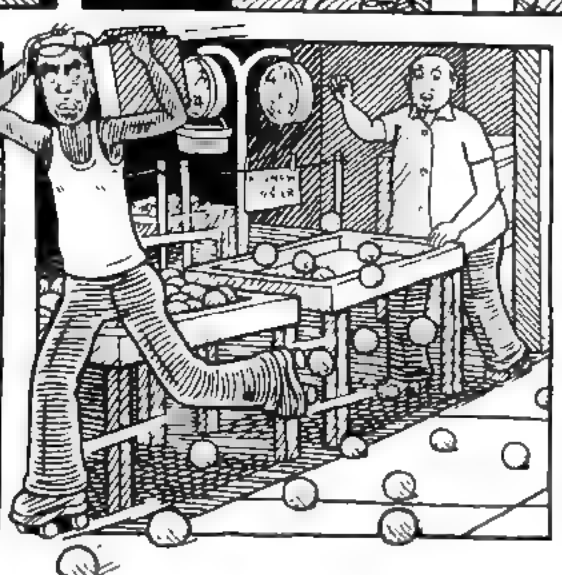


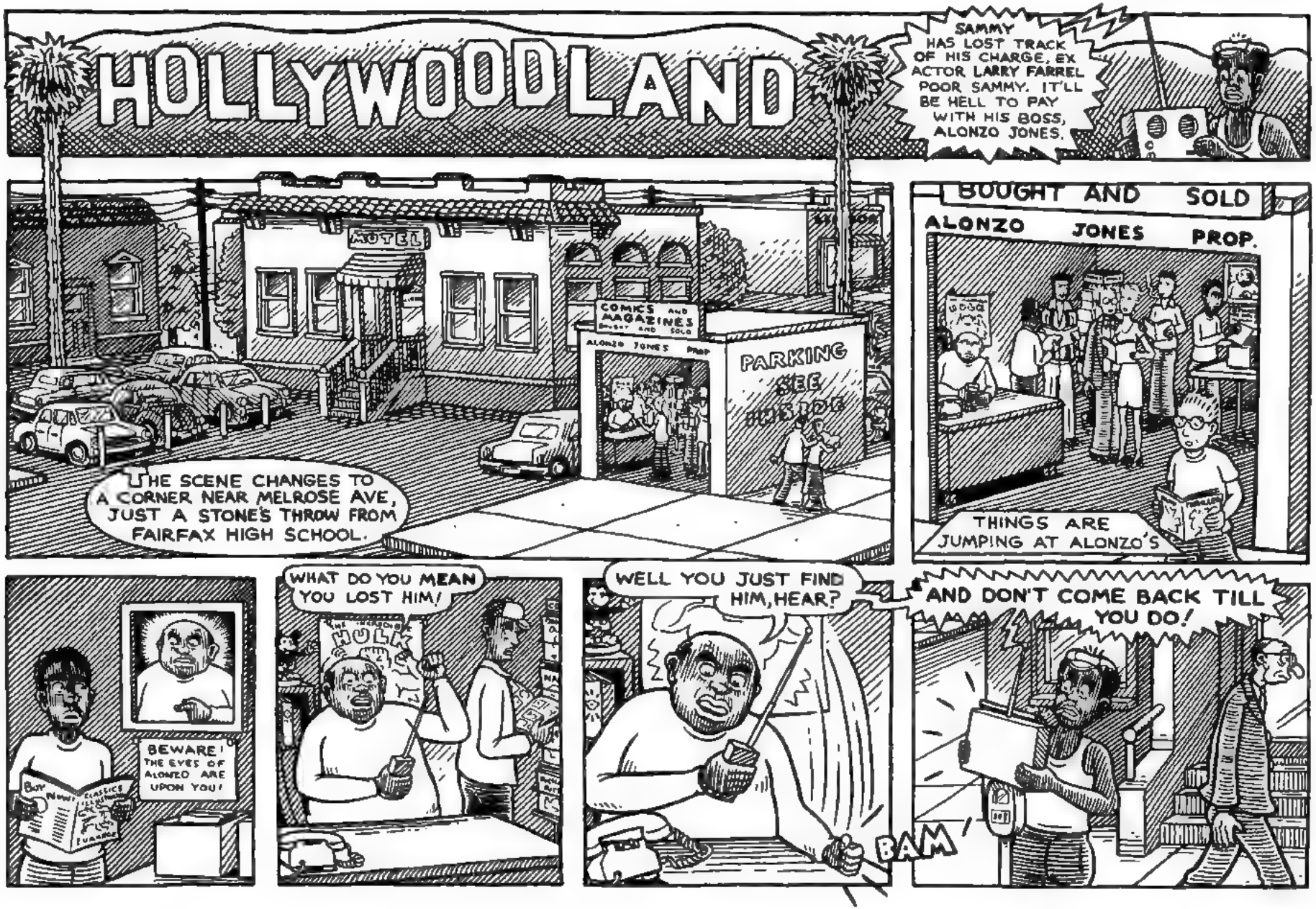
HOLLYWOOD LAND

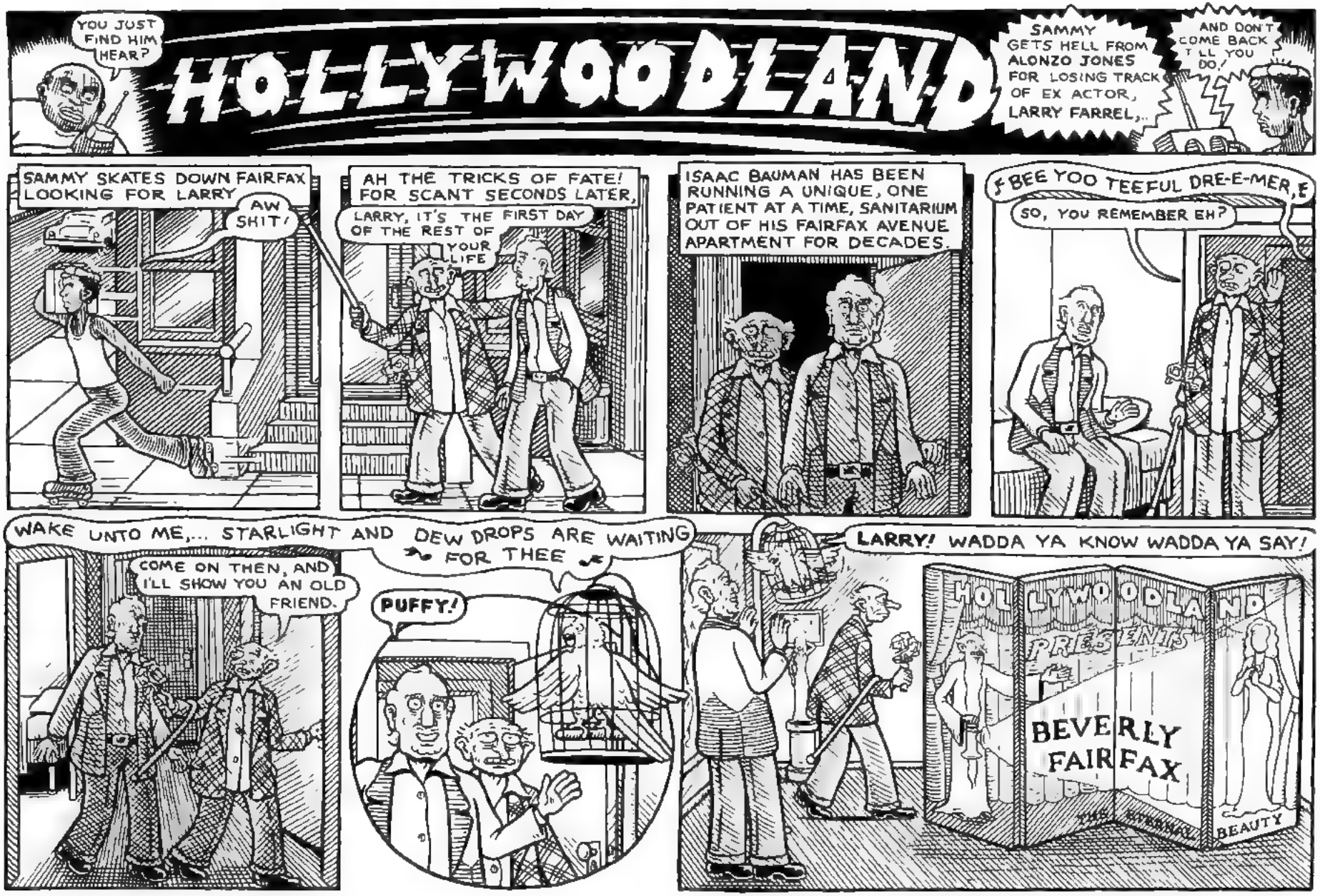
LARRY MEETS A WIZENED OLD MAN NAMED ISAAC BAUMAN IN THE S and D MARKET ON FAIRFAX AND OAKWOOD. AT FIRST BAUMAN DOESN'T RECOGNIZE HIM.

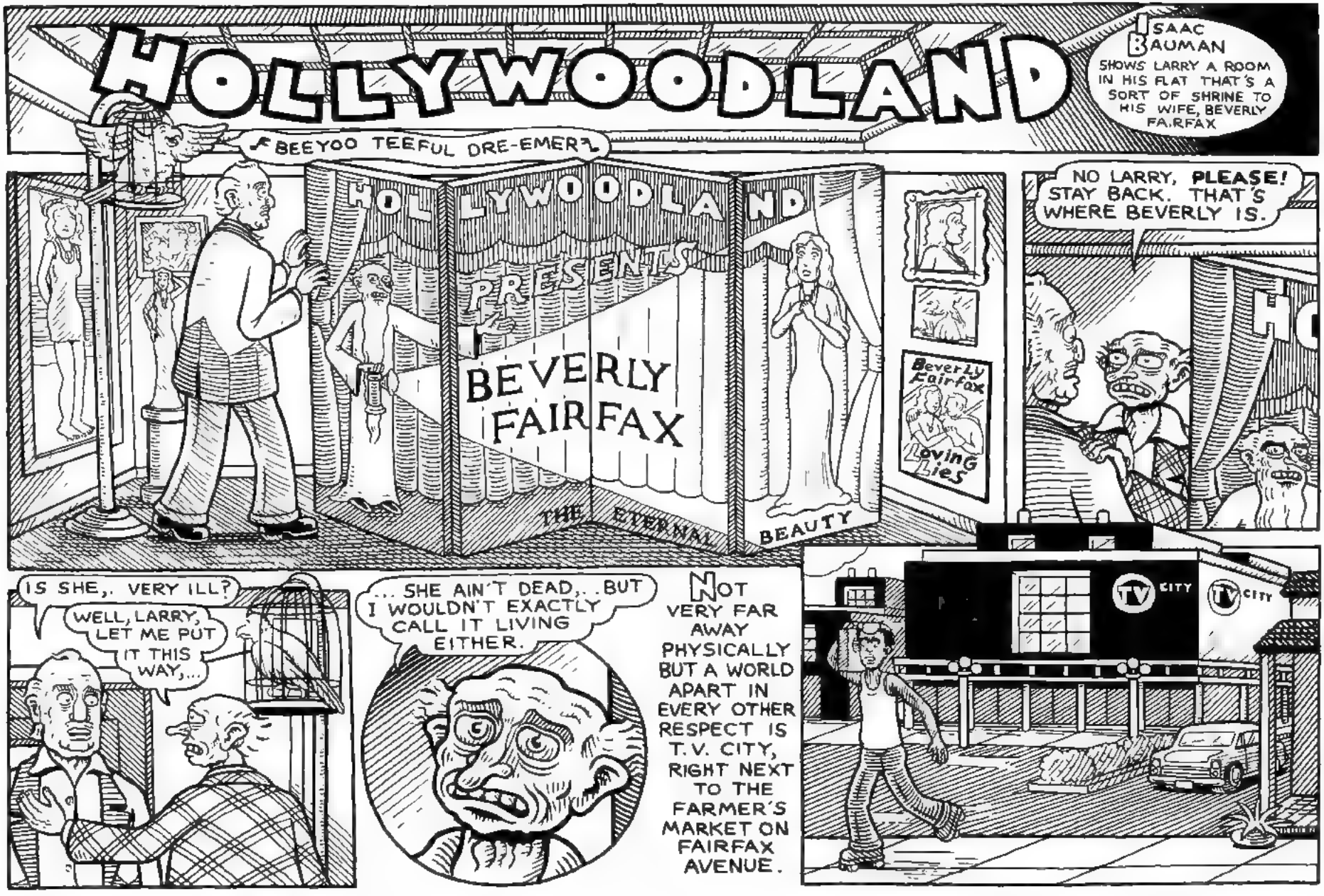






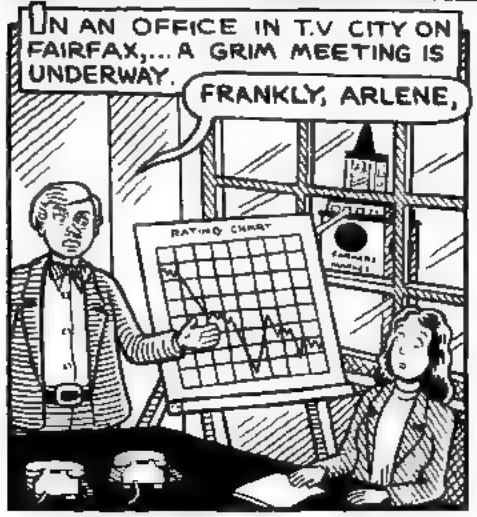

HOLLYWOODLAND
SAMMY HAS LOST TRACK OF HIS CHARGE, EX ACTOR LARRY FARREL POOR SAMMY. IT'LL BE HELL TO PAY WITH HIS BOSS, ALONZO JONES.
MOTEL
COMICS AND MAGAZINES BOUGHT AND SOLD
ALONZO JONES PROP
PARKING SEE INSIDE
THE SCENE CHANGES TO A CORNER NEAR MELROSE AVE, JUST A STONE'S THROW FROM FAIRFAX HIGH SCHOOL.
BOUGHT AND SOLD
ALONZO JONES PROP.
THINGS ARE JUMPING AT ALONZO'S
BEWARE! THE EYES OF ALONZO ARE UPON YOU!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU LOST HIM!
HULK
WELL YOU JUST FIND HIM, HEAR?
BAM
AND DON'T COME BACK TILL YOU DO!


HOLLYWOODLAND
YOU JUST FIND HIM HEAR?
SAMMY GETS HELL FROM ALONZO JONES FOR LOSING TRACK OF EX ACTOR, LARRY FARREL,..
AND DON'T COME BACK TILL YOU DO,/
SAMMY SKATES DOWN FAIRFAX LOOKING FOR LARRY
AW SHIT/
AH THE TRICKS OF FATE! FOR SCANT SECONDS LATER,
LARRY, IT'S THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE
ISAAC BAUMAN HAS BEEN RUNNING A UNIQUE, ONE PATIENT AT A TIME, SANITARIUM OUT OF HIS FAIRFAX AVENUE APARTMENT FOR DECADES.
BEE YOO TEEFUL DRE-E-MER, E
SO, YOU REMEMBER EH?
WAKE UNTO ME,... STARLIGHT AND DEW DROPS ARE WAITING FOR THEE
COME ON THEN, AND I'LL SHOW YOU AN OLD FRIEND.
PUFFY!
LARRY! WADDA YA KNOW WADDA YA SAY!
HOLLYWOODLAND PRESENTS
BEVERLY FAIRFAX
THE ETERNAL BEAUTY

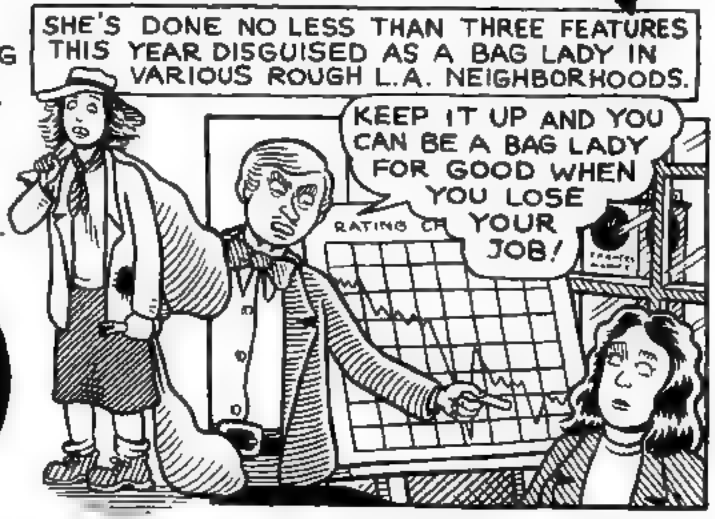

HOLLYWOODLAND
ISAAC BAUMAN SHOWS LARRY A ROOM IN HIS FLAT THAT'S A SORT OF SHRINE TO HIS WIFE, BEVERLY FAIRFAX
BEEYOO TEEFUL DRE-EMER
HOLLYWOODLAND PRESENTS
BEVERLY FAIRFAX
THE ETERNAL BEAUTY
Beverly Fairfax
Loving Lies
NO LARRY, PLEASE! STAY BACK. THAT'S WHERE BEVERLY IS.
IS SHE,. VERY ILL?
WELL, LARRY, LET ME PUT IT THIS WAY,...
... SHE AIN'T DEAD,..BUT I WOULDN'T EXACTLY CALL IT LIVING EITHER.
NOT VERY FAR AWAY PHYSICALLY BUT A WORLD APART IN EVERY OTHER RESPECT IS T.V. CITY, RIGHT NEXT TO THE FARMER'S MARKET ON FAIRFAX AVENUE.
TV CITY
TV CITY

HOLLYWOODLAND

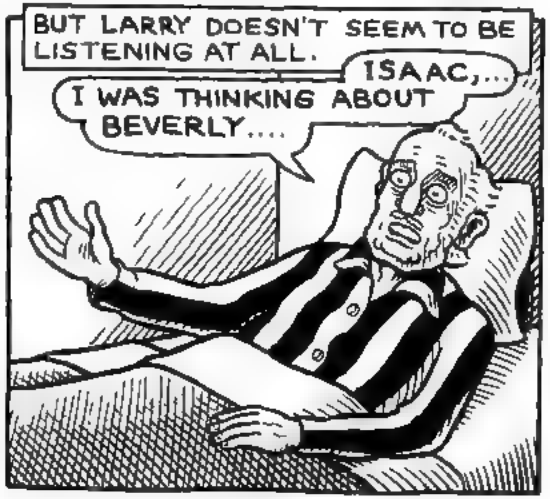
INTRODUCING ARLENE

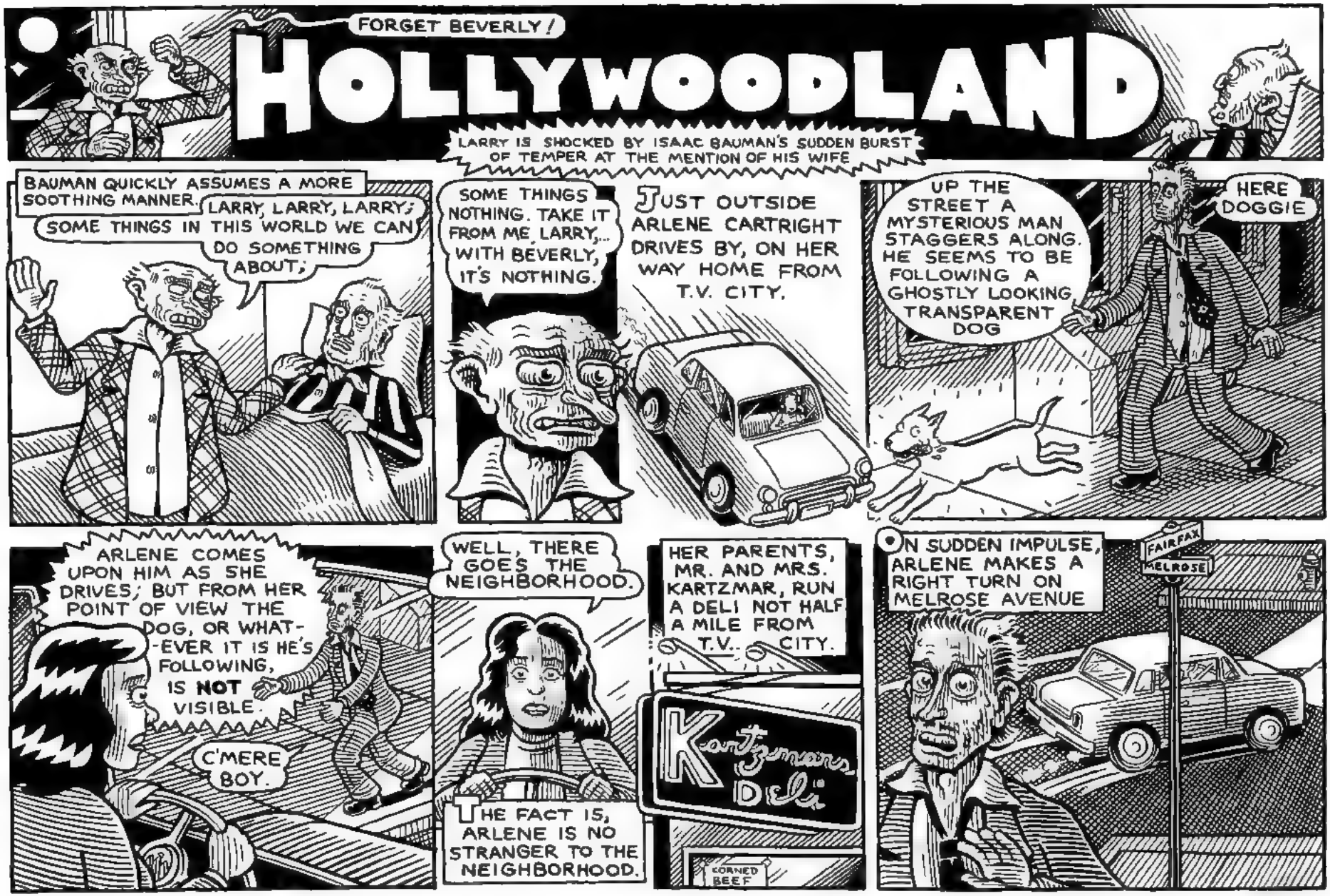


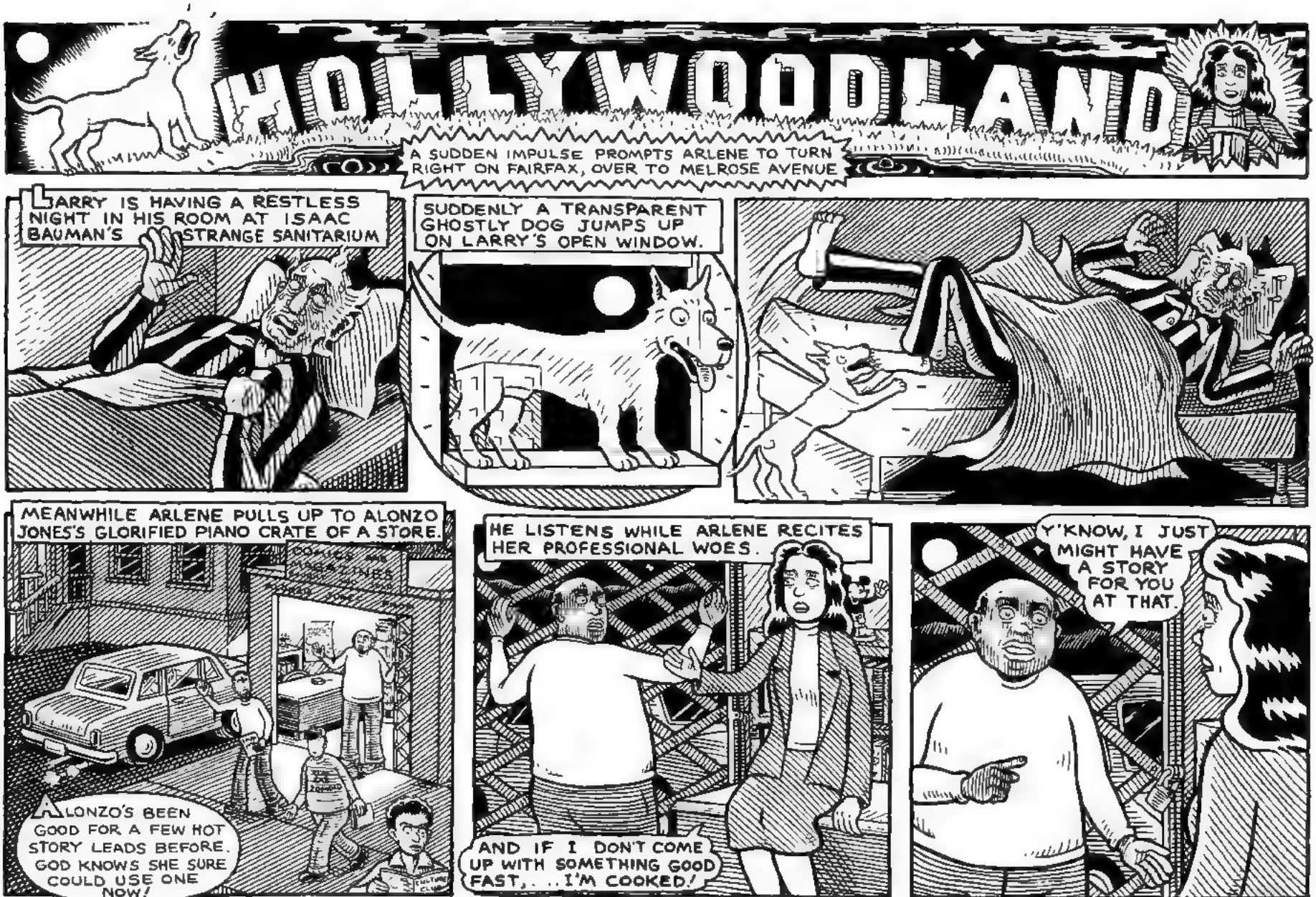
ARLENE IS A TOUGH, MUCKRAKING T.V. REPORTER. UNFORTUNATELY HER STUFF HAS HAD A BAD CASE OF THE BLAHS FOR **TOO** LONG.

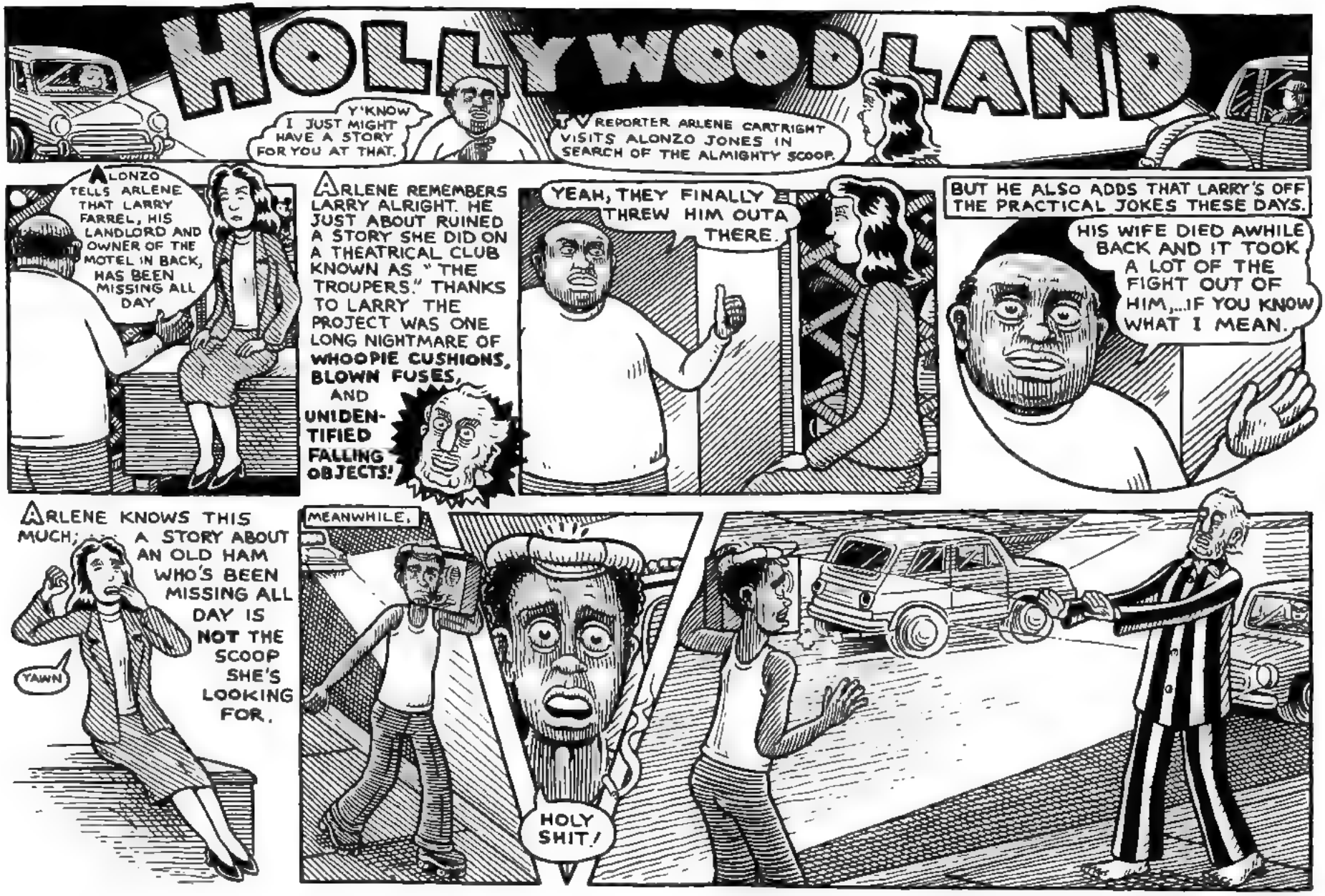


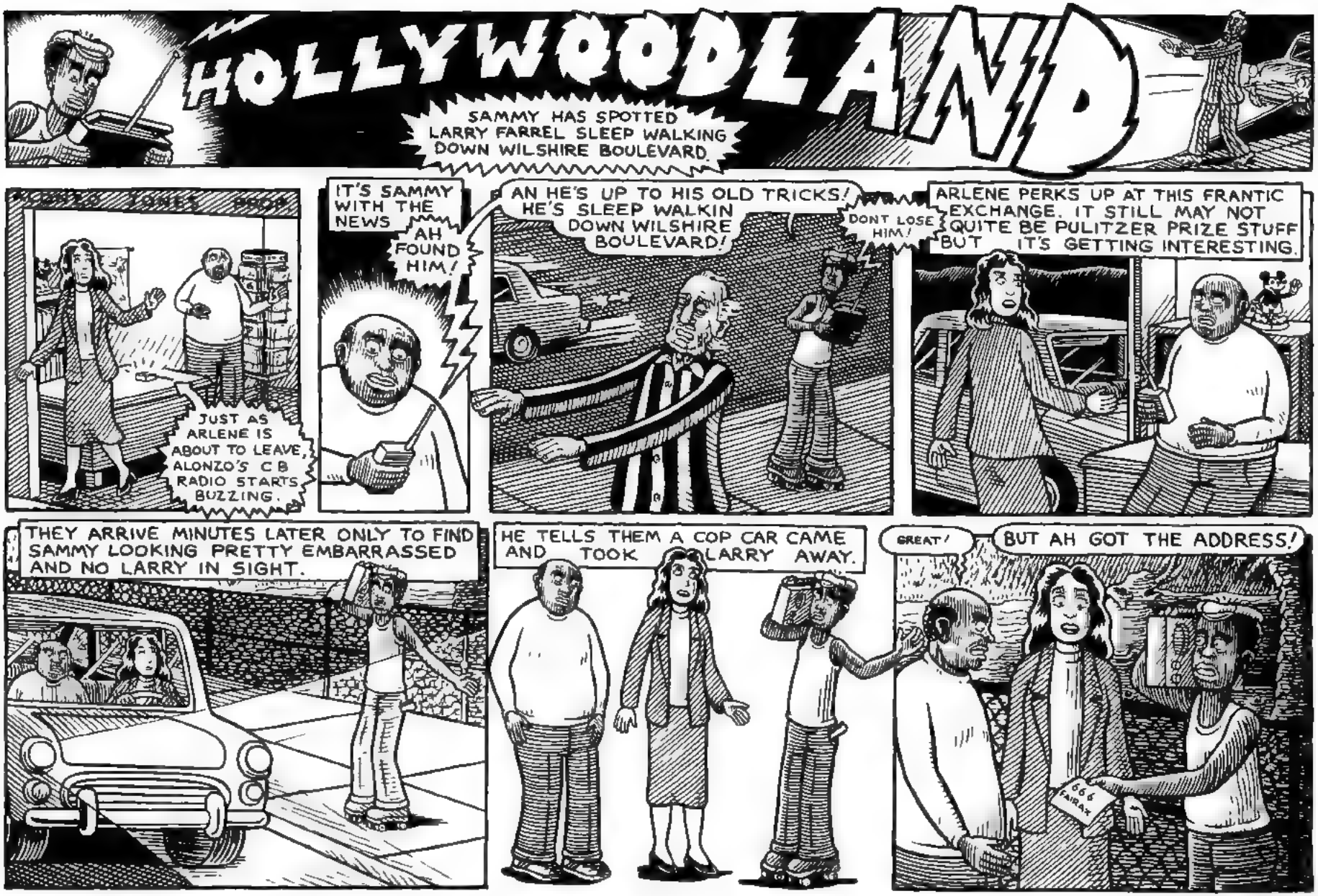
THAT NIGHT LARRY IS ALL TUCKED IN AFTER HIS FIRST DAY ON THE BAUMAN HEALTH PLAN.

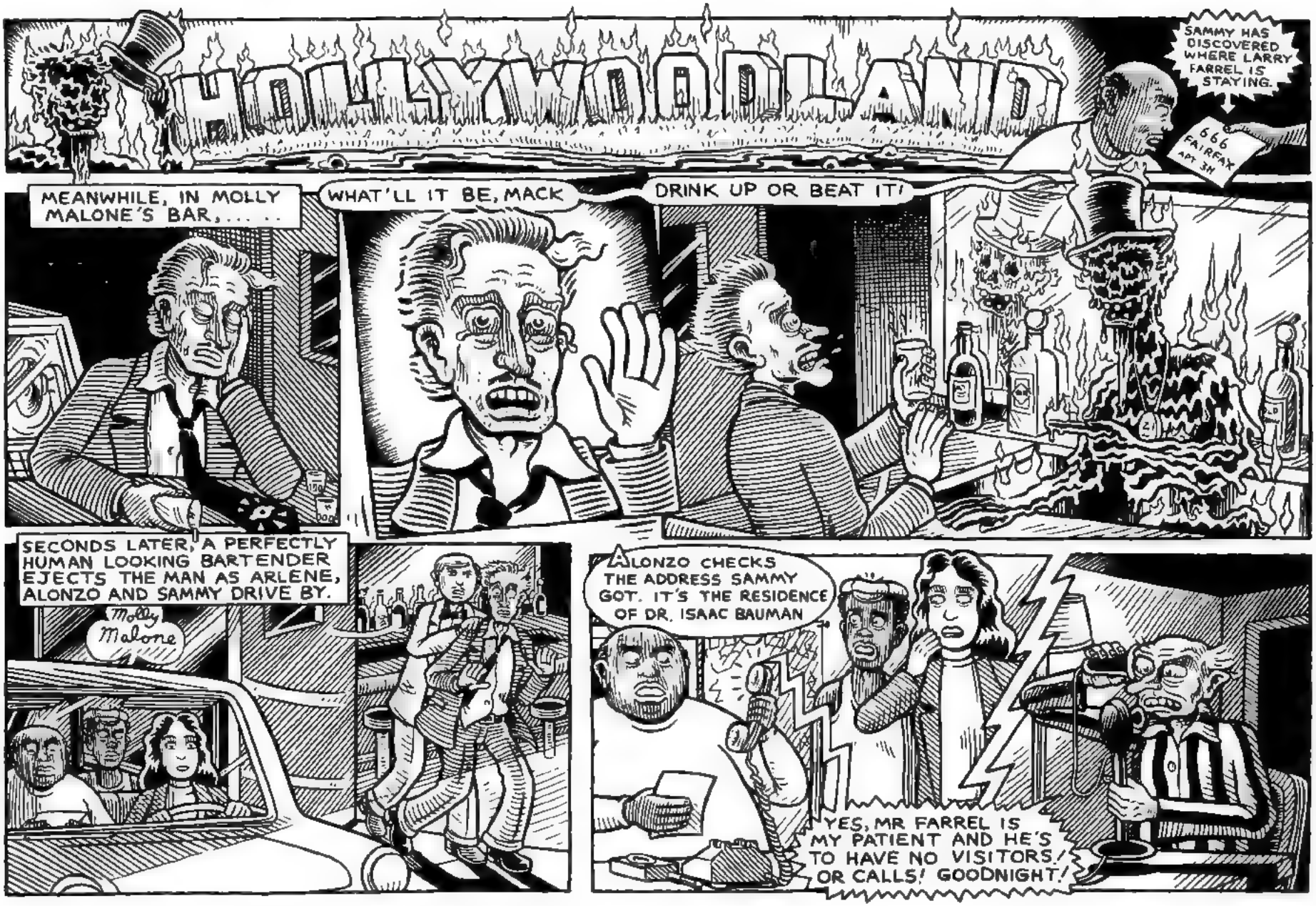


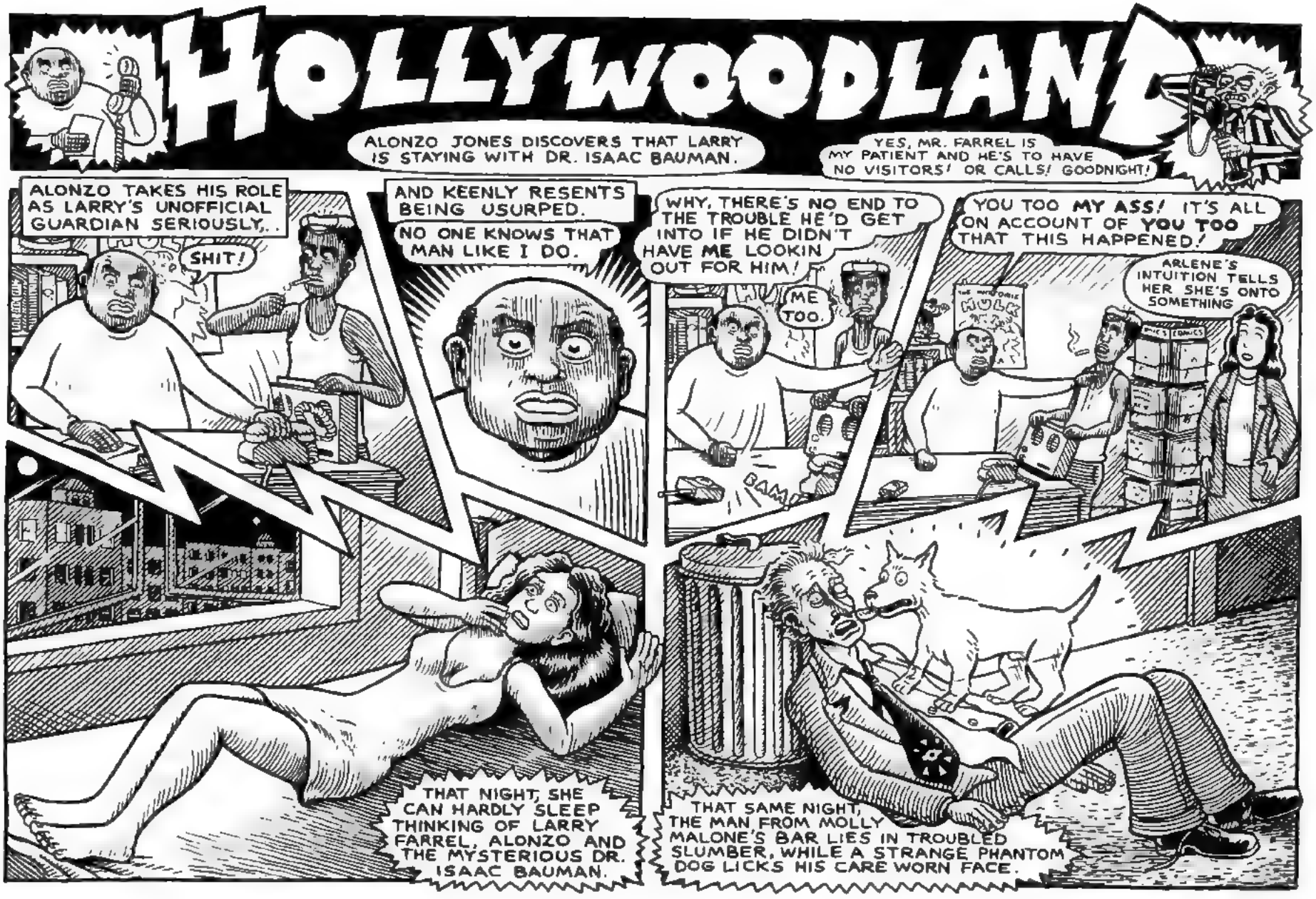

FORGET BEVERLY!
HOLLYWOODLAND
LARRY IS SHOCKED BY ISAAC BAUMAN'S SUDDEN BURST OF TEMPER AT THE MENTION OF HIS WIFE
BAUMAN QUICKLY ASSUMES A MORE SOOTHING MANNER.
LARRY, LARRY, LARRY; SOME THINGS IN THIS WORLD WE CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT;
SOME THINGS NOTHING. TAKE IT FROM ME, LARRY,... WITH BEVERLY, IT'S NOTHING.
JUST OUTSIDE ARLENE CARTRIGHT DRIVES BY, ON HER WAY HOME FROM T.V. CITY.
UP THE STREET A MYSTERIOUS MAN STAGGERS ALONG. HE SEEMS TO BE FOLLOWING A GHOSTLY LOOKING TRANSPARENT DOG
HERE DOGGIE
ARLENE COMES UPON HIM AS SHE DRIVES; BUT FROM HER POINT OF VIEW THE DOG, OR WHAT--EVER IT IS HE'S FOLLOWING, IS NOT VISIBLE.
C'MERE BOY.
WELL, THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD.
THE FACT IS, ARLENE IS NO STRANGER TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.
HER PARENTS, MR. AND MRS. KARTZMAR, RUN A DELI NOT HALF A MILE FROM T.V. CITY.
Kartzmar's Deli
CORNED BEEF
ON SUDDEN IMPULSE, ARLENE MAKES A RIGHT TURN ON MELROSE AVENUE
FAIRFAX
MELROSE


HOLLYWOODLAND
A SUDDEN IMPULSE PROMPTS ARLENE TO TURN RIGHT ON FAIRFAX, OVER TO MELROSE AVENUE
LARRY IS HAVING A RESTLESS NIGHT IN HIS ROOM AT ISAAC BAUMAN'S STRANGE SANITARIUM
SUDDENLY A TRANSPARENT GHOSTLY DOG JUMPS UP ON LARRY'S OPEN WINDOW.
MEANWHILE ARLENE PULLS UP TO ALONZO JONES'S GLORIFIED PIANO CRATE OF A STORE.
ALONZO'S BEEN GOOD FOR A FEW HOT STORY LEADS BEFORE. GOD KNOWS SHE SURE COULD USE ONE NOW!
HE LISTENS WHILE ARLENE RECITES HER PROFESSIONAL WOES.
AND IF I DON'T COME UP WITH SOMETHING GOOD FAST, . . . I'M COOKED!
Y'KNOW, I JUST MIGHT HAVE A STORY FOR YOU AT THAT.

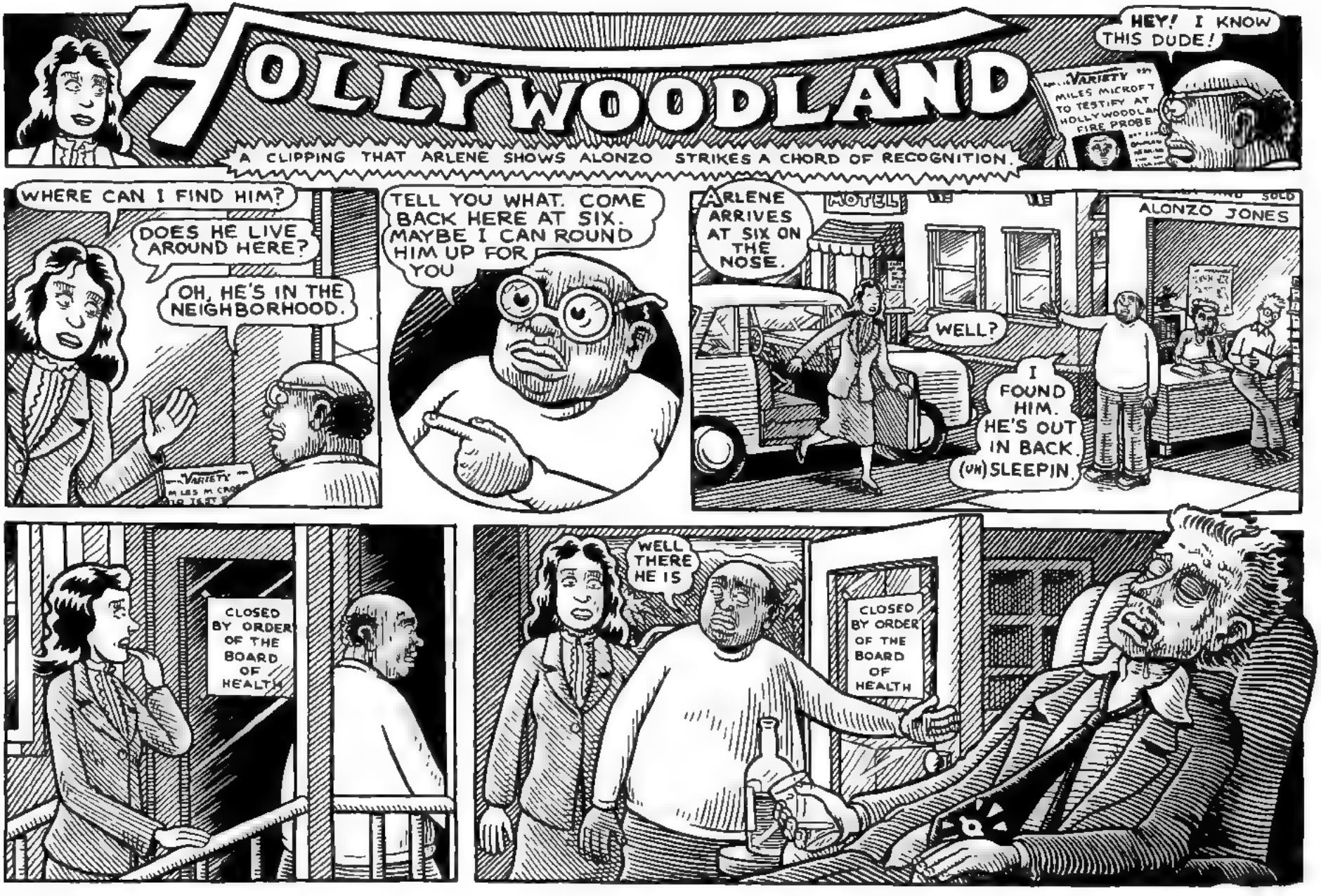

HOLLYWOODLAND
Y'KNOW I JUST MIGHT HAVE A STORY FOR YOU AT THAT.
TV REPORTER ARLENE CARTRIGHT VISITS ALONZO JONES IN SEARCH OF THE ALMIGHTY SCOOP.
ALONZO TELLS ARLENE THAT LARRY FARREL, HIS LANDLORD AND OWNER OF THE MOTEL IN BACK, HAS BEEN MISSING ALL DAY.
ARLENE REMEMBERS LARRY ALRIGHT. HE JUST ABOUT RUINED A STORY SHE DID ON A THEATRICAL CLUB KNOWN AS "THE TROUPERS." THANKS TO LARRY THE PROJECT WAS ONE LONG NIGHTMARE OF WHOOPIE CUSHIONS, BLOWN FUSES, AND UNIDENTIFIED FALLING OBJECTS!
YEAH, THEY FINALLY THREW HIM OUTA THERE.
BUT HE ALSO ADDS THAT LARRY'S OFF THE PRACTICAL JOKES THESE DAYS.
HIS WIFE DIED AWHILE BACK AND IT TOOK A LOT OF THE FIGHT OUT OF HIM,...IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
ARLENE KNOWS THIS MUCH; A STORY ABOUT AN OLD HAM WHO'S BEEN MISSING ALL DAY IS NOT THE SCOOP SHE'S LOOKING FOR.
YAWN
MEANWHILE,
HOLY SHIT!

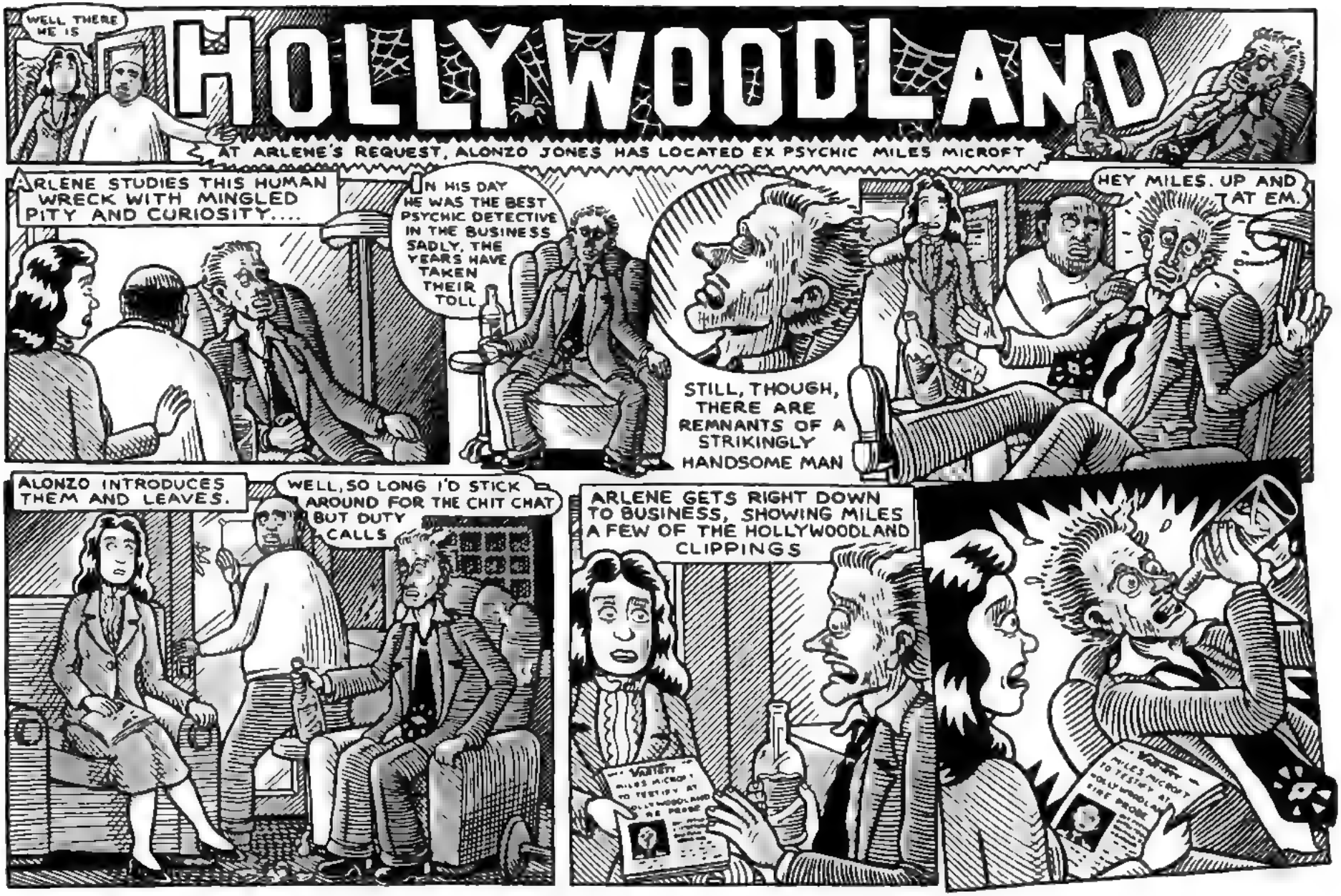

HOLLYWOODLAND
SAMMY HAS SPOTTED LARRY FARREL SLEEP WALKING DOWN WILSHIRE BOULEVARD.
JUST AS ARLENE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, ALONZO'S C B RADIO STARTS BUZZING.
IT'S SAMMY WITH THE NEWS
AH FOUND HIM!
AN HE'S UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS! HE'S SLEEP WALKIN DOWN WILSHIRE BOULEVARD!
DONT LOSE HIM!
ARLENE PERKS UP AT THIS FRANTIC EXCHANGE. IT STILL MAY NOT QUITE BE PULITZER PRIZE STUFF BUT IT'S GETTING INTERESTING.
THEY ARRIVE MINUTES LATER ONLY TO FIND SAMMY LOOKING PRETTY EMBARRASSED AND NO LARRY IN SIGHT.
HE TELLS THEM A COP CAR CAME AND TOOK LARRY AWAY.
GREAT!
BUT AH GOT THE ADDRESS!
666 FAIRAX

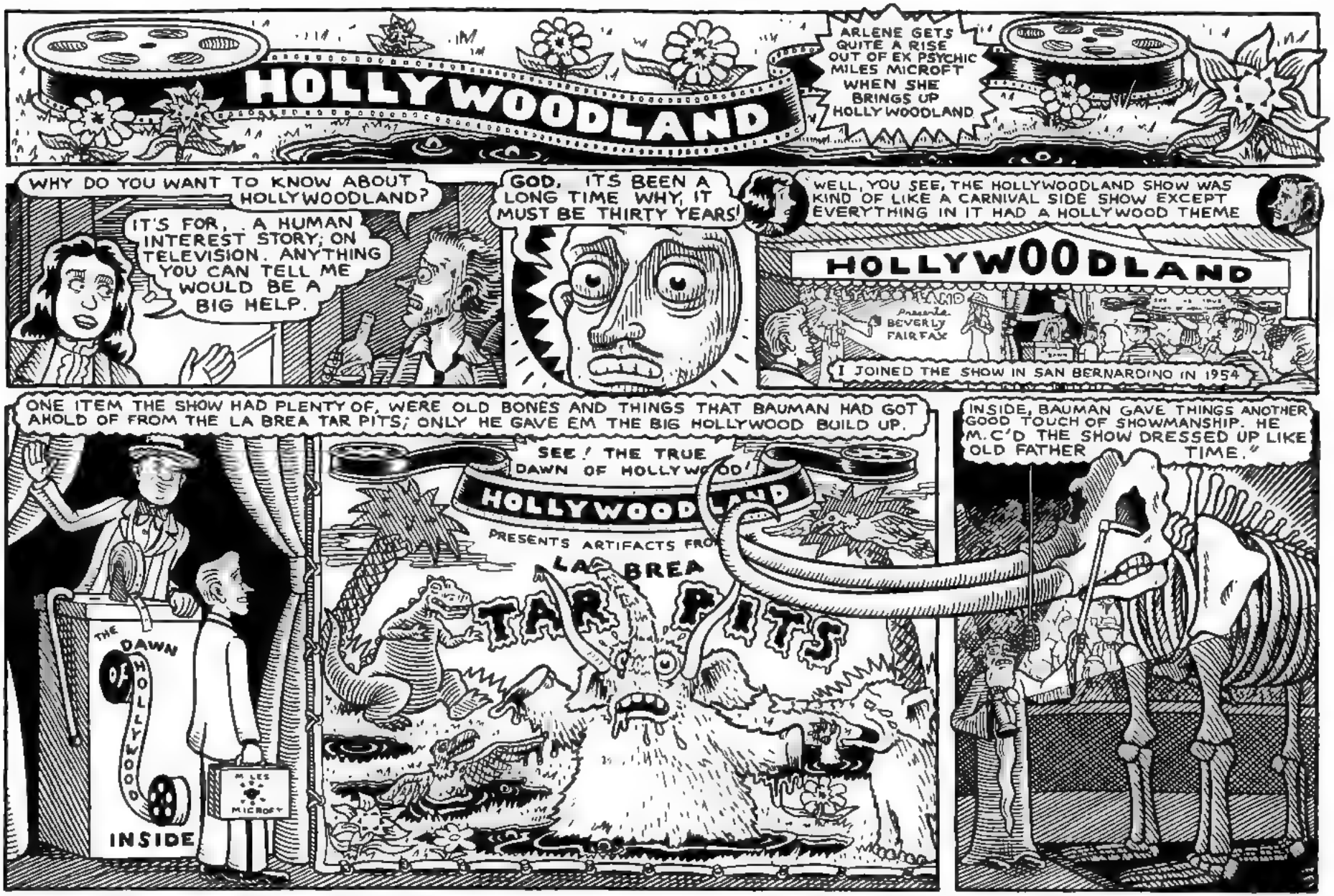

HOLLYWOODLAND
SAMMY HAS DISCOVERED WHERE LARRY FARREL IS STAYING.
666 FAIRFAX APT 3H
MEANWHILE, IN MOLLY MALONE'S BAR, ...
WHAT'LL IT BE, MACK
DRINK UP OR BEAT IT!
SECONDS LATER, A PERFECTLY HUMAN LOOKING BARTENDER EJECTS THE MAN AS ARLENE, ALONZO AND SAMMY DRIVE BY.
Molly Malone
ALONZO CHECKS THE ADDRESS SAMMY GOT. IT'S THE RESIDENCE OF DR. ISAAC BAUMAN
YES, MR FARREL IS MY PATIENT AND HE'S TO HAVE NO VISITORS OR CALLS! GOODNIGHT!

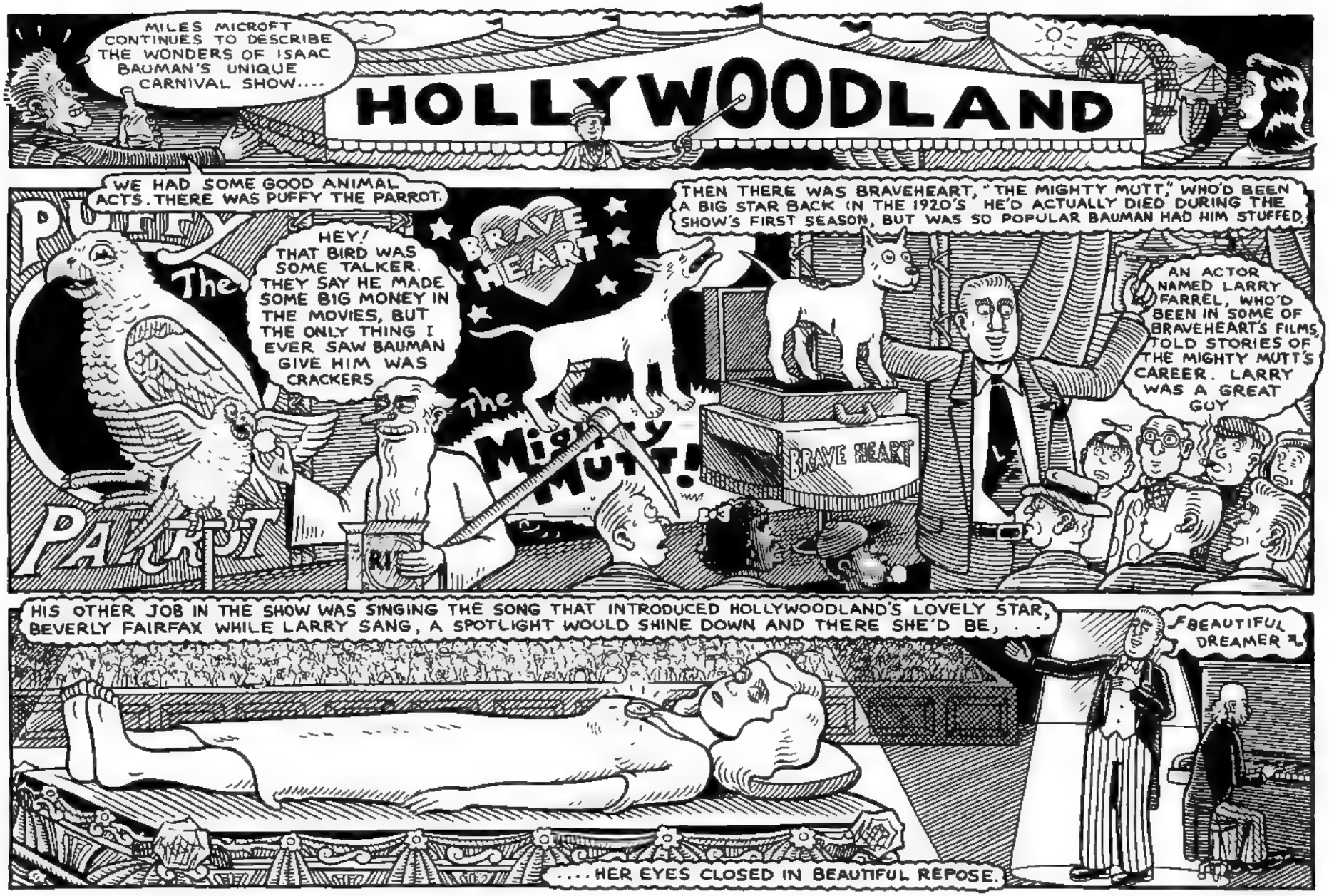

HOLLYWOODLAND
ALONZO JONES DISCOVERS THAT LARRY IS STAYING WITH DR. ISAAC BAUMAN.
YES, MR. FARREL IS MY PATIENT AND HE'S TO HAVE NO VISITORS! OR CALLS! GOODNIGHT!
ALONZO TAKES HIS ROLE AS LARRY'S UNOFFICIAL GUARDIAN SERIOUSLY...
SHIT!
AND KEENLY RESENTS BEING USURPED.
NO ONE KNOWS THAT MAN LIKE I DO.
WHY, THERE'S NO END TO THE TROUBLE HE'D GET INTO IF HE DIDN'T HAVE ME LOOKIN OUT FOR HIM!
ME TOO.
BAM
YOU TOO MY ASS! IT'S ALL ON ACCOUNT OF YOU TOO THAT THIS HAPPENED!
ARLENE'S INTUITION TELLS HER SHE'S ONTO SOMETHING
THAT NIGHT, SHE CAN HARDLY SLEEP THINKING OF LARRY FARREL, ALONZO AND THE MYSTERIOUS DR. ISAAC BAUMAN.
THAT SAME NIGHT, THE MAN FROM MOLLY MALONE'S BAR LIES IN TROUBLED SLUMBER, WHILE A STRANGE PHANTOM DOG LICKS HIS CARE WORN FACE.

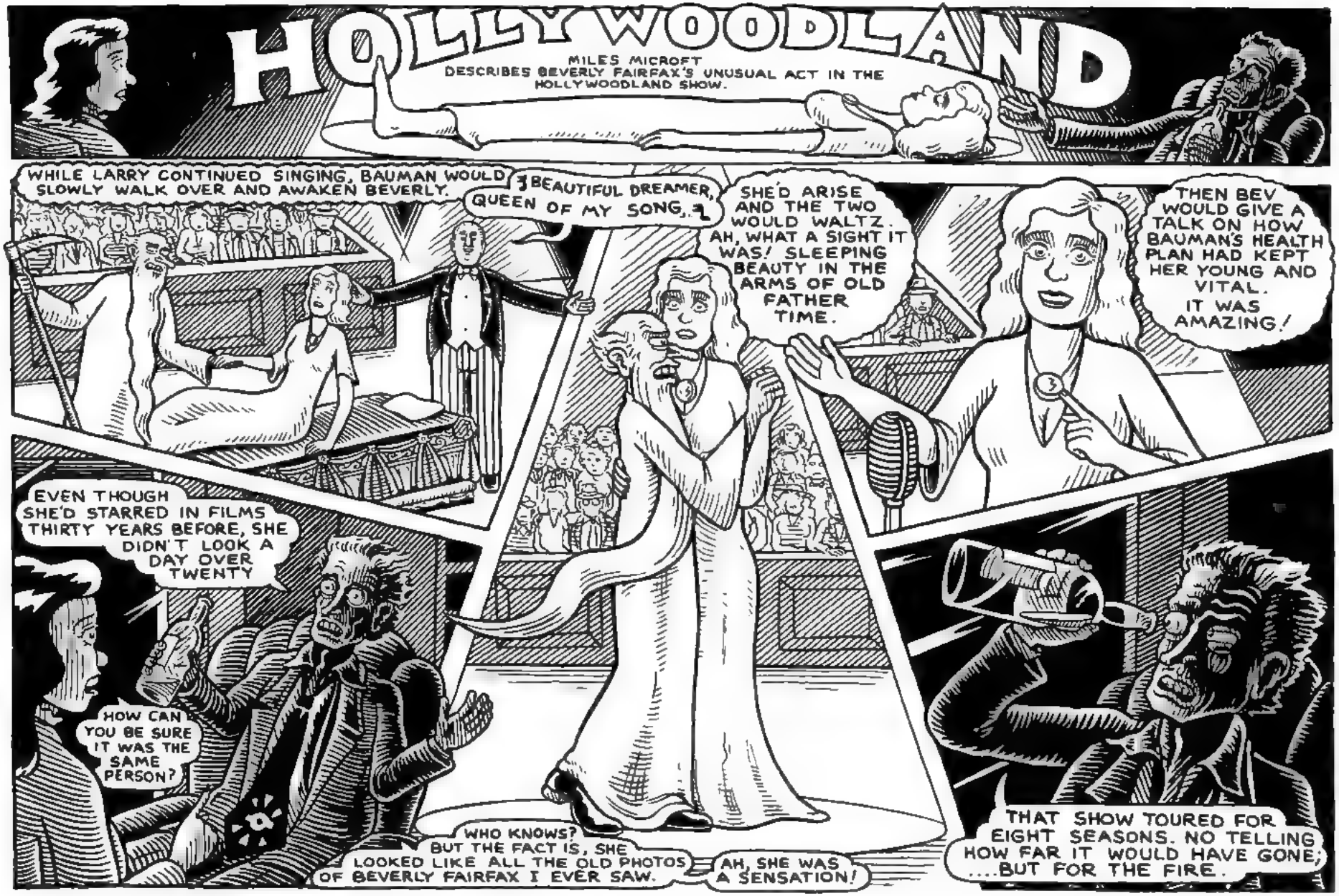
HOLLYWOODLAND
LARRY
BAUMAN
LARRY FARREL IS A VIRTUAL PRISONER AT THE STRANGE, ONE PATIENT CLINIC OF DR. ISAAC BAUMAN.
ARLENE CHECKS IN AT ALONZO'S STORE THE NEXT DAY.
HEY, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
PLENTY.
THE T.V. CITY RESEARCH STAFF CAME UP WITH LOADS OF STUFF ON BAUMAN.
LOOK!
NO SHIT!
ALONZO TAKES A LOOK AT THE XEROXED CLIPPINGS.
A FEW GO BACK TO THE 1920'S AND BEFORE WHEN BAUMAN WAS MANAGING HIS WIFE'S FILM CAREER.
Los Angeles Times
LA BREA WOMAN OPENS AT ALCAZAR THEATRE
BUT MOST ARE OF A MORE RECENT VINTAGE. THEY'RE MAINLY CONCERNED WITH A CARNIVAL SHOW CALLED "HOLLYWOODLAND" THAT BAUMAN RAN IN THE LATE '40'S AND EARLY 1950'S.
Los Angeles Times
FIRE DESTROYS HOLLYWOODLAND
VARIETY 1947
BAUMAN'S HOLLYWOODLAND SHOW PACKS THEM IN AT PASADENA FAIRGROUND
THE MAIN BUNCH HAVE TO DO WITH A FIRE THAT DESTROYED THE SHOW IN 1954
I REMEMBER THAT SHOW. LARRY USED TO WORK IN IT.
NO KIDDING!
THEN A PARTICULAR CLIPPING CATCHES HIS EYE.
HEY!
VARIETY 1954
MILES MICROFT TO TESTIFY AT HOLLYWOODLAND FIRE PROBE
I KNOW THIS DUDE!

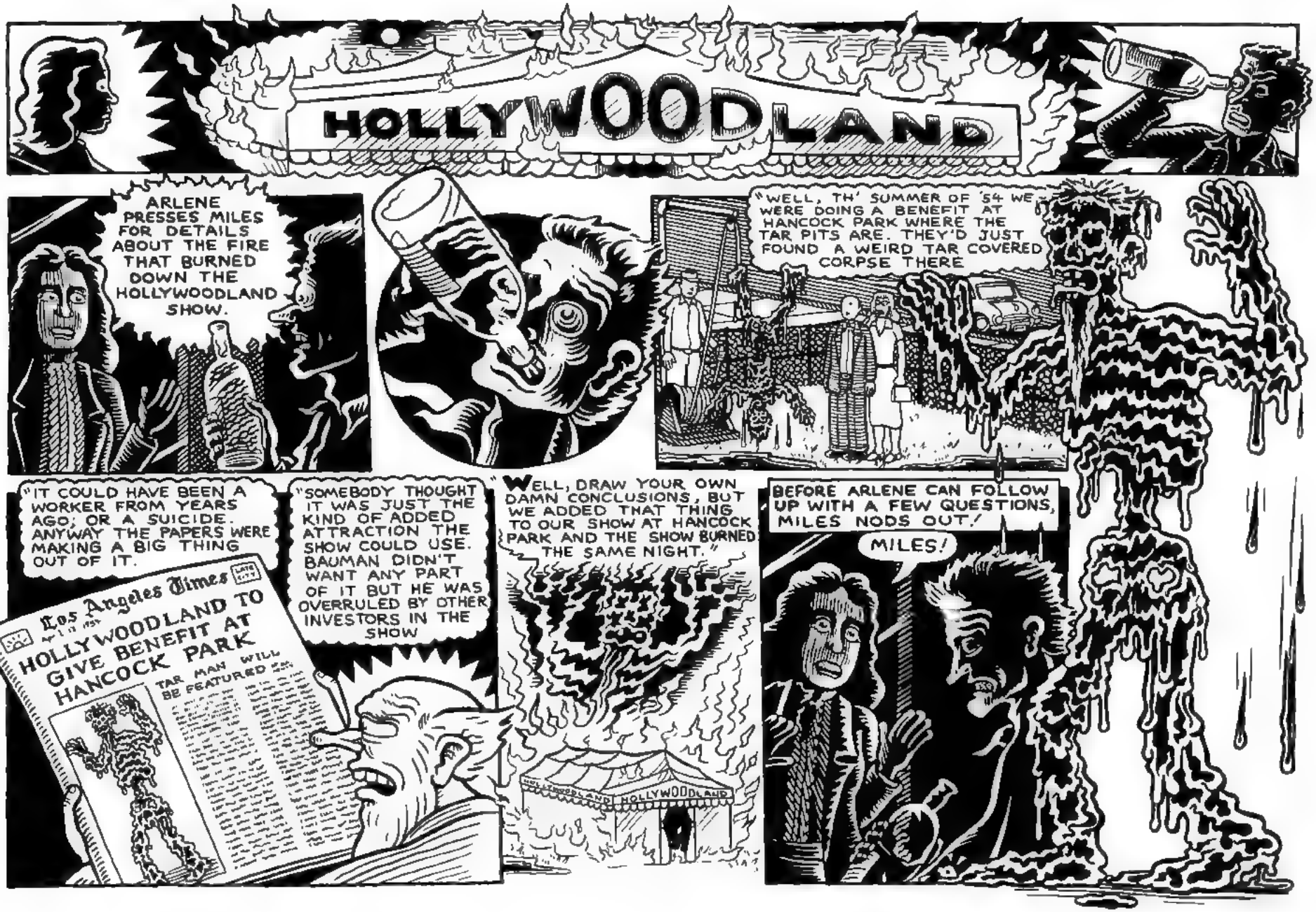

HOLLYWOODLAND
A CLIPPING THAT ARLENE SHOWS ALONZO STRIKES A CHORD OF RECOGNITION.
HEY! I KNOW THIS DUDE!
VARIETY
MILES MICROFT TO TESTIFY AT HOLLYWOODLAND FIRE PROBE
WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?
DOES HE LIVE AROUND HERE?
OH, HE'S IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.
TELL YOU WHAT. COME BACK HERE AT SIX. MAYBE I CAN ROUND HIM UP FOR YOU
ARLENE ARRIVES AT SIX ON THE NOSE.
HOTEL
ALONZO JONES
WELL?
I FOUND HIM. HE'S OUT IN BACK. (UH) SLEEPIN.
CLOSED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH
WELL THERE HE IS
CLOSED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH


HOLLYWOODLAND
WELL THERE HE IS
AT ARLENE'S REQUEST, ALONZO JONES HAS LOCATED EX PSYCHIC MILES MICROFT
ARLENE STUDIES THIS HUMAN WRECK WITH MINGLED PITY AND CURIOSITY....
IN HIS DAY HE WAS THE BEST PSYCHIC DETECTIVE IN THE BUSINESS SADLY, THE YEARS HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL
STILL, THOUGH, THERE ARE REMNANTS OF A STRIKINGLY HANDSOME MAN
HEY MILES. UP AND AT EM.
ALONZO INTRODUCES THEM AND LEAVES.
WELL, SO LONG I'D STICK AROUND FOR THE CHIT CHAT BUT DUTY CALLS
ARLENE GETS RIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS, SHOWING MILES A FEW OF THE HOLLYWOODLAND CLIPPINGS
VARIETY
MILES MICROFT TO TESTIFY AT HOLLYWOODLAND FIRE PROBE


HOLLYWOODLAND
ARLENE GETS QUITE A RISE OUT OF EX PSYCHIC MILES MICROFT WHEN SHE BRINGS UP HOLLYWOODLAND
WHY DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT HOLLYWOODLAND?
IT'S FOR, . A HUMAN INTEREST STORY; ON TELEVISION. ANYTHING YOU CAN TELL ME WOULD BE A BIG HELP.
GOD, ITS BEEN A LONG TIME WHY, IT MUST BE THIRTY YEARS!
WELL, YOU SEE, THE HOLLYWOODLAND SHOW WAS KIND OF LIKE A CARNIVAL SIDE SHOW EXCEPT EVERYTHING IN IT HAD A HOLLYWOOD THEME
HOLLYWOODLAND
presents BEVERLY FAIRFAX
I JOINED THE SHOW IN SAN BERNARDINO IN 1954
ONE ITEM THE SHOW HAD PLENTY OF, WERE OLD BONES AND THINGS THAT BAUMAN HAD GOT AHOLD OF FROM THE LA BREA TAR PITS; ONLY HE GAVE EM THE BIG HOLLYWOOD BUILD UP.
THE DAWN OF HOLLYWOOD
INSIDE
MILES MICROFT
SEE! THE TRUE DAWN OF HOLLYWOOD!
HOLLYWOODLAND
PRESENTS ARTIFACTS FROM
LA BREA
TAR PITS
INSIDE, BAUMAN GAVE THINGS ANOTHER GOOD TOUCH OF SHOWMANSHIP. HE M.C'D THE SHOW DRESSED UP LIKE OLD FATHER TIME."

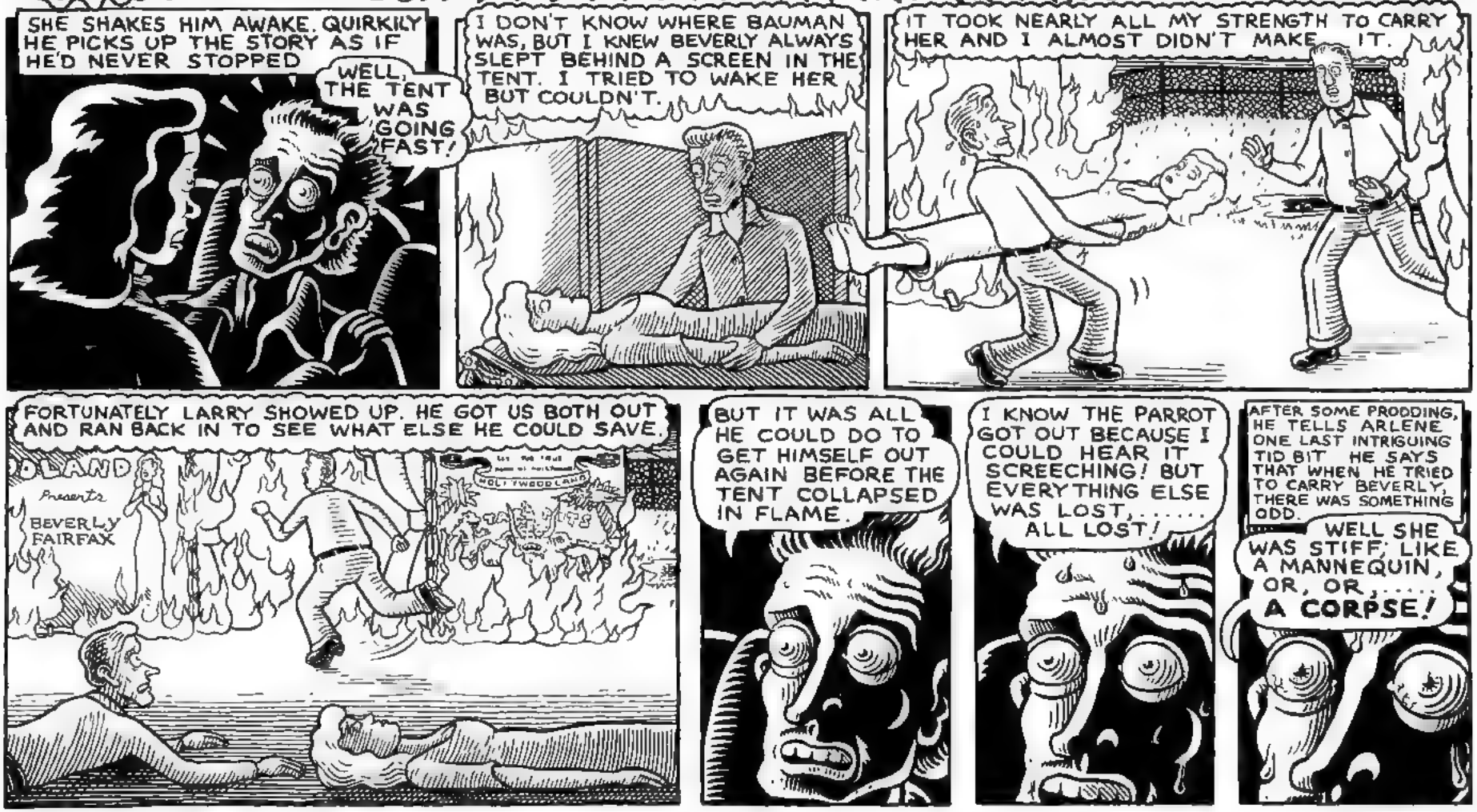

MILES MICROFT CONTINUES TO DESCRIBE THE WONDERS OF ISAAC BAUMAN'S UNIQUE CARNIVAL SHOW....
HOLLYWOODLAND
WE HAD SOME GOOD ANIMAL ACTS. THERE WAS PUFFY THE PARROT.
HEY! THAT BIRD WAS SOME TALKER. THEY SAY HE MADE SOME BIG MONEY IN THE MOVIES, BUT THE ONLY THING I EVER SAW BAUMAN GIVE HIM WAS CRACKERS
THEN THERE WAS BRAVEHEART, "THE MIGHTY MUTT," WHO'D BEEN A BIG STAR BACK IN THE 1920'S. HE'D ACTUALLY DIED DURING THE SHOW'S FIRST SEASON, BUT WAS SO POPULAR BAUMAN HAD HIM STUFFED.
AN ACTOR NAMED LARRY FARREL, WHO'D BEEN IN SOME OF BRAVEHEART'S FILMS, TOLD STORIES OF THE MIGHTY MUTT'S CAREER. LARRY WAS A GREAT GUY
BRAVE HEART
HIS OTHER JOB IN THE SHOW WAS SINGING THE SONG THAT INTRODUCED HOLLYWOODLAND'S LOVELY STAR, BEVERLY FAIRFAX WHILE LARRY SANG, A SPOTLIGHT WOULD SHINE DOWN AND THERE SHE'D BE, . .
BEAUTIFUL DREAMER
....HER EYES CLOSED IN BEAUTIFUL REPOSE.


HOLLYWOODLAND
MILES MICROFT DESCRIBES BEVERLY FAIRFAX'S UNUSUAL ACT IN THE HOLLYWOODLAND SHOW.
WHILE LARRY CONTINUED SINGING, BAUMAN WOULD SLOWLY WALK OVER AND AWAKEN BEVERLY.
BEAUTIFUL DREAMER, QUEEN OF MY SONG,
SHE'D ARISE AND THE TWO WOULD WALTZ. AH, WHAT A SIGHT IT WAS! SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE ARMS OF OLD FATHER TIME.
THEN BEV WOULD GIVE A TALK ON HOW BAUMAN'S HEALTH PLAN HAD KEPT HER YOUNG AND VITAL. IT WAS AMAZING!
EVEN THOUGH SHE'D STARRED IN FILMS THIRTY YEARS BEFORE, SHE DIDN'T LOOK A DAY OVER TWENTY
HOW CAN YOU BE SURE IT WAS THE SAME PERSON?
WHO KNOWS? BUT THE FACT IS, SHE LOOKED LIKE ALL THE OLD PHOTOS OF BEVERLY FAIRFAX I EVER SAW.
AH, SHE WAS A SENSATION!
THAT SHOW TOURED FOR EIGHT SEASONS. NO TELLING HOW FAR IT WOULD HAVE GONE; ....BUT FOR THE FIRE.


HOLLYWOODLAND
ARLENE PRESSES MILES FOR DETAILS ABOUT THE FIRE THAT BURNED DOWN THE HOLLYWOODLAND SHOW.
"WELL, TH' SUMMER OF '54 WE WERE DOING A BENEFIT AT HANCOCK PARK WHERE THE TAR PITS ARE. THEY'D JUST FOUND A WEIRD TAR COVERED CORPSE THERE
"IT COULD HAVE BEEN A WORKER FROM YEARS AGO; OR A SUICIDE. ANYWAY THE PAPERS WERE MAKING A BIG THING OUT OF IT.
"SOMEBODY THOUGHT IT WAS JUST THE KIND OF ADDED ATTRACTION THE SHOW COULD USE. BAUMAN DIDN'T WANT ANY PART OF IT BUT HE WAS OVERRULED BY OTHER INVESTORS IN THE SHOW
Los Angeles Times
HOLLYWOODLAND TO GIVE BENEFIT AT HANCOCK PARK
TAR MAN WILL BE FEATURED
"WELL, DRAW YOUR OWN DAMN CONCLUSIONS, BUT WE ADDED THAT THING TO OUR SHOW AT HANCOCK PARK AND THE SHOW BURNED THE SAME NIGHT."
HOLLYWOODLAND
BEFORE ARLENE CAN FOLLOW UP WITH A FEW QUESTIONS, MILES NODS OUT./
MILES!

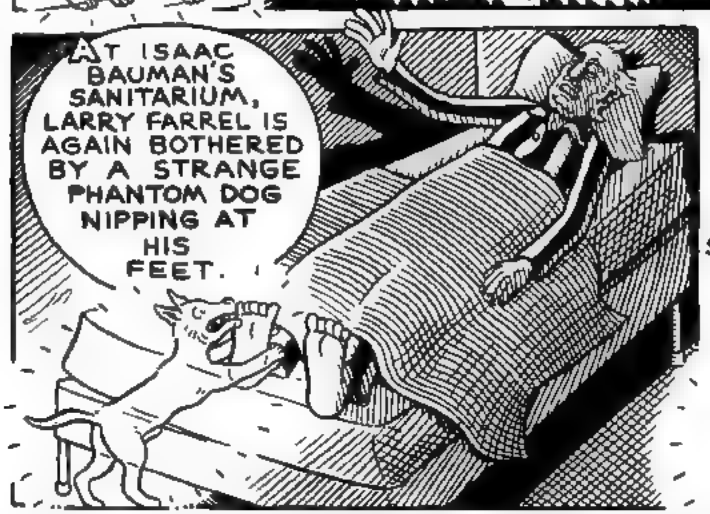
HOLLYWOODLAND

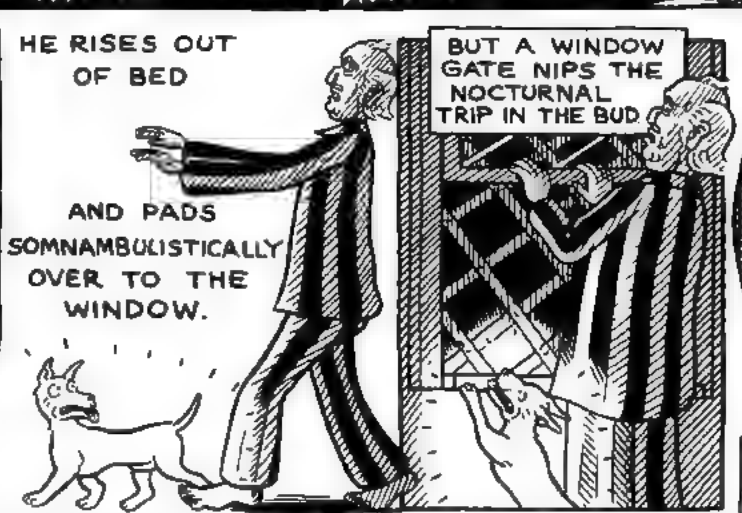
MILES NODS OUT WHILE TELLING ARLENE OF THE HOLLYWOODLAND FIRE.



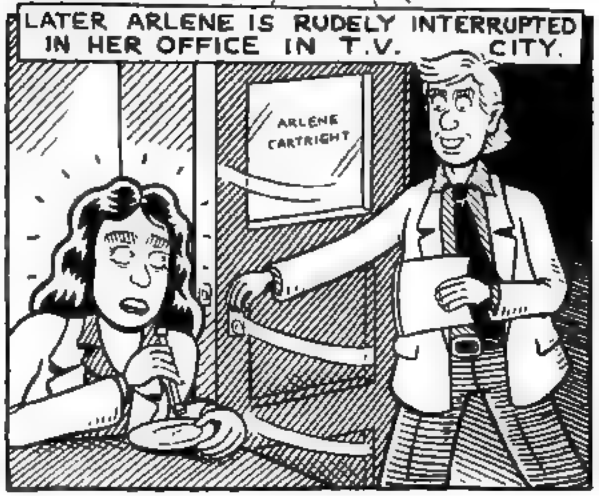
HOLLYWOODLAND
MILES MICROFT'S ACCOUNT OF THE HOLLYWOODLAND FIRE HAS HELD ARLENE SPELLBOUND
HIS STORY'S FINISHED AND FOR THE MOMENT SO IS MILES.
SNOR-R-R-R
ALONZO JONES
WELL, I'M ALL SET. THANKS A MILLION, ALONZO.
ANYTIME. IS MILES OKAY?
WEIRDO
DON'T WORRY. THE BOY WONDER IS BACK IN THE MOTEL, (UH) TAKING A NAP.
I SEE.
WELL I WOULDN'T BE TOO HARD ON THE MAN IF I WAS YOU.
FOLKS THINK IT WOULD BE SO GREAT TO READ MINDS AND ALL,
BUT WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW IS, THERE'S ALOT OF BAD BAGGAGE THAT GOES WITH THE TERRITORY.
BUT ARLENE IS SCARCELY LISTENING. SHE SMELLS A SCOOP!

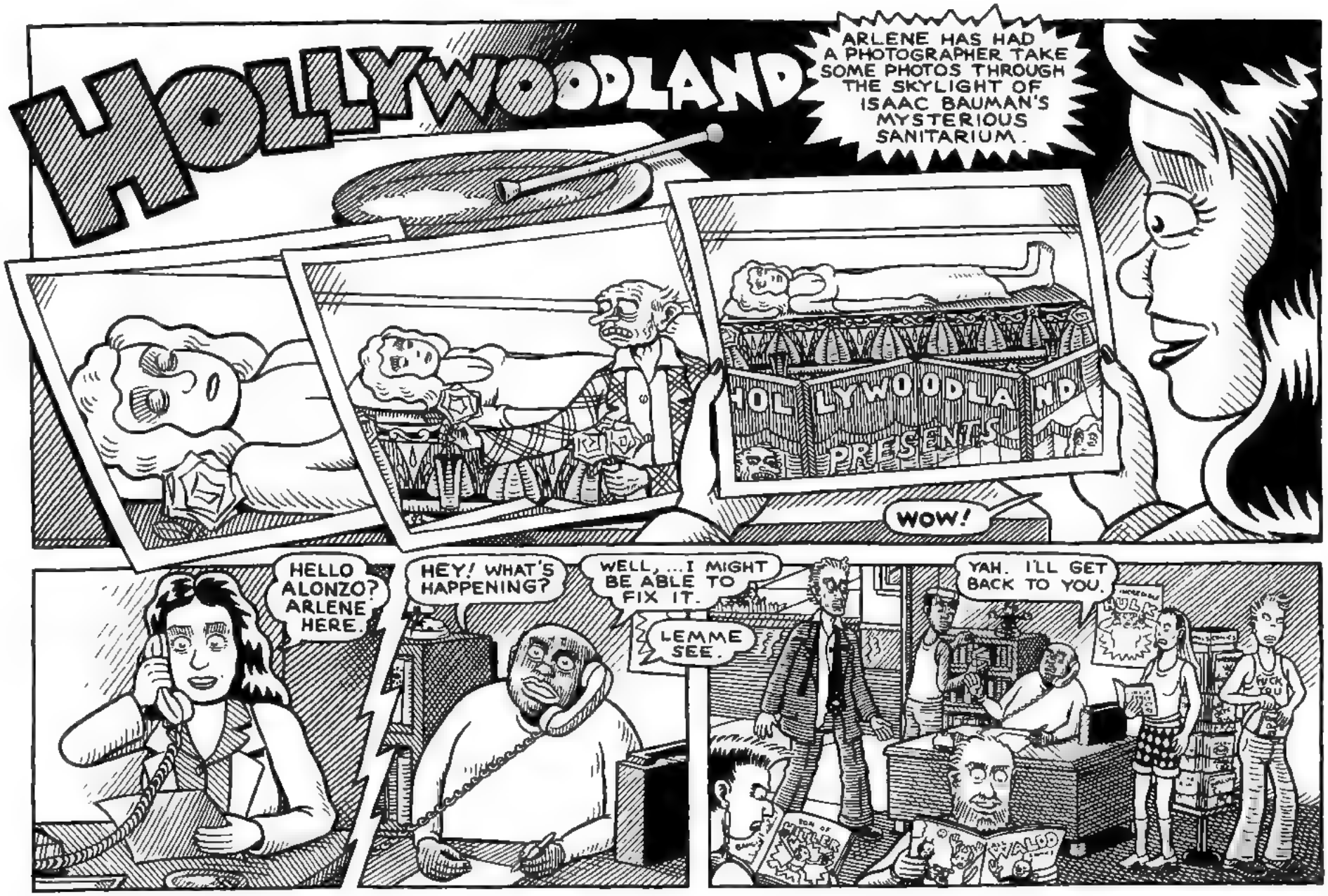
HOLLYWOODLAND

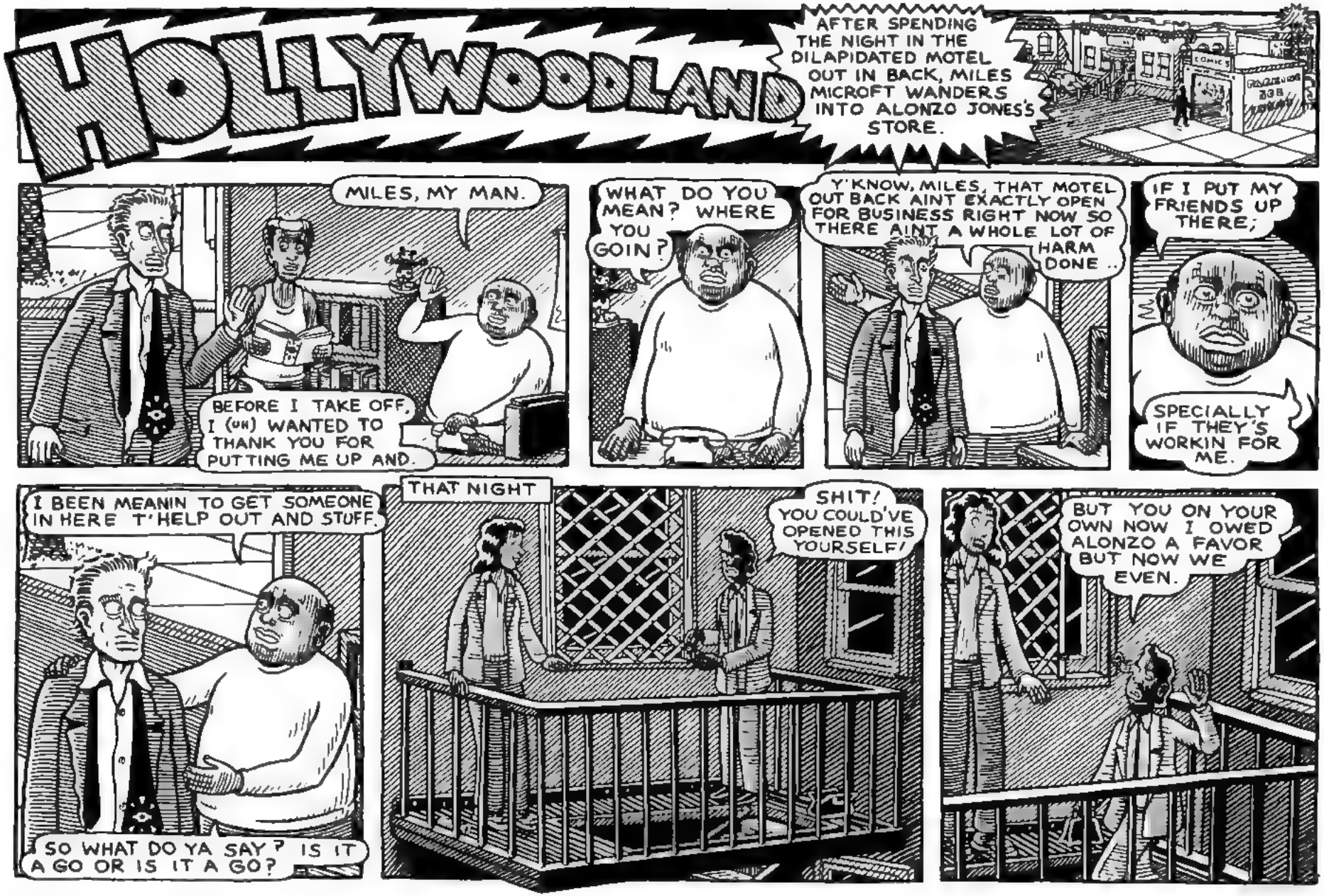


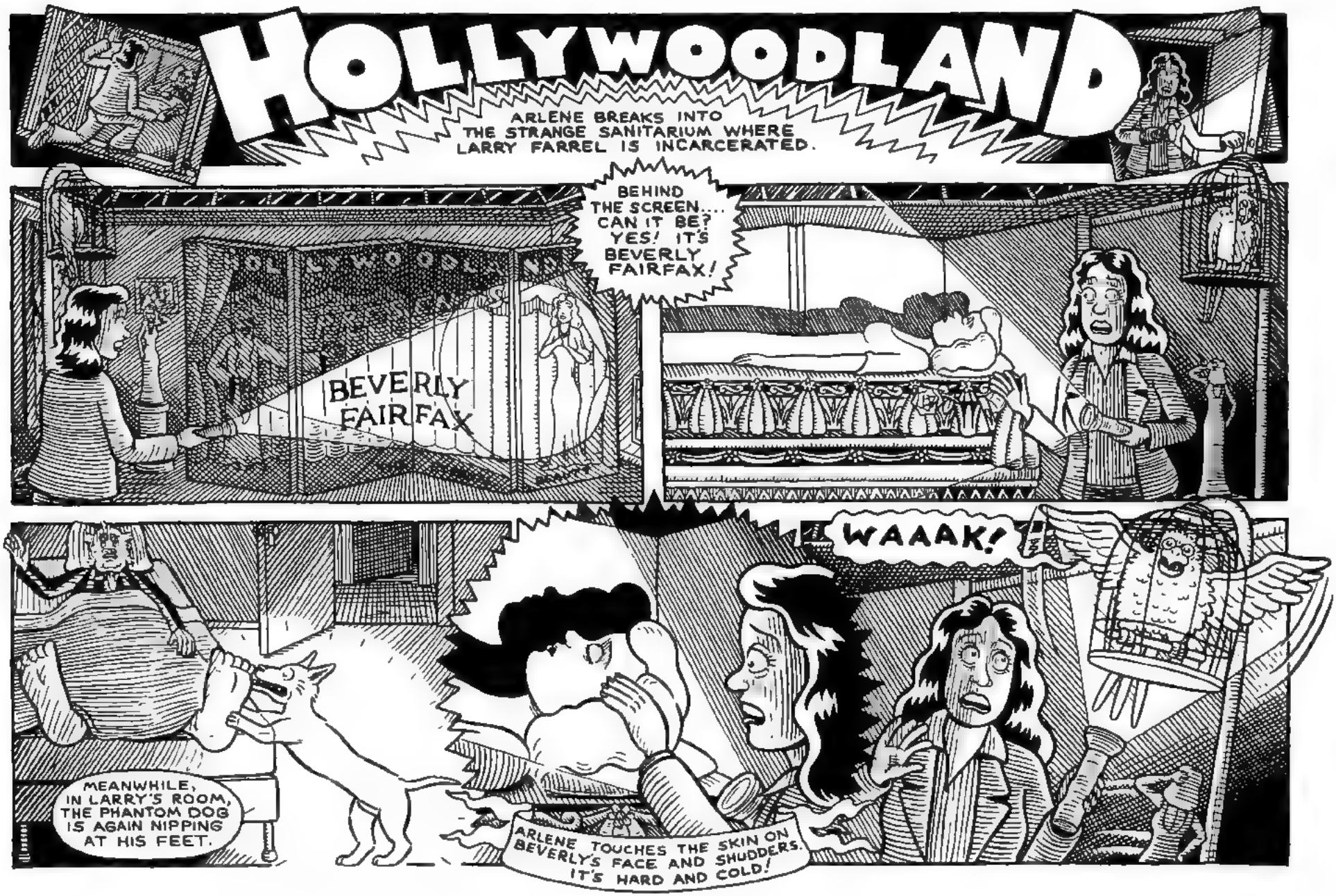


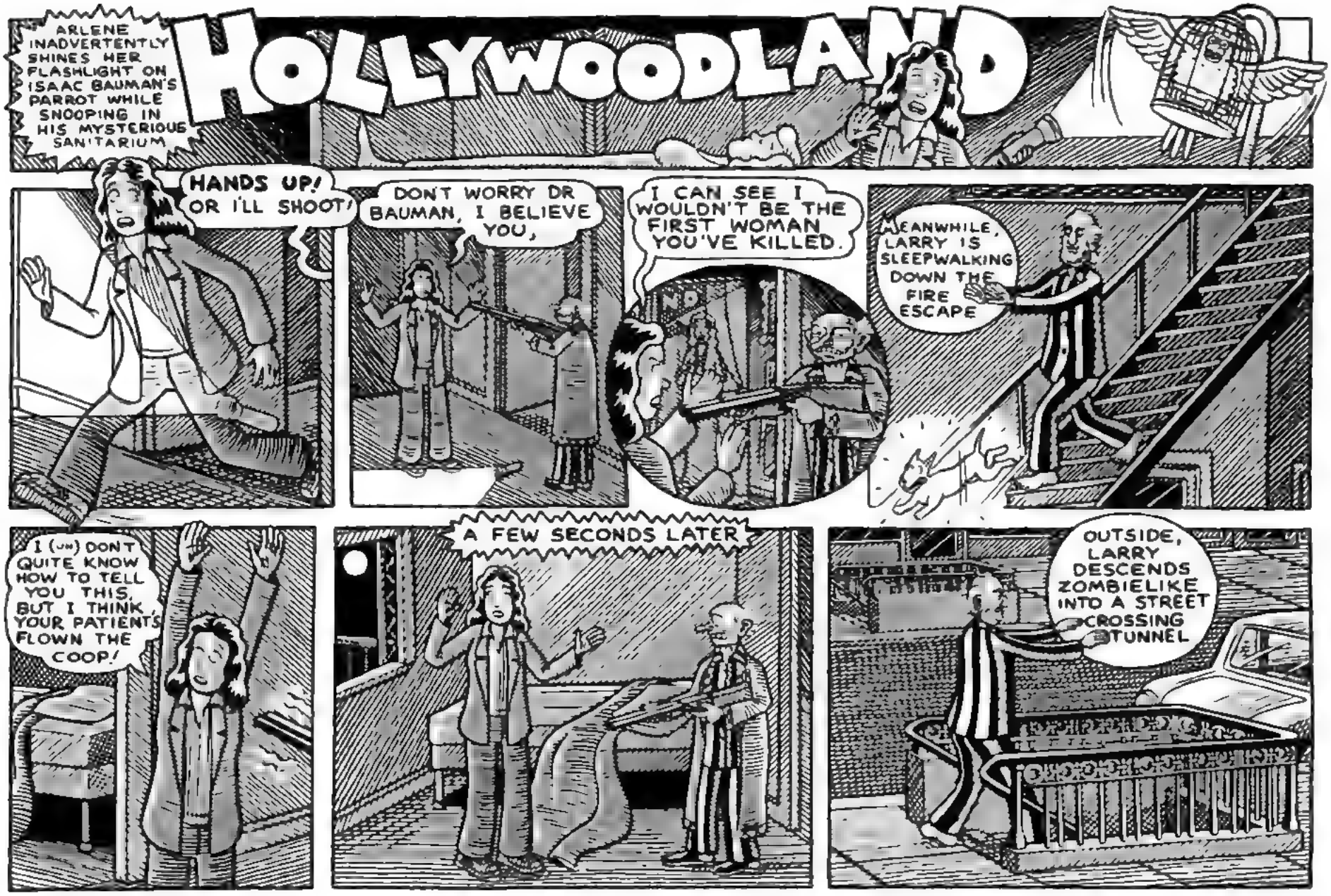
THE POOCH GIVES OUT WITH A HOWL OF DESPAIR AS LARRY RETURNS TO BED.

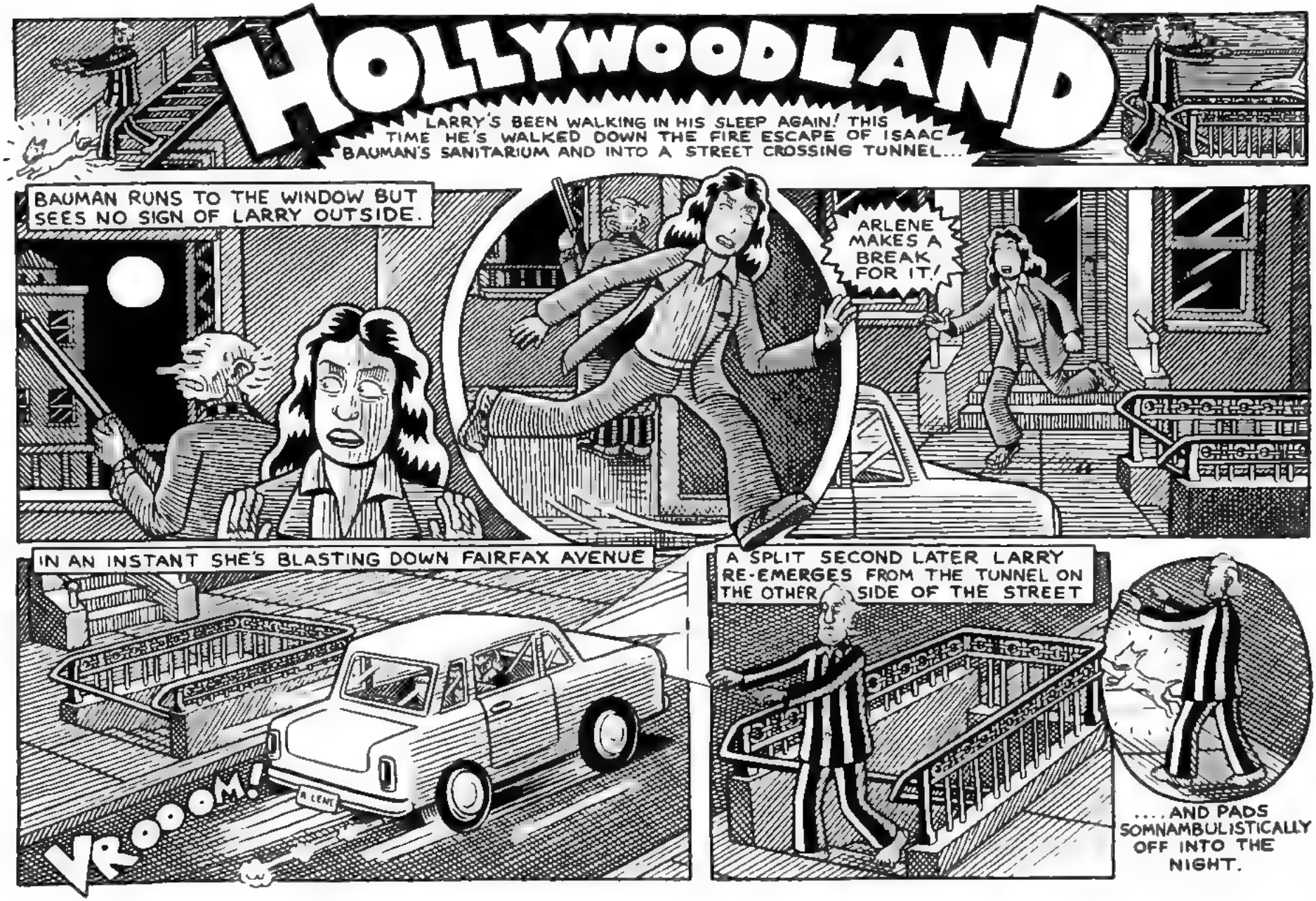


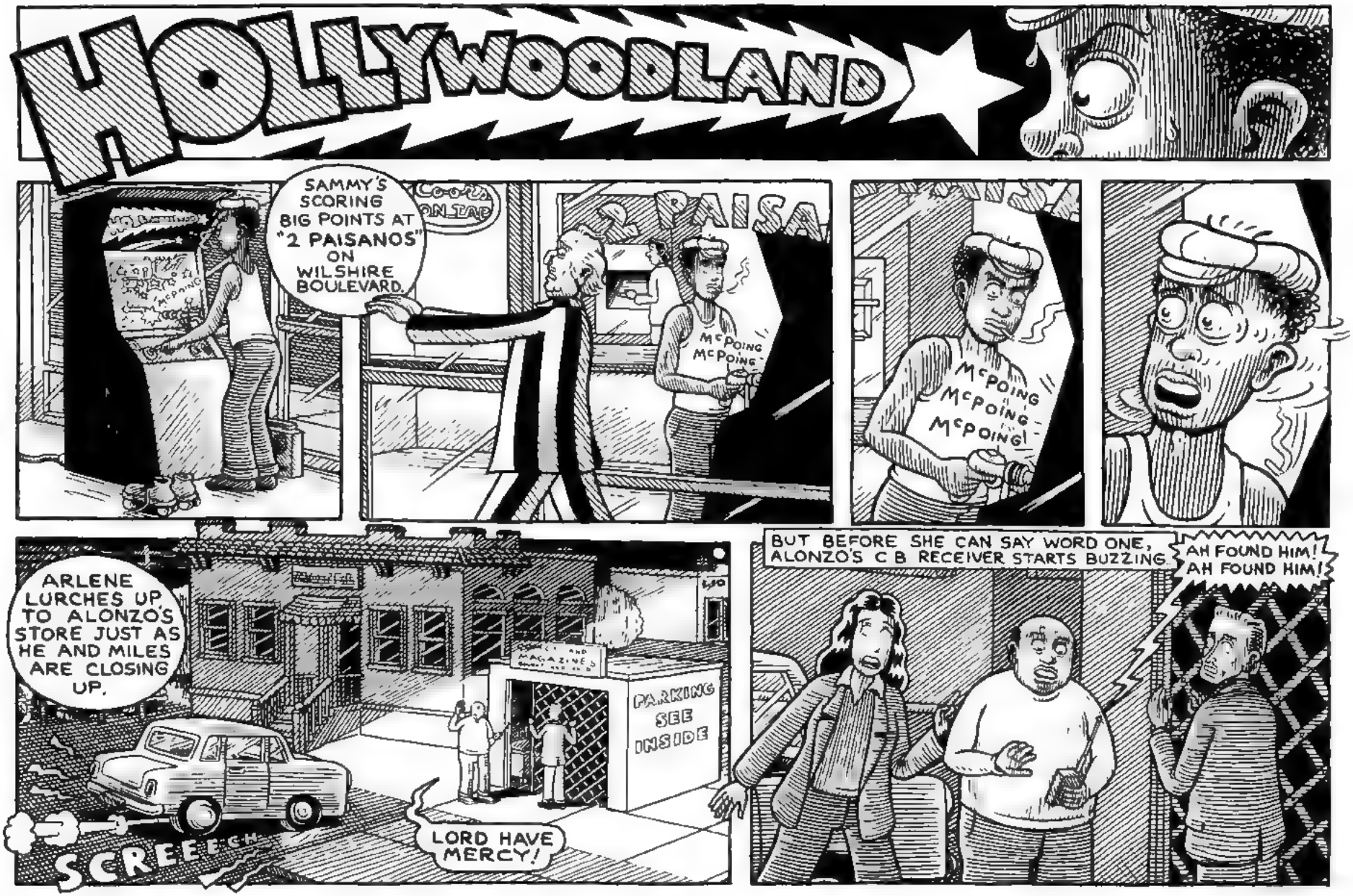

HOLLYWOODLAND
ARLENE HAS HAD A PHOTOGRAPHER TAKE SOME PHOTOS THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT OF ISAAC BAUMAN'S MYSTERIOUS SANITARIUM.
HOLLYWOODLAND PRESENTS
WOW!
HELLO ALONZO? ARLENE HERE.
HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WELL, ...I MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIX IT.
LEMME SEE.
YAH. I'LL GET BACK TO YOU.
HULK
FUCK YOU

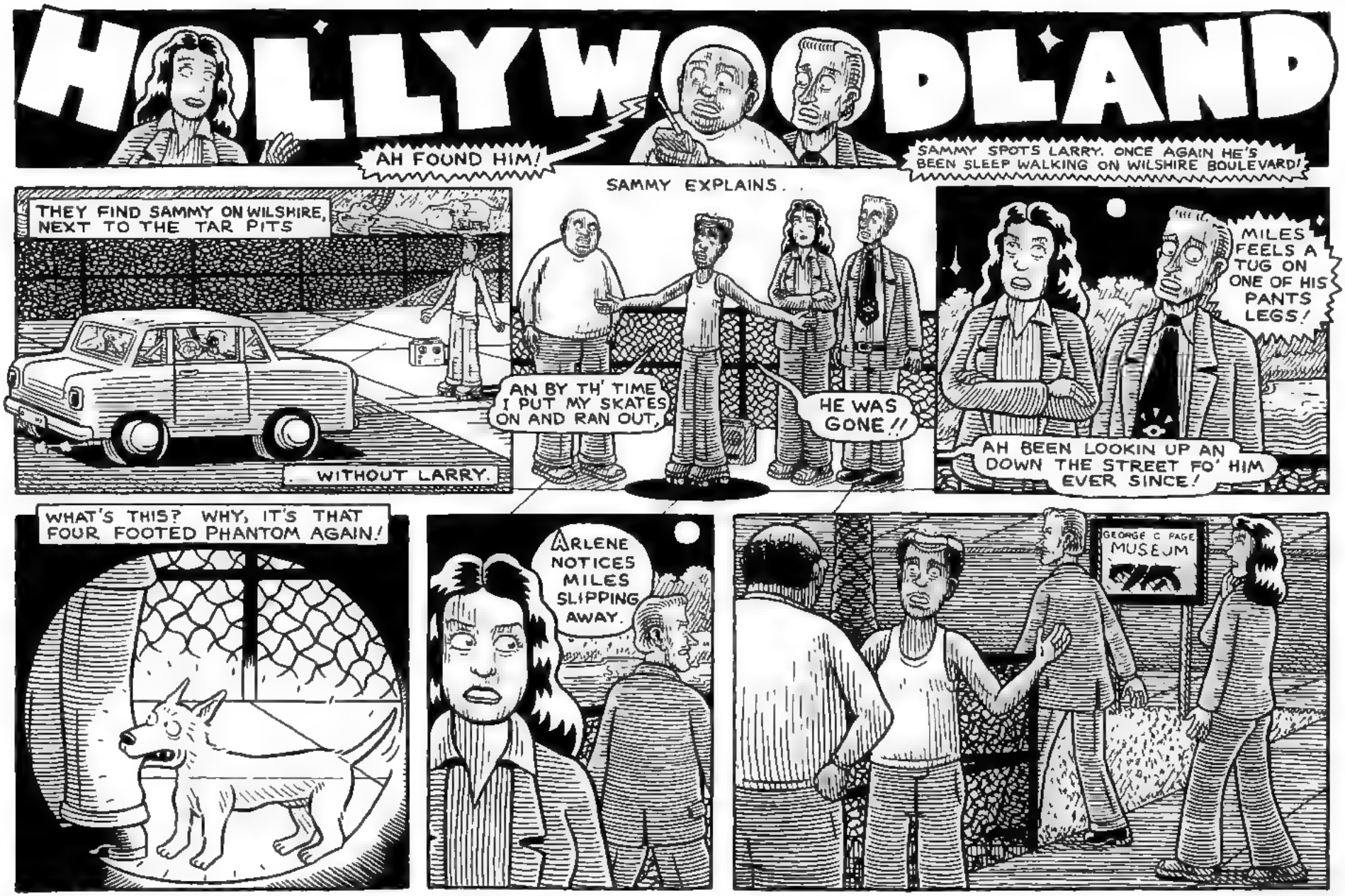

HOLLYWOODLAND
AFTER SPENDING THE NIGHT IN THE DILAPIDATED MOTEL OUT IN BACK, MILES MICROFT WANDERS INTO ALONZO JONES'S STORE.
MILES, MY MAN.
BEFORE I TAKE OFF, I (UH) WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR PUTTING ME UP AND.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHERE YOU GOIN?
Y'KNOW, MILES, THAT MOTEL OUT BACK AINT EXACTLY OPEN FOR BUSINESS RIGHT NOW SO THERE AINT A WHOLE LOT OF HARM DONE..
IF I PUT MY FRIENDS UP THERE;
SPECIALLY IF THEY'S WORKIN FOR ME.
I BEEN MEANIN TO GET SOMEONE IN HERE T'HELP OUT AND STUFF.
SO WHAT DO YA SAY? IS IT A GO OR IS IT A GO?
THAT NIGHT
SHIT! YOU COULD'VE OPENED THIS YOURSELF!
BUT YOU ON YOUR OWN NOW I OWED ALONZO A FAVOR BUT NOW WE EVEN.

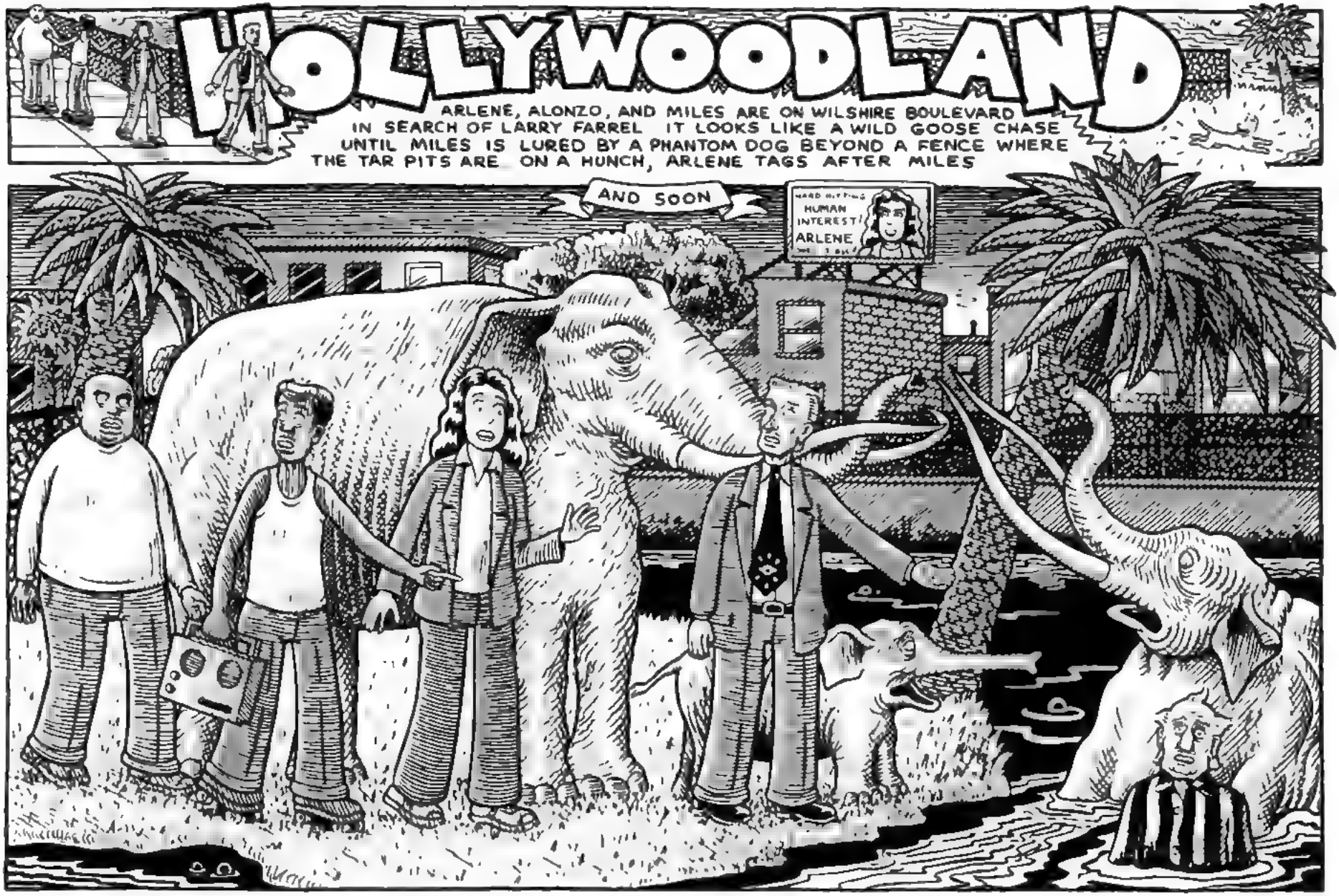

HOLLYWOODLAND
ARLENE BREAKS INTO THE STRANGE SANITARIUM WHERE LARRY FARREL IS INCARCERATED.
BEHIND THE SCREEN.... CAN IT BE? YES! IT'S BEVERLY FAIRFAX!
BEVERLY FAIRFAX
WAAAK!
MEANWHILE, IN LARRY'S ROOM, THE PHANTOM DOG IS AGAIN NIPPING AT HIS FEET.
ARLENE TOUCHES THE SKIN ON BEVERLY'S FACE AND SHUDDERS. IT'S HARD AND COLD!


HOLLYWOODLAND
ARLENE INADVERTENTLY SHINES HER FLASHLIGHT ON ISAAC BAUMAN'S PARROT WHILE SNOOPING IN HIS MYSTERIOUS SANITARIUM
HANDS UP! OR I'LL SHOOT!
DON'T WORRY DR BAUMAN, I BELIEVE YOU,
I CAN SEE I WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST WOMAN YOU'VE KILLED.
MEANWHILE, LARRY IS SLEEPWALKING DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE
I (UM) DON'T QUITE KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT I THINK, YOUR PATIENTS FLOWN THE COOP!
A FEW SECONDS LATER
OUTSIDE, LARRY DESCENDS ZOMBIELIKE INTO A STREET CROSSING TUNNEL

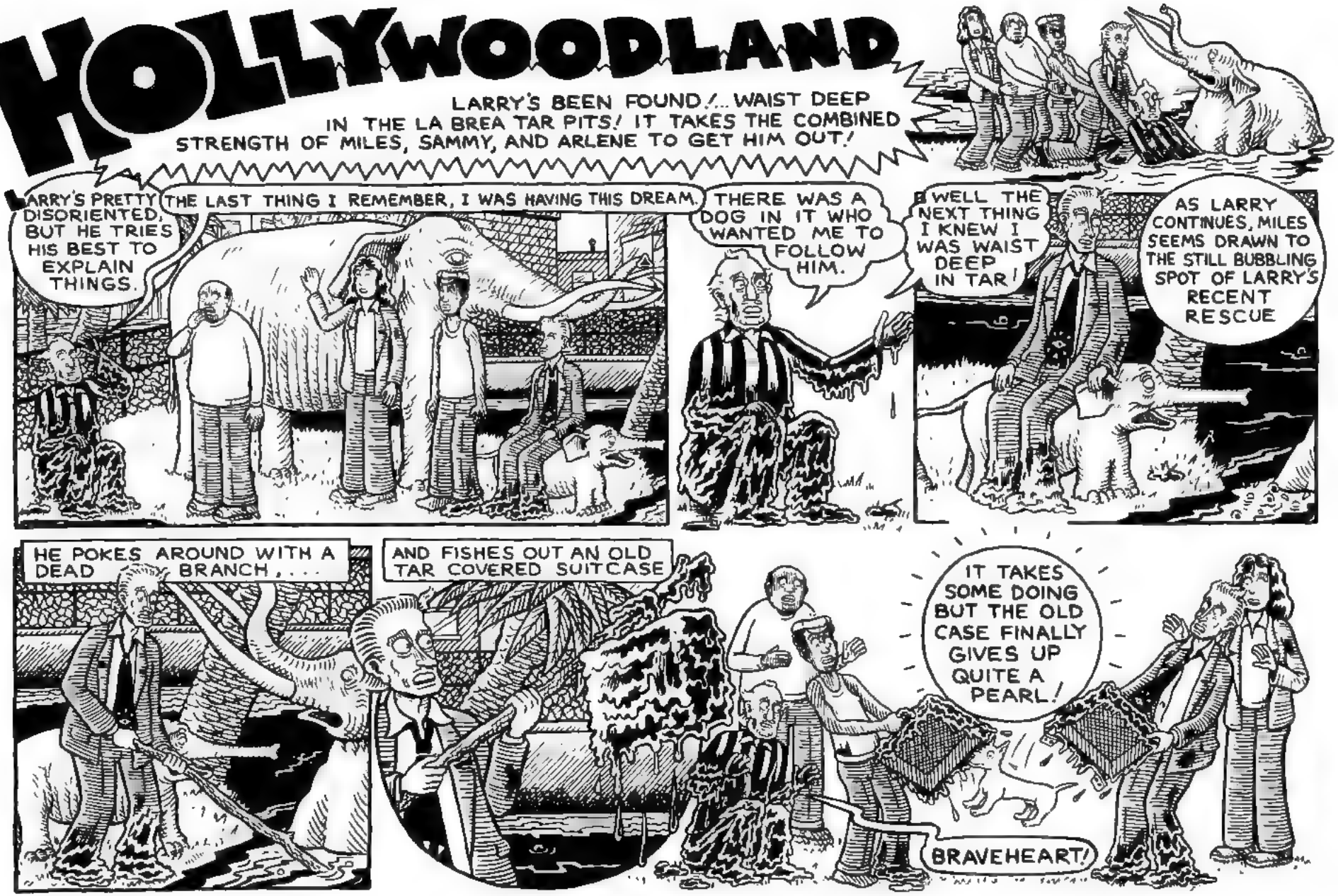

HOLLYWOODLAND
LARRY'S BEEN WALKING IN HIS SLEEP AGAIN! THIS TIME HE'S WALKED DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE OF ISAAC BAUMAN'S SANITARIUM AND INTO A STREET CROSSING TUNNEL...
BAUMAN RUNS TO THE WINDOW BUT SEES NO SIGN OF LARRY OUTSIDE.
ARLENE MAKES A BREAK FOR IT!
IN AN INSTANT SHE'S BLASTING DOWN FAIRFAX AVENUE
VROOOOM!
A SPLIT SECOND LATER LARRY RE-EMERGES FROM THE TUNNEL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET
....AND PADS SOMNAMBULISTICALLY OFF INTO THE NIGHT.


HOLLYWOODLAND
SAMMY'S SCORING BIG POINTS AT "2 PAISANOS" ON WILSHIRE BOULEVARD.
2 PAISA
McPOING McPOING
McPOING McPOING McPOING!
ARLENE LURCHES UP TO ALONZO'S STORE JUST AS HE AND MILES ARE CLOSING UP.
PARKING SEE INSIDE
SCREEECH
LORD HAVE MERCY!
BUT BEFORE SHE CAN SAY WORD ONE, ALONZO'S C B RECEIVER STARTS BUZZING.
AH FOUND HIM! AH FOUND HIM!

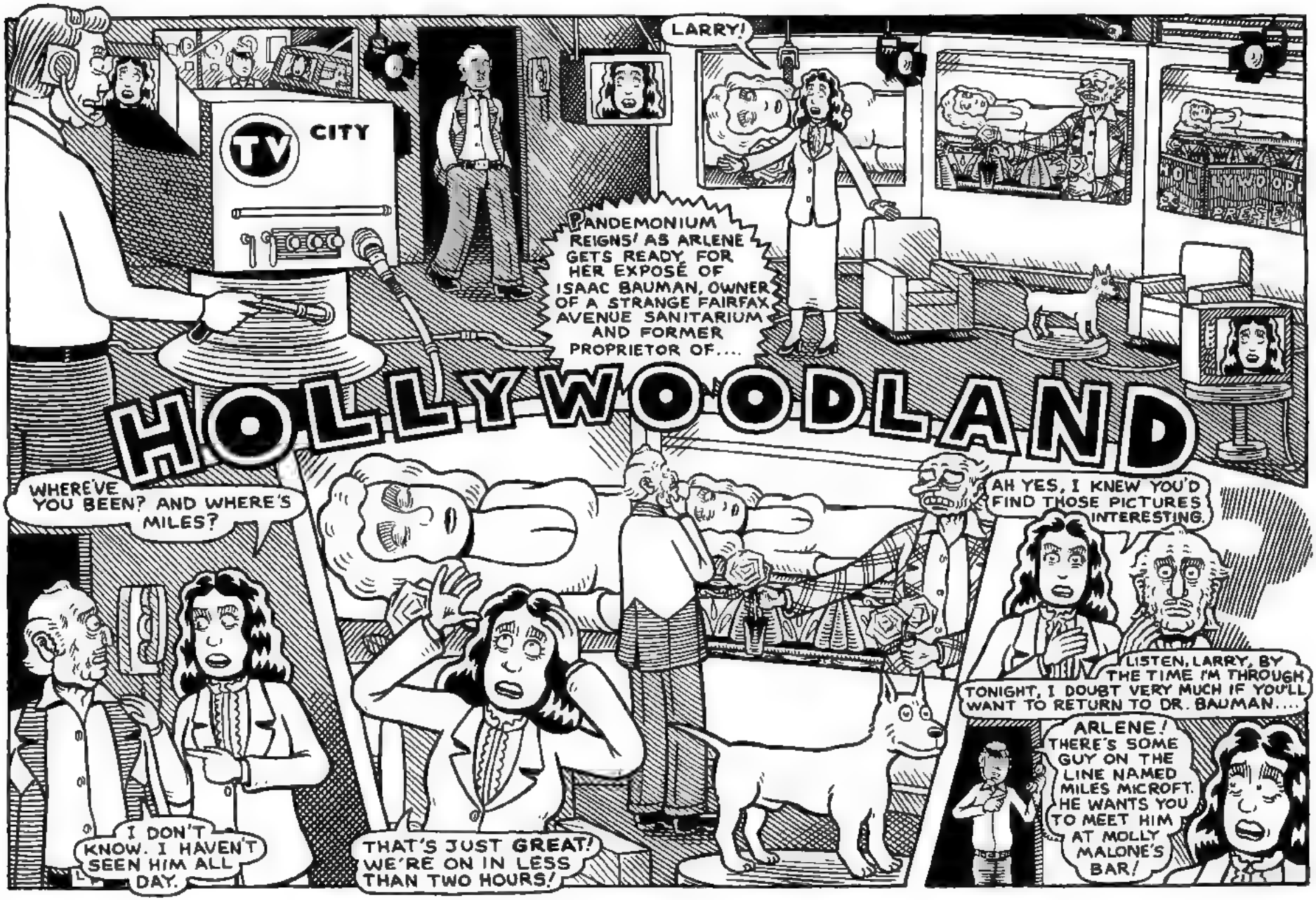

HOLLYWOODLAND
AH FOUND HIM!
SAMMY SPOTS LARRY. ONCE AGAIN HE'S BEEN SLEEP WALKING ON WILSHIRE BOULEVARD!
THEY FIND SAMMY ON WILSHIRE, NEXT TO THE TAR PITS
WITHOUT LARRY.
SAMMY EXPLAINS. .
AN BY TH' TIME I PUT MY SKATES ON AND RAN OUT,
HE WAS GONE!!
MILES FEELS A TUG ON ONE OF HIS PANTS LEGS!
AH BEEN LOOKIN UP AN DOWN THE STREET FO' HIM EVER SINCE!
WHAT'S THIS? WHY, IT'S THAT FOUR FOOTED PHANTOM AGAIN!
ARLENE NOTICES MILES SLIPPING AWAY.
GEORGE C PAGE MUSEUM


HOLLYWOODLAND
ARLENE, ALONZO, AND MILES ARE ON WILSHIRE BOULEVARD IN SEARCH OF LARRY FARREL IT LOOKS LIKE A WILD GOOSE CHASE UNTIL MILES IS LURED BY A PHANTOM DOG BEYOND A FENCE WHERE THE TAR PITS ARE ON A HUNCH, ARLENE TAGS AFTER MILES
AND SOON
HUMAN INTEREST!
ARLENE

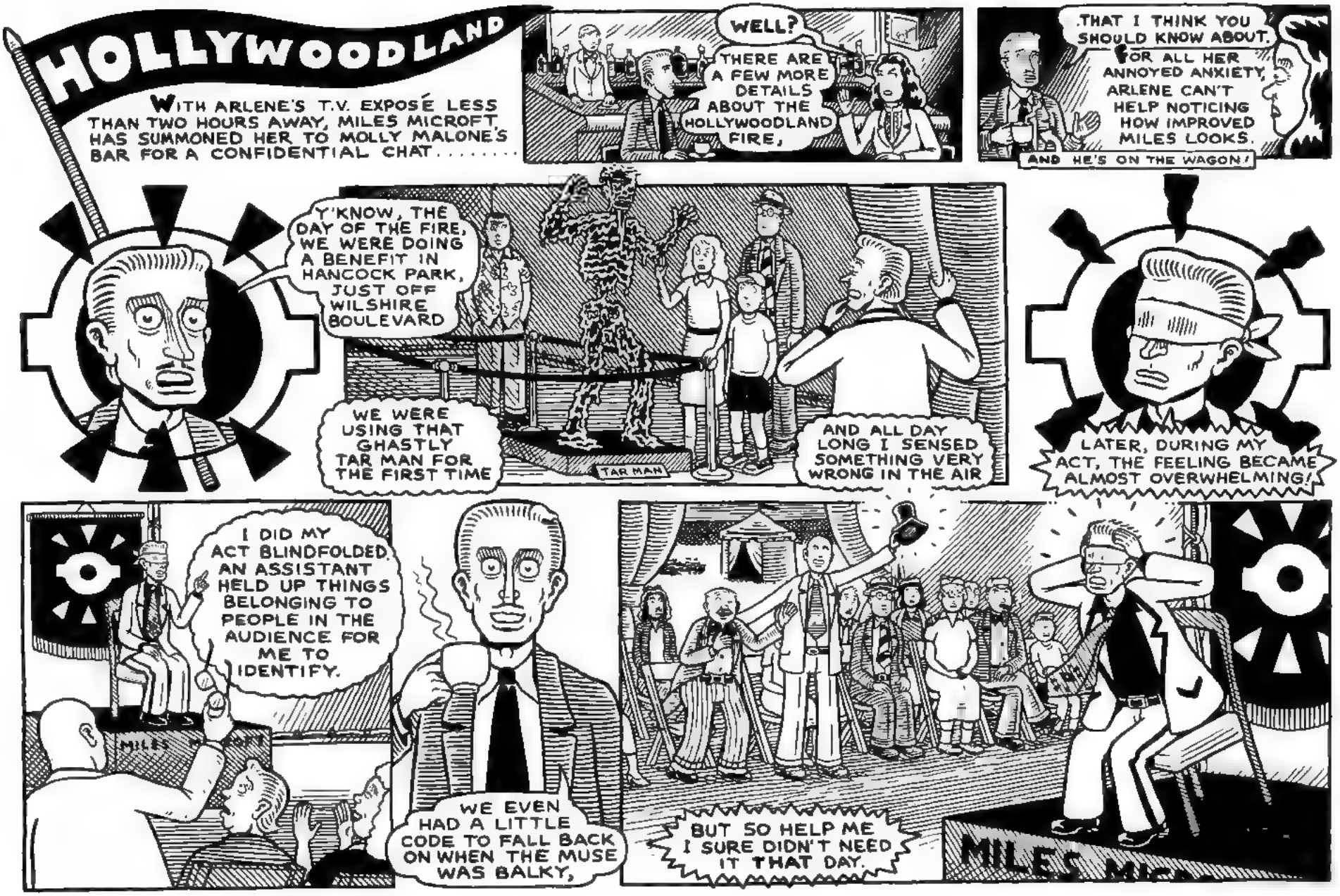
HOLLYWOODLAND

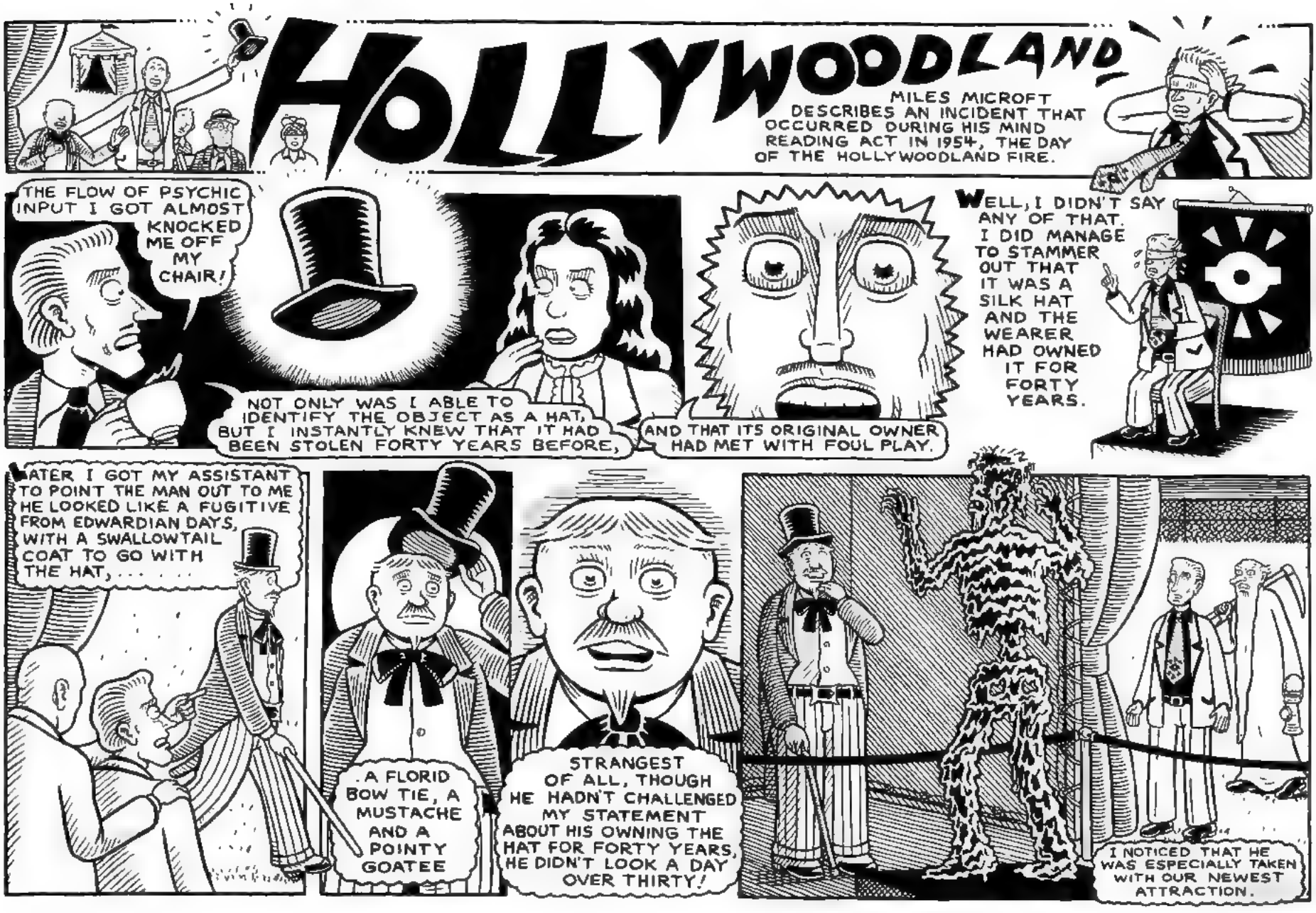


HOLLYWOODLAND
WHEN LARRY FARREL IS PULLED OUT OF THE LA BREA TAR PITS, SOMETHING ELSE IS DISCOVERED
IT'S A SUITCASE CONTAINING THE STUFFED REMAINS OF BRAVEHEART, CANINE FILM STAR OF YORE
THE SCENE SHIFTS TO THE LOBBY OF A DEFUNCT MOTEL ON MELROSE AVENUE OWNED BY LARRY FARREL.
BY GOD, I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE OLD BRAVEHEART AGAIN I WAS SURE THE FIRE GOT HIM.
DON'T WORRY, IT'LL BE GOOD! TRUST ME!
YEAH, THE FIRE, THE FIRE.
WELL IT'S ALL SET. YOU BOYS ARE GOING ON THE AIR WITH ME TOMORROW NIGHT!
B'BUT I HAVE TO GO BACK TO DR. BAUMAN'S TODAY AND...
AW, LARRY. PLEASE! WHAT DIFFERENCE WILL IT MAKE WHETHER YOU GO BACK TO BAUMAN'S NOW OR TOMORROW AFTER THE SHOW?
AFTER LARRY RELUCTANTLY AGREES, SHE TURNS TO MILES.
HOW ABOUT YOU MILES CAN I COUNT ON YOU?
MILES!
HUH?
CAN I COUNT ON YOU TO APPEAR ON MY T.V. SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT?
HUH? THE SHOW? UH, I . . . GUESS SO
HOT DAMN! THOSE NIELSENS ARE GONNA KISS THE MOON TOMORROW NIGHT!


HOLLYWOODLAND
TV CITY
LARRY!
PANDEMONIUM REIGNS! AS ARLENE GETS READY FOR HER EXPOSÉ OF ISAAC BAUMAN, OWNER OF A STRANGE FAIRFAX AVENUE SANITARIUM AND FORMER PROPRIETOR OF....
WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? AND WHERE'S MILES?
I DON'T KNOW. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL DAY.
THAT'S JUST GREAT! WE'RE ON IN LESS THAN TWO HOURS!
AH YES, I KNEW YOU'D FIND THOSE PICTURES INTERESTING.
LISTEN, LARRY, BY THE TIME I'M THROUGH TONIGHT, I DOUBT VERY MUCH IF YOU'LL WANT TO RETURN TO DR. BAUMAN....
ARLENE! THERE'S SOME GUY ON THE LINE NAMED MILES MICROFT. HE WANTS YOU TO MEET HIM AT MOLLY MALONE'S BAR!

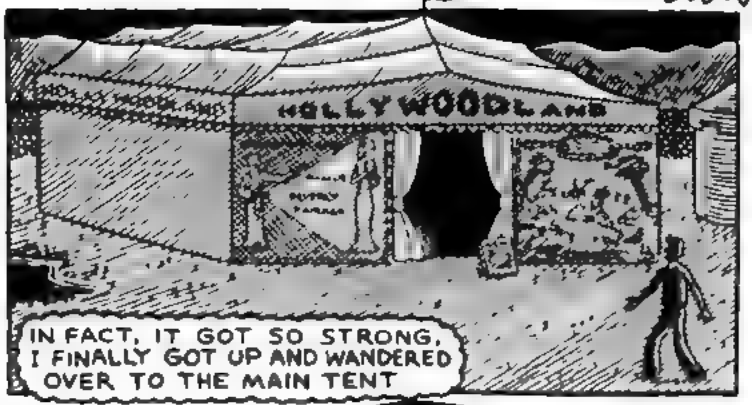
HOLLYWOODLAND
MILES! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I CAN'T GO ANYWHERE! WE'RE ON IN TWO ALL RIGHT, BUT IT BETTER BE GOOD!
JUST TWO HOURS AWAY FROM HER BIG TV EXPOSÉ, ARLENE GETS A CALL FROM MILES MICROFT ASKING HER TO MEET HIM AT MOLLY MALONE'S BAR!
LOOK, LARRY, I'VE GOT TO GO MEET MILES NOW PROMISE ME YOU'LL STAY PUT
OK
OKAY TAKE TWENTY!
THE LIGHTS ON ALL'S QUIET ON THE SET
CITY
molly malone
FEW MINUTES LATER
WELL HERE I AM, MISTER PRIMA DONNA

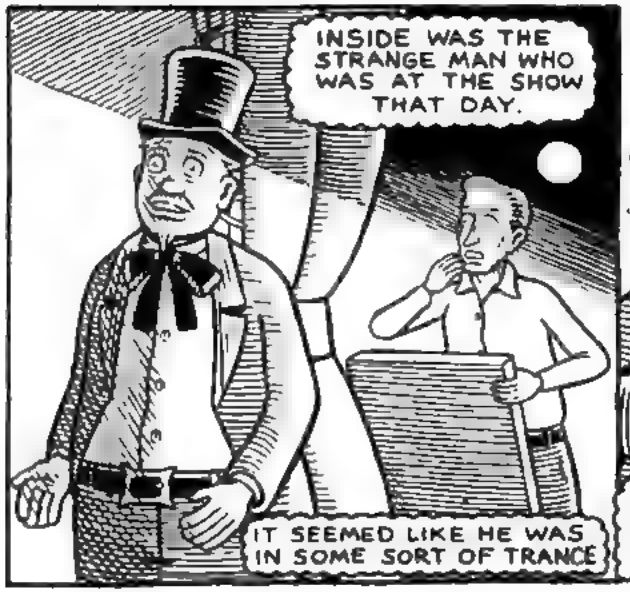

HOLLYWOODLAND
WITH ARLENE'S T.V. EXPOSÉ LESS THAN TWO HOURS AWAY, MILES MICROFT HAS SUMMONED HER TO MOLLY MALONE'S BAR FOR A CONFIDENTIAL CHAT.....
WELL?
THERE ARE A FEW MORE DETAILS ABOUT THE HOLLYWOODLAND FIRE,
THAT I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT.
FOR ALL HER ANNOYED ANXIETY, ARLENE CAN'T HELP NOTICING HOW IMPROVED MILES LOOKS.
AND HE'S ON THE WAGON!
Y'KNOW, THE DAY OF THE FIRE, WE WERE DOING A BENEFIT IN HANCOCK PARK, JUST OFF WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
WE WERE USING THAT GHASTLY TAR MAN FOR THE FIRST TIME
TAR MAN
AND ALL DAY LONG I SENSED SOMETHING VERY WRONG IN THE AIR
LATER, DURING MY ACT, THE FEELING BECAME ALMOST OVERWHELMING!
I DID MY ACT BLINDFOLDED. AN ASSISTANT HELD UP THINGS BELONGING TO PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE FOR ME TO IDENTIFY.
WE EVEN HAD A LITTLE CODE TO FALL BACK ON WHEN THE MUSE WAS BALKY,
BUT SO HELP ME I SURE DIDN'T NEED IT THAT DAY.

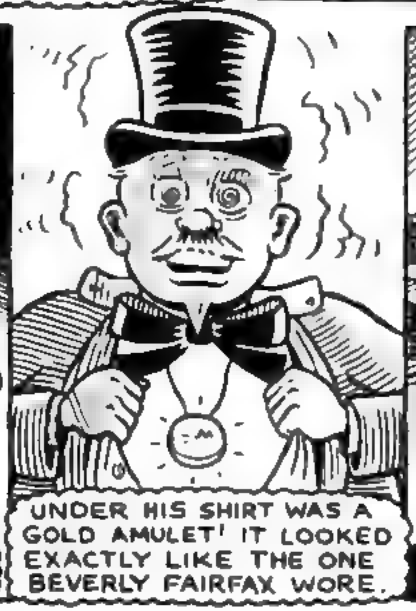

HOLLYWOODLAND
MILES MICROFT DESCRIBES AN INCIDENT THAT OCCURRED DURING HIS MIND READING ACT IN 1954, THE DAY OF THE HOLLYWOODLAND FIRE.
THE FLOW OF PSYCHIC INPUT I GOT ALMOST KNOCKED ME OFF MY CHAIR!
NOT ONLY WAS I ABLE TO IDENTIFY THE OBJECT AS A HAT, BUT I INSTANTLY KNEW THAT IT HAD BEEN STOLEN FORTY YEARS BEFORE,
AND THAT ITS ORIGINAL OWNER HAD MET WITH FOUL PLAY.
WELL, I DIDN'T SAY ANY OF THAT. I DID MANAGE TO STAMMER OUT THAT IT WAS A SILK HAT AND THE WEARER HAD OWNED IT FOR FORTY YEARS.
LATER I GOT MY ASSISTANT TO POINT THE MAN OUT TO ME HE LOOKED LIKE A FUGITIVE FROM EDWARDIAN DAYS, WITH A SWALLOWTAIL COAT TO GO WITH THE HAT, ...
. A FLORID BOW TIE, A MUSTACHE AND A POINTY GOATEE
STRANGEST OF ALL, THOUGH HE HADN'T CHALLENGED MY STATEMENT ABOUT HIS OWNING THE HAT FOR FORTY YEARS, HE DIDN'T LOOK A DAY OVER THIRTY!
I NOTICED THAT HE WAS ESPECIALLY TAKEN WITH OUR NEWEST ATTRACTION.

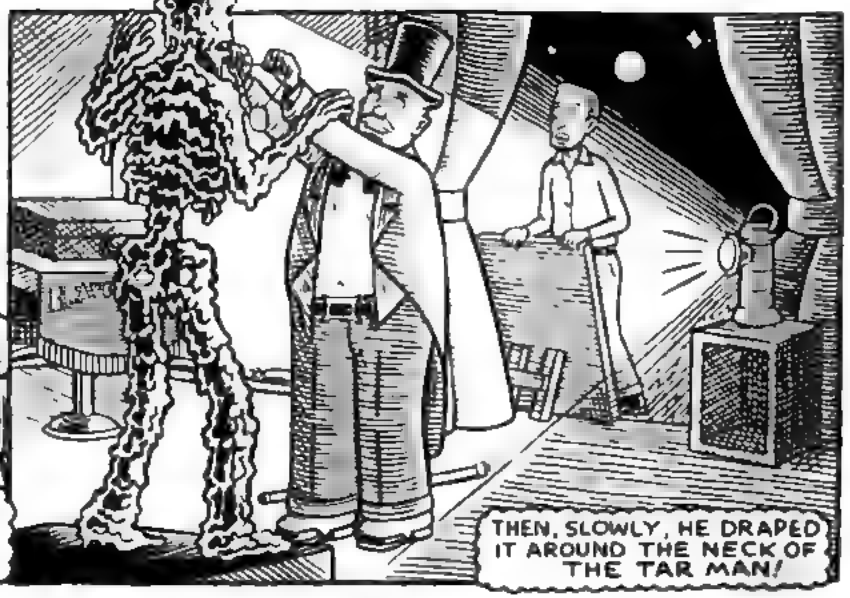
HOLLYWOODLAND

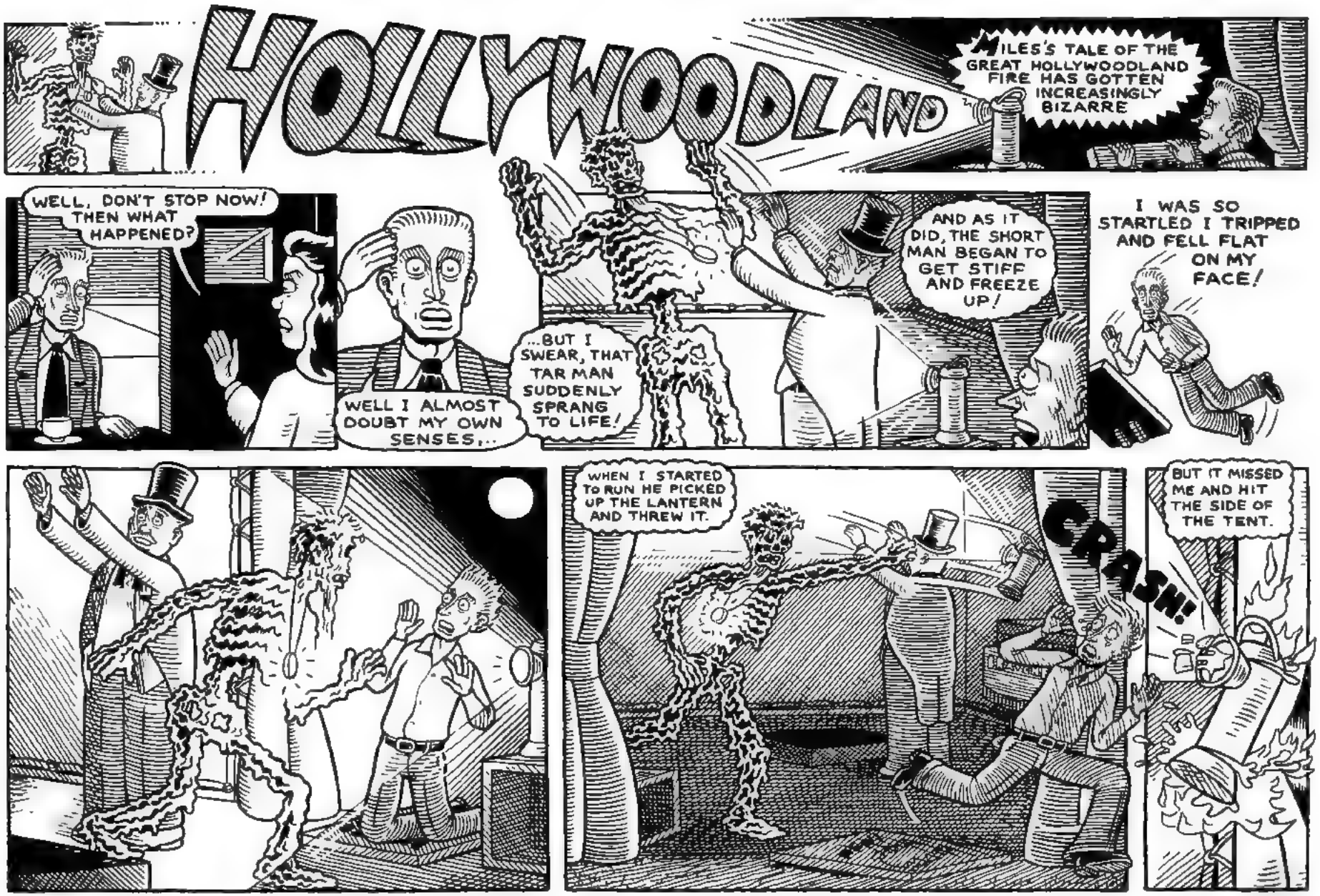
MILES CONTINUES HIS TALE OF STRANGE EVENTS ON THE DAY THAT HOLLYWOODLAND BURNED DOWN...

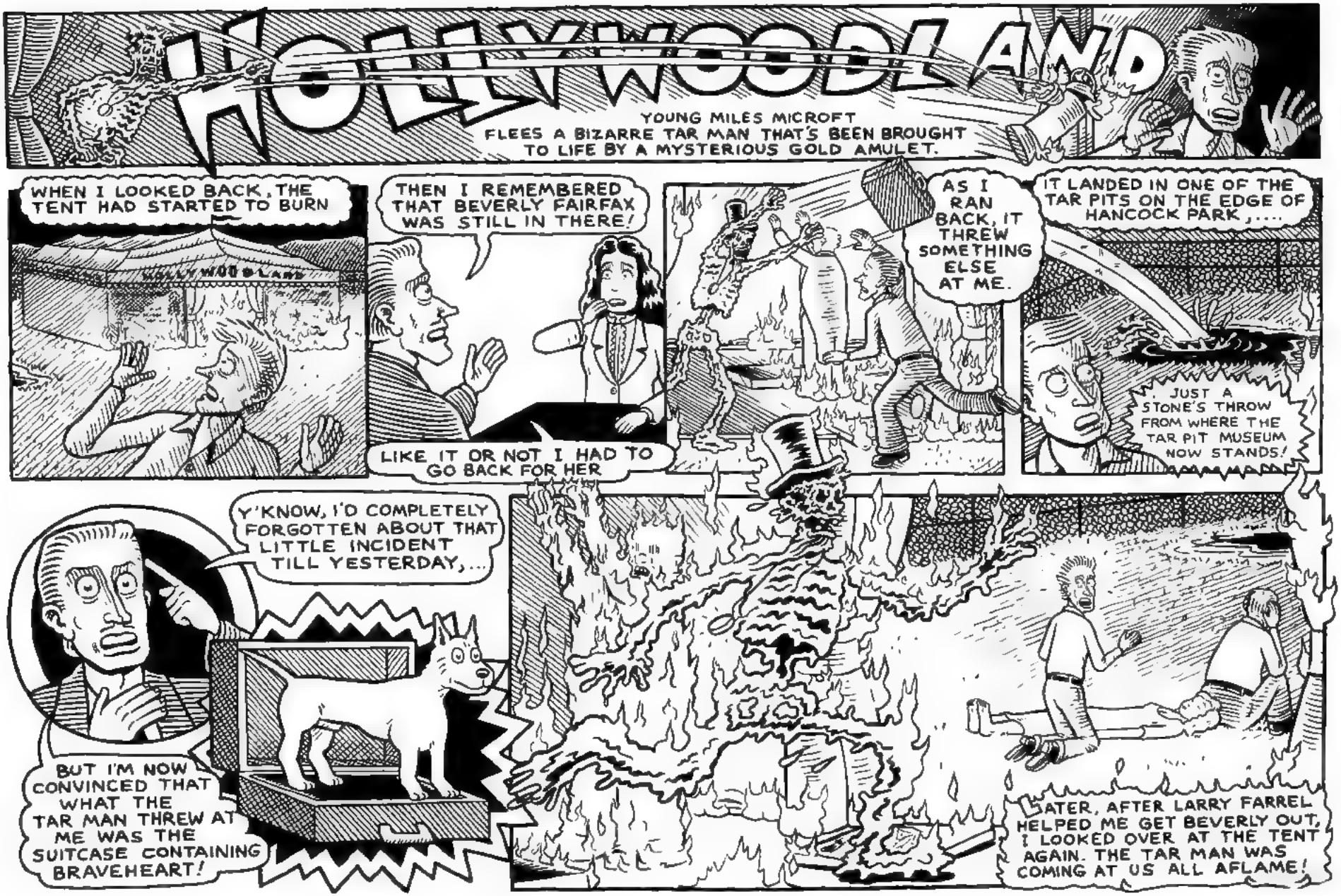


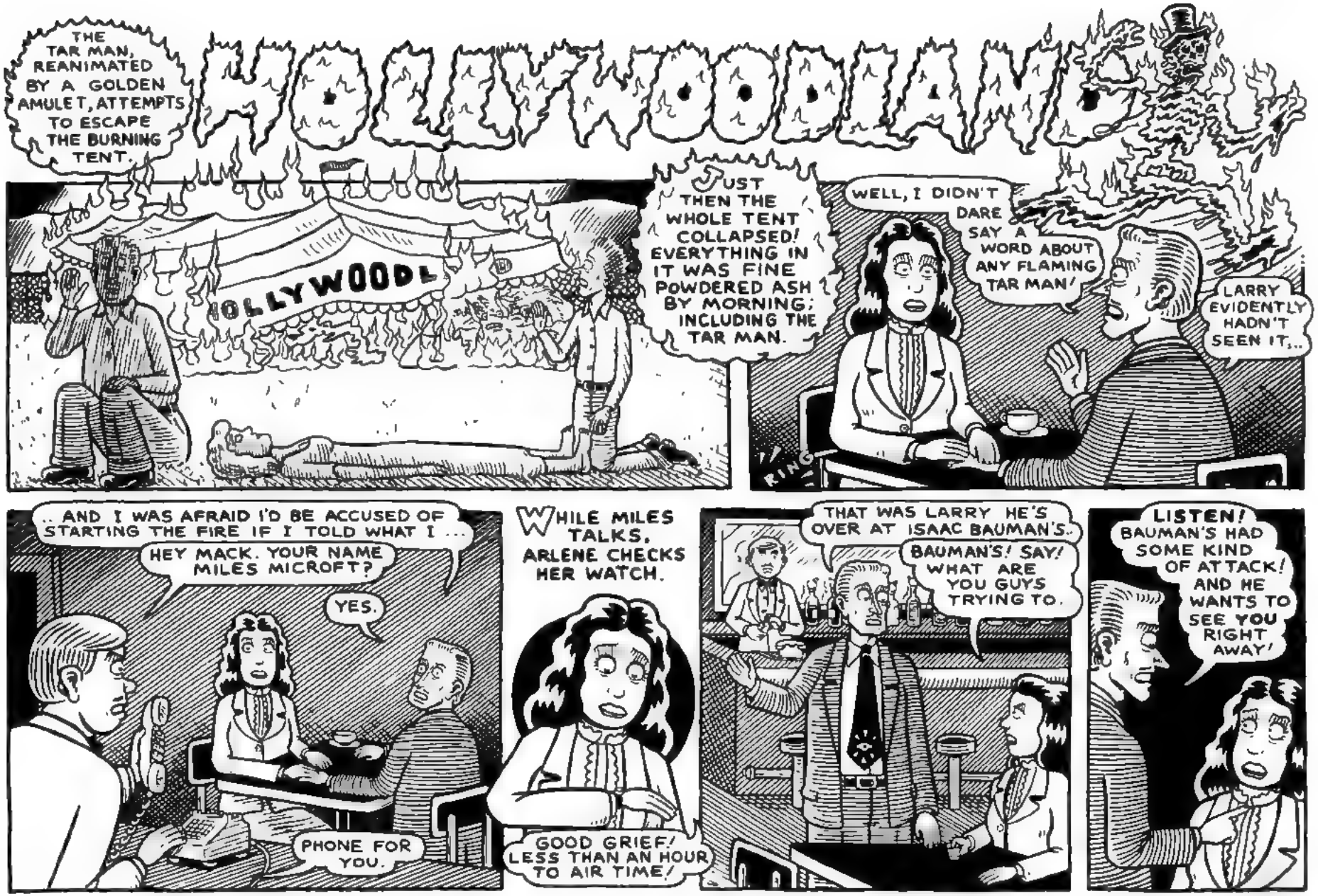


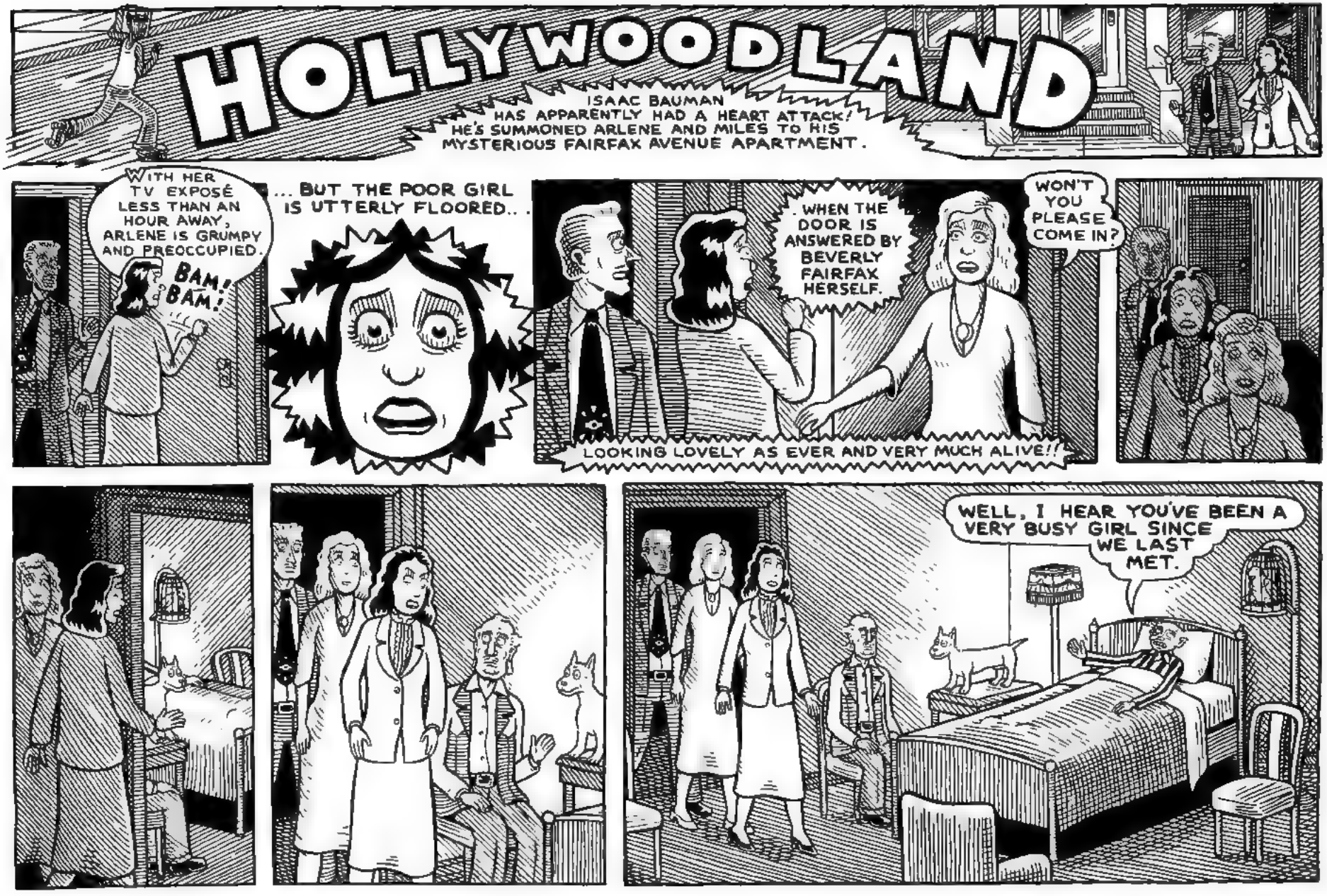


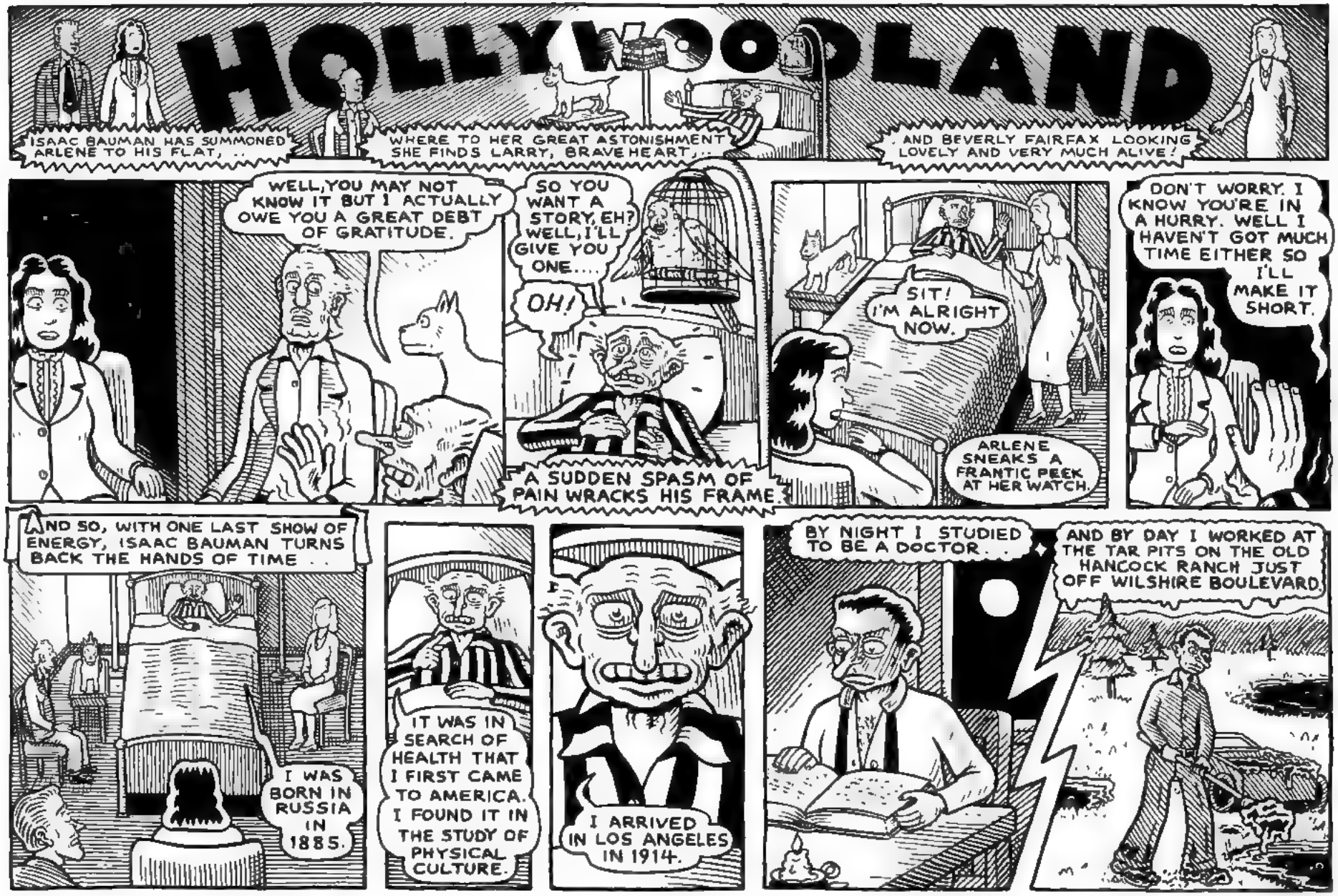


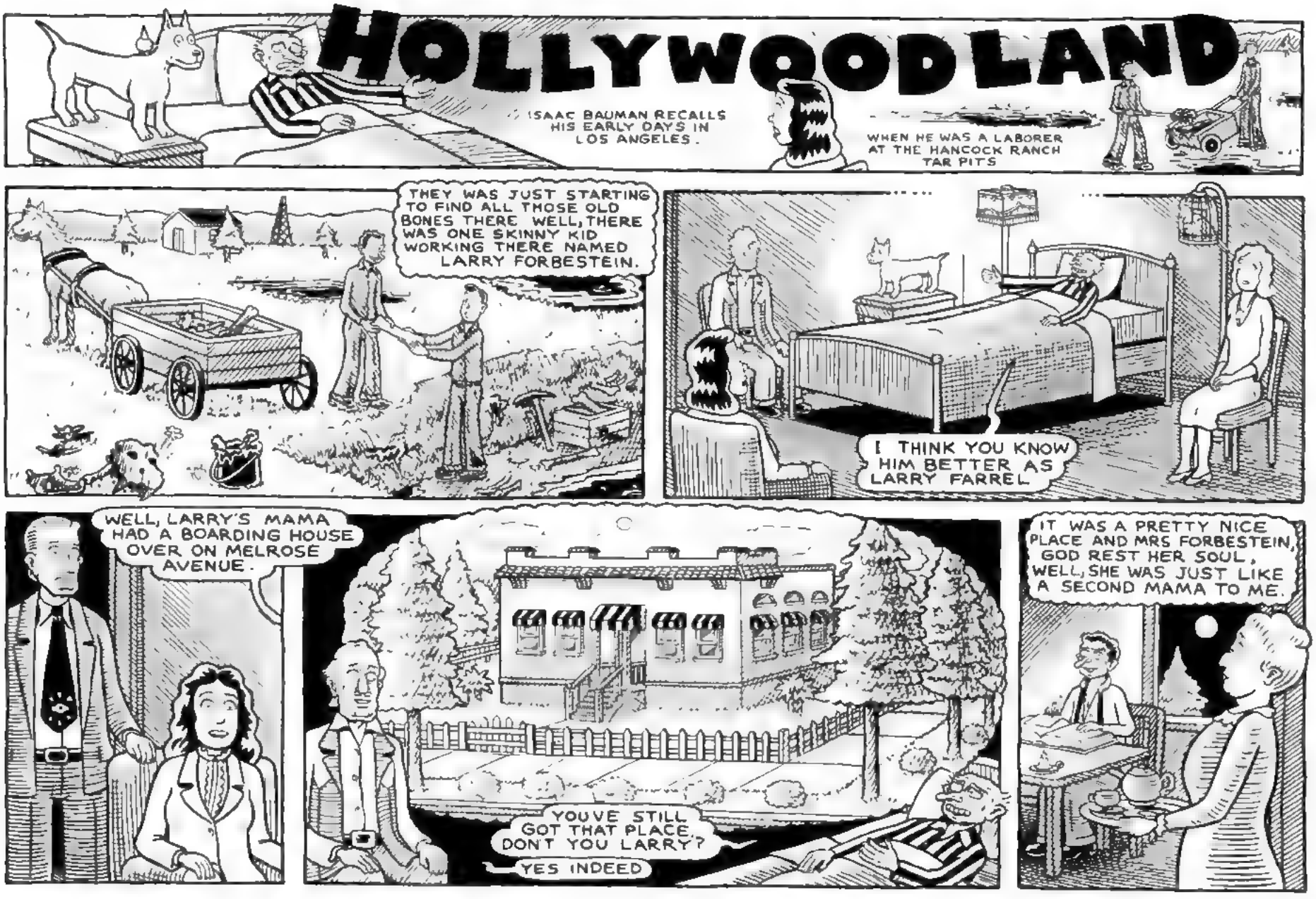

HOLLYWOODLAND
MILES'S TALE OF THE GREAT HOLLYWOODLAND FIRE HAS GOTTEN INCREASINGLY BIZARRE
WELL, DON'T STOP NOW! THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
WELL I ALMOST DOUBT MY OWN SENSES...
...BUT I SWEAR, THAT TAR MAN SUDDENLY SPRANG TO LIFE!
AND AS IT DID, THE SHORT MAN BEGAN TO GET STIFF AND FREEZE UP!
I WAS SO STARTLED I TRIPPED AND FELL FLAT ON MY FACE!
WHEN I STARTED TO RUN HE PICKED UP THE LANTERN AND THREW IT.
CRASH!
BUT IT MISSED ME AND HIT THE SIDE OF THE TENT.

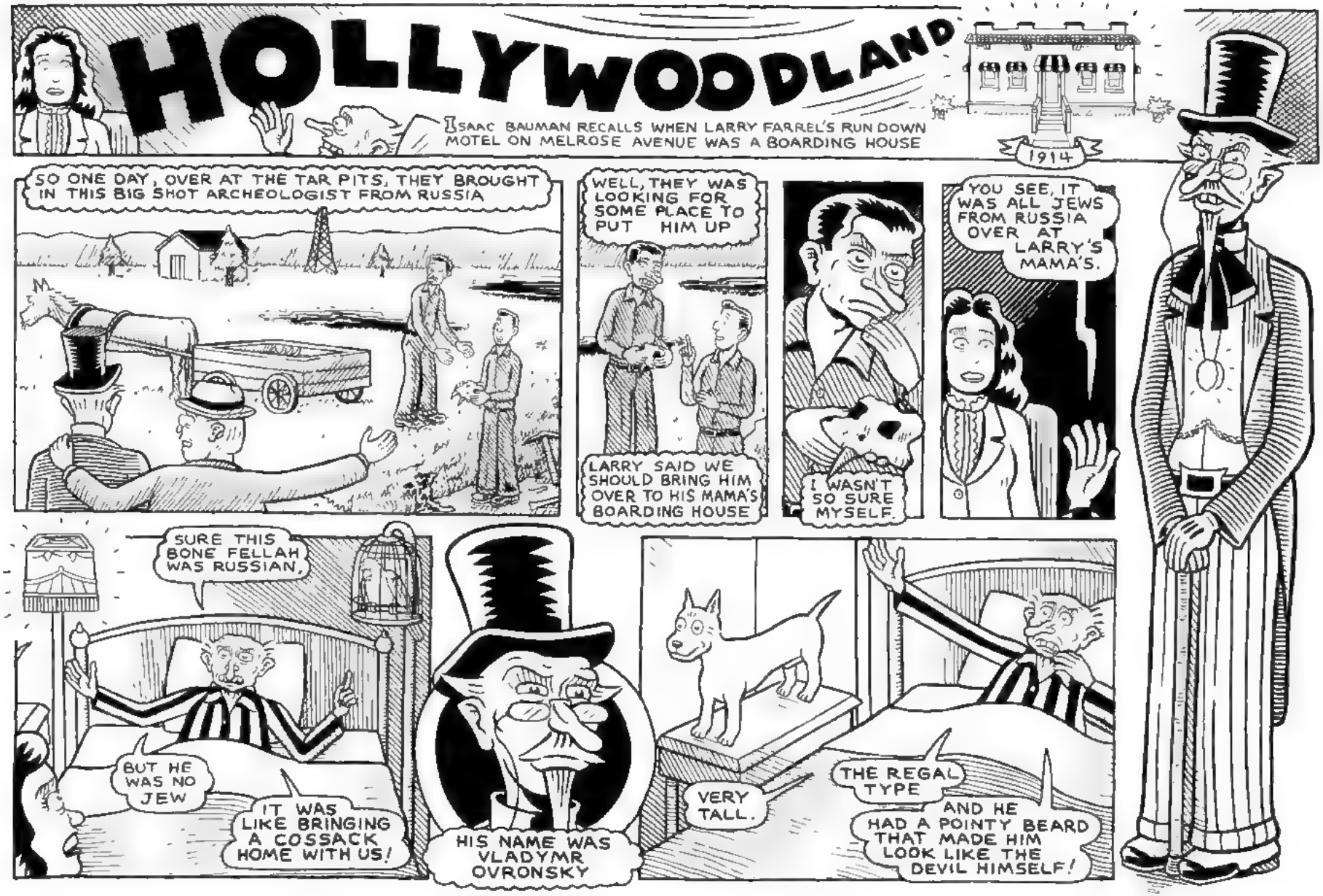

HOLLYWOODLAND
YOUNG MILES MICROFT FLEES A BIZARRE TAR MAN THAT'S BEEN BROUGHT TO LIFE BY A MYSTERIOUS GOLD AMULET.
WHEN I LOOKED BACK, THE TENT HAD STARTED TO BURN
THEN I REMEMBERED THAT BEVERLY FAIRFAX WAS STILL IN THERE!
LIKE IT OR NOT I HAD TO GO BACK FOR HER
AS I RAN BACK, IT THREW SOMETHING ELSE AT ME.
IT LANDED IN ONE OF THE TAR PITS ON THE EDGE OF HANCOCK PARK, ...
JUST A STONE'S THROW FROM WHERE THE TAR PIT MUSEUM NOW STANDS!
Y'KNOW, I'D COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN ABOUT THAT LITTLE INCIDENT TILL YESTERDAY, ...
BUT I'M NOW CONVINCED THAT WHAT THE TAR MAN THREW AT ME WAS THE SUITCASE CONTAINING BRAVEHEART!
LATER, AFTER LARRY FARREL HELPED ME GET BEVERLY OUT, I LOOKED OVER AT THE TENT AGAIN. THE TAR MAN WAS COMING AT US ALL AFLAME!


HOLLYWOODLAND
THE TAR MAN, REANIMATED BY A GOLDEN AMULET, ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE THE BURNING TENT.
HOLLYWOODL
JUST THEN THE WHOLE TENT COLLAPSED! EVERYTHING IN IT WAS FINE POWDERED ASH BY MORNING; INCLUDING THE TAR MAN.
WELL, I DIDN'T DARE SAY A WORD ABOUT ANY FLAMING TAR MAN!
LARRY EVIDENTLY HADN'T SEEN IT...
.. AND I WAS AFRAID I'D BE ACCUSED OF STARTING THE FIRE IF I TOLD WHAT I ...
HEY MACK. YOUR NAME MILES MICROFT?
YES.
PHONE FOR YOU.
WHILE MILES TALKS, ARLENE CHECKS HER WATCH.
GOOD GRIEF! LESS THAN AN HOUR TO AIR TIME!
THAT WAS LARRY HE'S OVER AT ISAAC BAUMAN'S.
BAUMAN'S! SAY! WHAT ARE YOU GUYS TRYING TO.
LISTEN! BAUMAN'S HAD SOME KIND OF ATTACK! AND HE WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY!


HOLLYWOODLAND
ISAAC BAUMAN HAS APPARENTLY HAD A HEART ATTACK! HE'S SUMMONED ARLENE AND MILES TO HIS MYSTERIOUS FAIRFAX AVENUE APARTMENT.
WITH HER TV EXPOSÉ LESS THAN AN HOUR AWAY, ARLENE IS GRUMPY AND PREOCCUPIED.
BAM! BAM!
... BUT THE POOR GIRL IS UTTERLY FLOORED...
WHEN THE DOOR IS ANSWERED BY BEVERLY FAIRFAX HERSELF.
WON'T YOU PLEASE COME IN?
LOOKING LOVELY AS EVER AND VERY MUCH ALIVE!!
WELL, I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN A VERY BUSY GIRL SINCE WE LAST MET.


HOLLYWOODLAND
ISAAC BAUMAN HAS SUMMONED ARLENE TO HIS FLAT, ..
WHERE TO HER GREAT ASTONISHMENT SHE FINDS LARRY, BRAVEHEART, ..
AND BEVERLY FAIRFAX LOOKING LOVELY AND VERY MUCH ALIVE!
WELL, YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT BUT I ACTUALLY OWE YOU A GREAT DEBT OF GRATITUDE.
SO YOU WANT A STORY, EH? WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE....
OH!
A SUDDEN SPASM OF PAIN WRACKS HIS FRAME.
SIT! I'M ALRIGHT NOW.
ARLENE SNEAKS A FRANTIC PEEK AT HER WATCH.
DON'T WORRY. I KNOW YOU'RE IN A HURRY. WELL I HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME EITHER SO I'LL MAKE IT SHORT.
AND SO, WITH ONE LAST SHOW OF ENERGY, ISAAC BAUMAN TURNS BACK THE HANDS OF TIME ..
I WAS BORN IN RUSSIA IN 1885.
IT WAS IN SEARCH OF HEALTH THAT I FIRST CAME TO AMERICA. I FOUND IT IN THE STUDY OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.
I ARRIVED IN LOS ANGELES IN 1914.
BY NIGHT I STUDIED TO BE A DOCTOR. .
AND BY DAY I WORKED AT THE TAR PITS ON THE OLD HANCOCK RANCH JUST OFF WILSHIRE BOULEVARD.

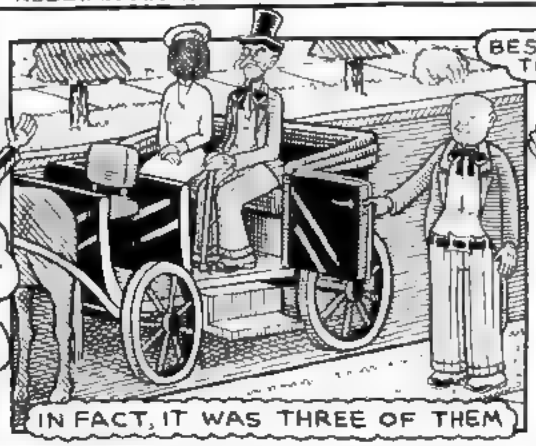

HOLLYWOODLAND
ISAAC BAUMAN RECALLS HIS EARLY DAYS IN LOS ANGELES.
WHEN HE WAS A LABORER AT THE HANCOCK RANCH TAR PITS
THEY WAS JUST STARTING TO FIND ALL THOSE OLD BONES THERE WELL, THERE WAS ONE SKINNY KID WORKING THERE NAMED LARRY FORBESTEIN.
I THINK YOU KNOW HIM BETTER AS LARRY FARREL
WELL, LARRY'S MAMA HAD A BOARDING HOUSE OVER ON MELROSE AVENUE.
YOU'VE STILL GOT THAT PLACE, DON'T YOU LARRY?
YES INDEED
IT WAS A PRETTY NICE PLACE AND MRS FORBESTEIN, GOD REST HER SOUL, WELL, SHE WAS JUST LIKE A SECOND MAMA TO ME.


HOLLYWOODLAND
ISAAC BAUMAN RECALLS WHEN LARRY FARREL'S RUN DOWN MOTEL ON MELROSE AVENUE WAS A BOARDING HOUSE
1914
SO ONE DAY, OVER AT THE TAR PITS, THEY BROUGHT IN THIS BIG SHOT ARCHEOLOGIST FROM RUSSIA
WELL, THEY WAS LOOKING FOR SOME PLACE TO PUT HIM UP
LARRY SAID WE SHOULD BRING HIM OVER TO HIS MAMA'S BOARDING HOUSE
I WASN'T SO SURE MYSELF.
YOU SEE, IT WAS ALL JEWS FROM RUSSIA OVER AT LARRY'S MAMA'S.
SURE THIS BONE FELLAH WAS RUSSIAN,
BUT HE WAS NO JEW
IT WAS LIKE BRINGING A COSSACK HOME WITH US!
HIS NAME WAS VLADYMR OVRONSKY
VERY TALL.
THE REGAL TYPE
AND HE HAD A POINTY BEARD THAT MADE HIM LOOK LIKE THE DEVIL HIMSELF!

HOLLYWOODLAND

YOUNG LARRY FARREL INVITES A RUSSIAN ARCHEOLOGIST NAMED OVRONSKY

... TO SEEK LODGING AT HIS MOTHER'S BOARDING HOUSE

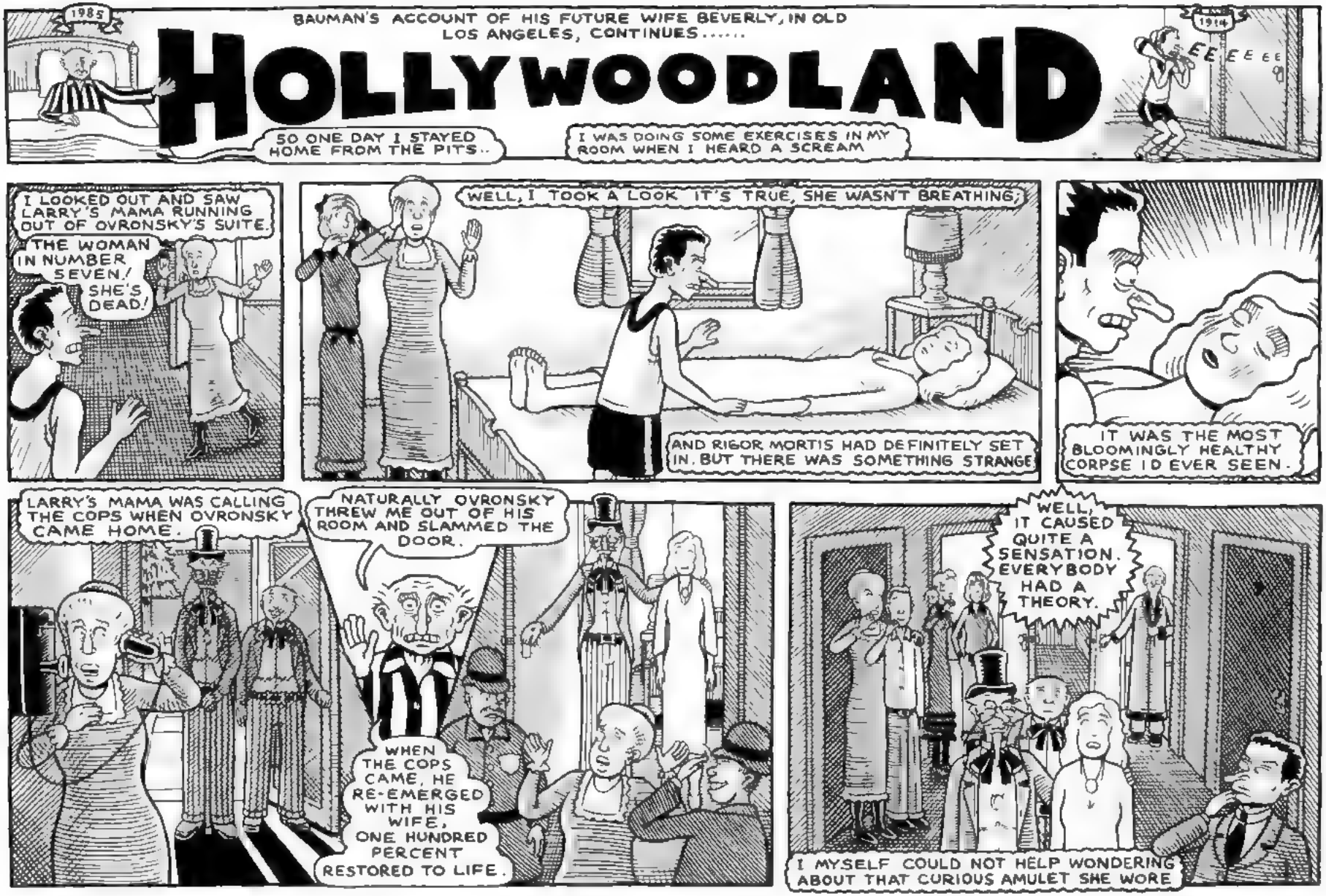


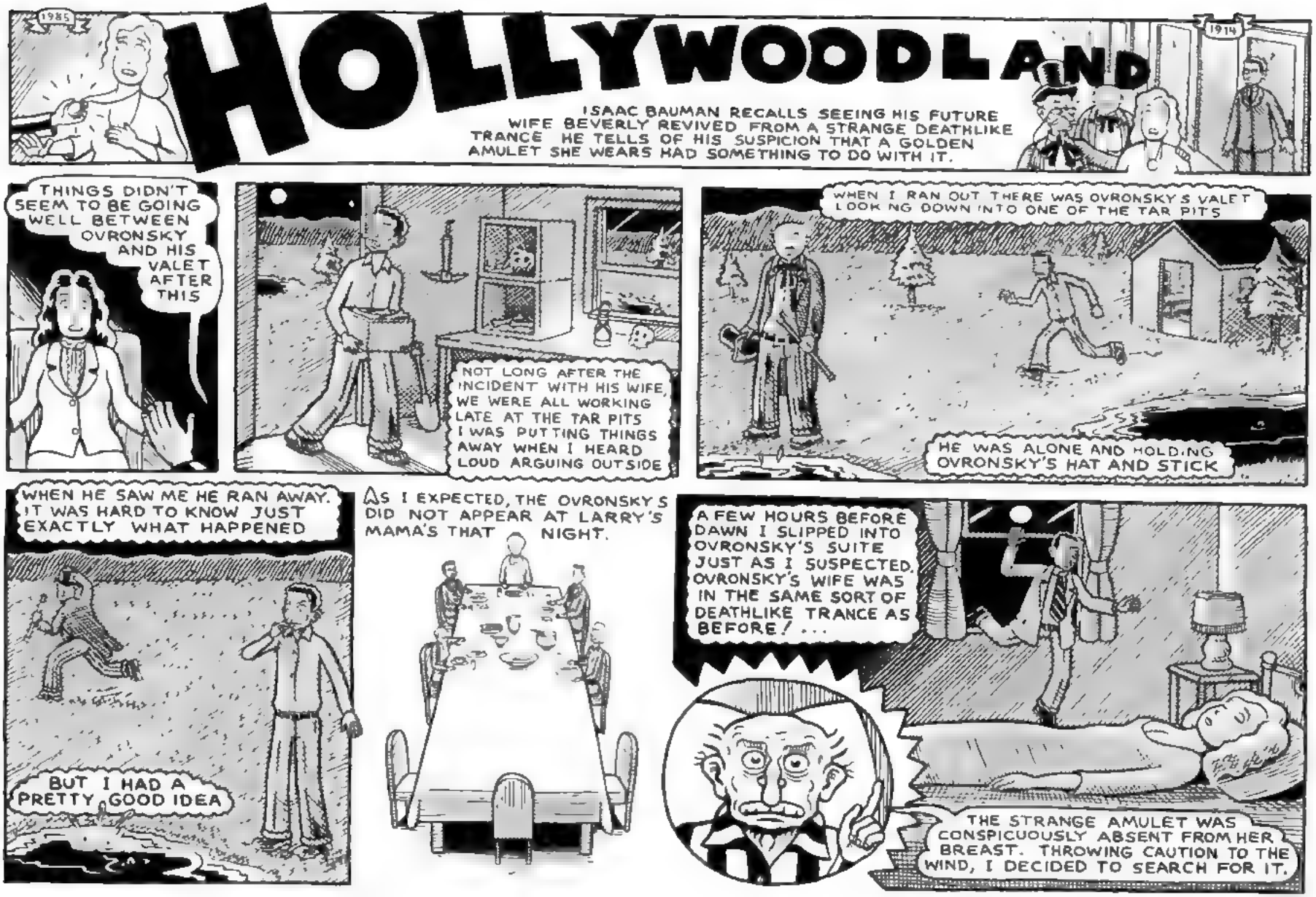
HE DIDN'T HAVE A HAT OR WALKING STICK LIKE OVRONSKY,

BUT HE'D TAKE THEM WHENEVER OVRONSKY WENT INSIDE,

... AND HOLD THEM LIKE THEY WAS THE CROWN JEWELS

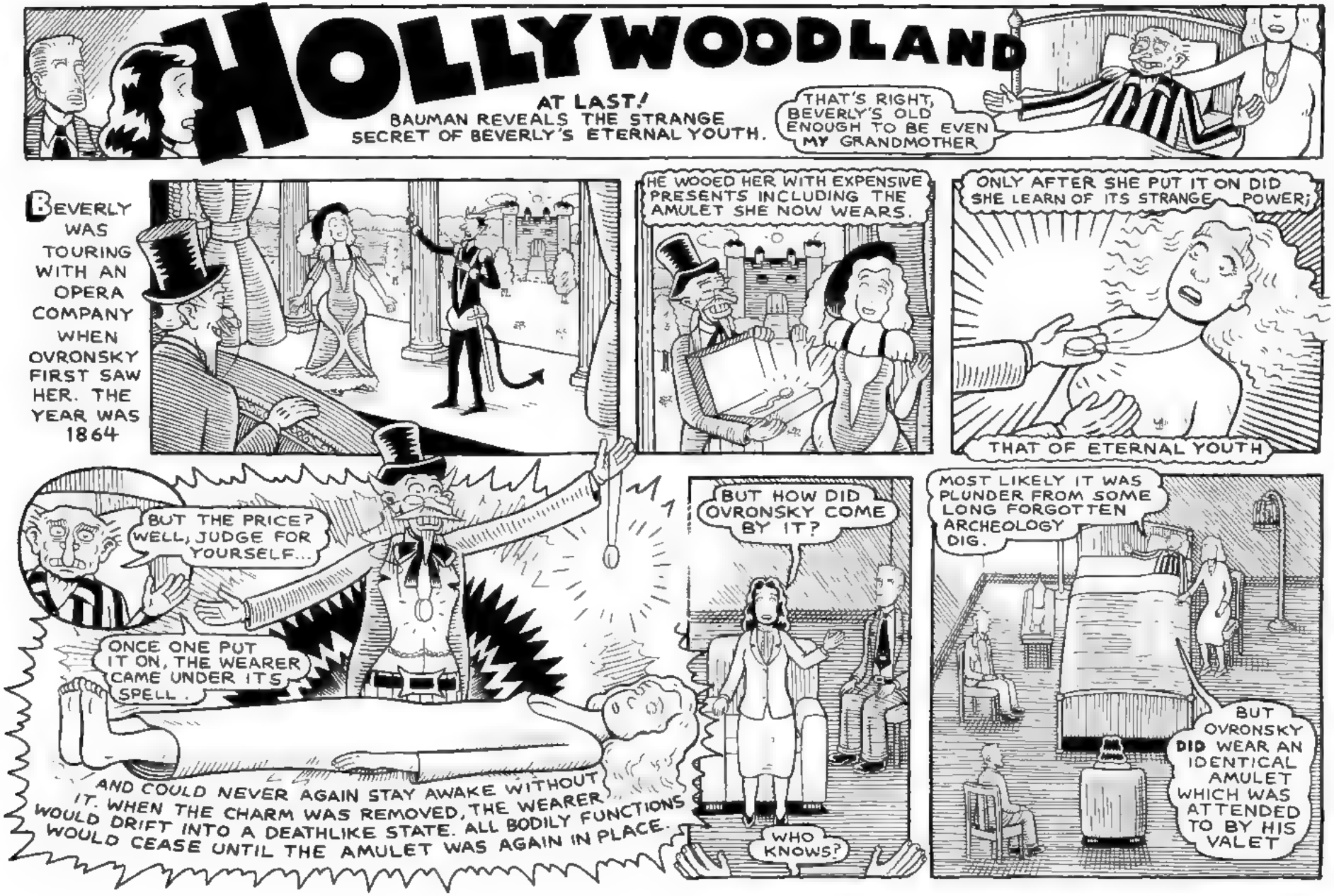
1985
HOLLYWOODLAND
1914
ISAAC BAUMAN REVEALS THAT HE'S KNOWN HIS WIFE BEVERLY SINCE 1914! AT WHICH TIME SHE WAS MARRIED TO ... A SINISTER RUSSIAN ARCHEOLOGIST NAMED .... VLADYMR OVRONSKY
SHE WAS JUST AS YOU SEE HER NOW/ ISN'T IT SO, LARRY?
JUST THE SAME.
SHE HAD THE SAME GOLDEN HAIR; THE SAME PEACH PERFECT SKIN.
AND THIS TOO
THIS TOO THE SAME
WELL, THE OVRONSKYS CERTAINLY ADDED A THEATRICAL TOUCH TO OUR MEALS AT MRS FORBESTEIN'S BOARDING HOUSE WE'D PASS THE FOOD TO OVRONSKY'S VALET AND HE'D SERVE IT OUT TO THEM AT THE OTHER END OF THE TABLE.
OVRONSKY WAS FOREVER FINDING LITTLE WAYS TO HUMILIATE HIS WIFE
SOMETIMES HE'D FORBID HER TO EAT, AND THEN MAKE HER WATCH WHILE HE DEVOURED EVERYTHING IN SIGHT WITH ELABORATE GUSTO.

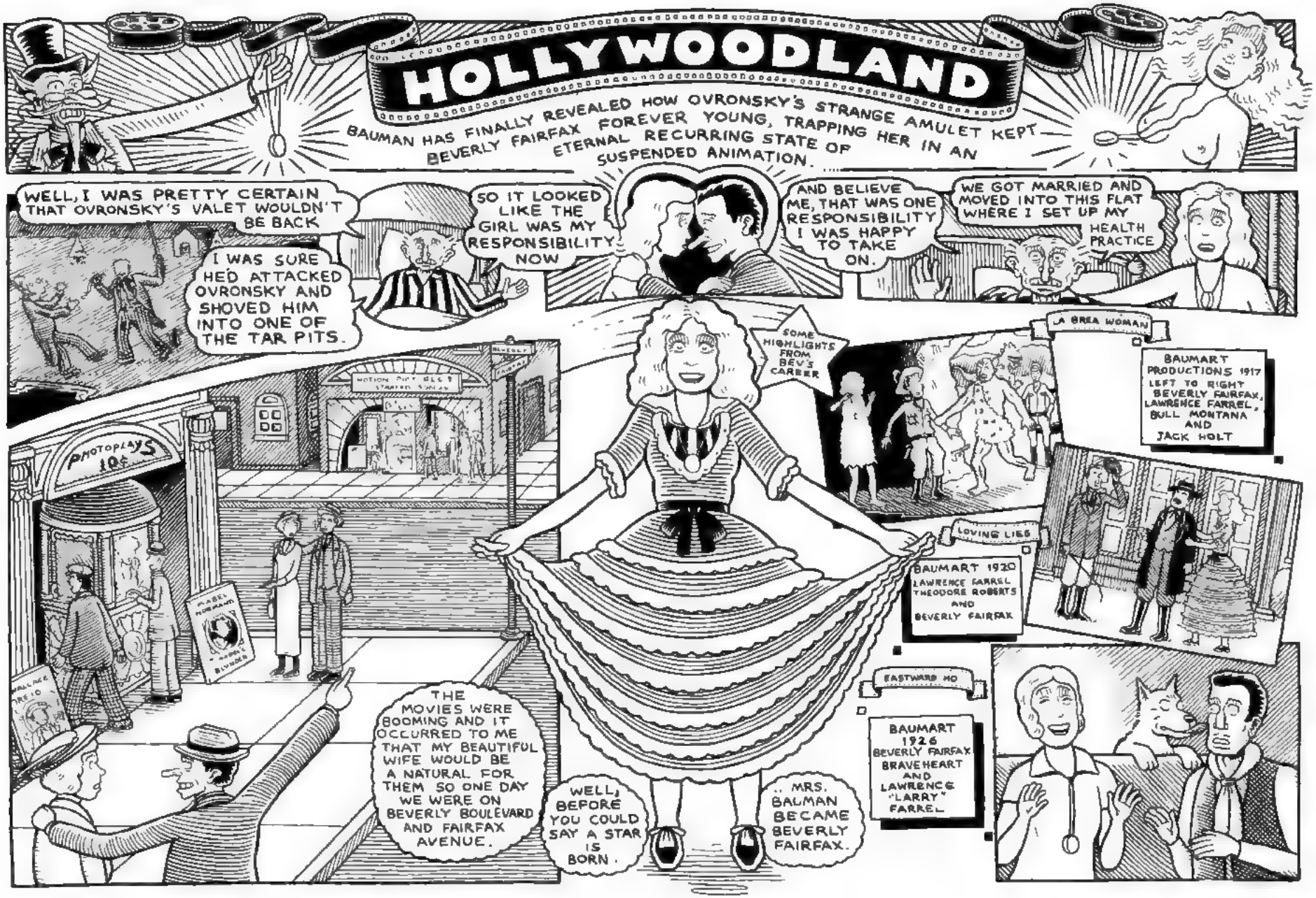

1985
BAUMAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FUTURE WIFE BEVERLY, IN OLD LOS ANGELES, CONTINUES.....
HOLLYWOODLAND
1914
SO ONE DAY I STAYED HOME FROM THE PITS..
I WAS DOING SOME EXERCISES IN MY ROOM WHEN I HEARD A SCREAM
I LOOKED OUT AND SAW LARRY'S MAMA RUNNING OUT OF OVRONSKY'S SUITE.
THE WOMAN IN NUMBER SEVEN! SHE'S DEAD!
WELL, I TOOK A LOOK IT'S TRUE, SHE WASN'T BREATHING;
AND RIGOR MORTIS HAD DEFINITELY SET IN. BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE
IT WAS THE MOST BLOOMINGLY HEALTHY CORPSE I'D EVER SEEN.
LARRY'S MAMA WAS CALLING THE COPS WHEN OVRONSKY CAME HOME.
NATURALLY OVRONSKY THREW ME OUT OF HIS ROOM AND SLAMMED THE DOOR.
WHEN THE COPS CAME, HE RE-EMERGED WITH HIS WIFE, ONE HUNDRED PERCENT RESTORED TO LIFE.
WELL, IT CAUSED QUITE A SENSATION. EVERYBODY HAD A THEORY.
I MYSELF COULD NOT HELP WONDERING ABOUT THAT CURIOUS AMULET SHE WORE


1985
HOLLYWOODLAND
1914
ISAAC BAUMAN RECALLS SEEING HIS FUTURE WIFE BEVERLY REVIVED FROM A STRANGE DEATHLIKE TRANCE HE TELLS OF HIS SUSPICION THAT A GOLDEN AMULET SHE WEARS HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.
THINGS DIDN'T SEEM TO BE GOING WELL BETWEEN OVRONSKY AND HIS VALET AFTER THIS
NOT LONG AFTER THE INCIDENT WITH HIS WIFE, WE WERE ALL WORKING LATE AT THE TAR PITS I WAS PUTTING THINGS AWAY WHEN I HEARD LOUD ARGUING OUTSIDE
WHEN I RAN OUT THERE WAS OVRONSKY'S VALET LOOKING DOWN INTO ONE OF THE TAR PITS
HE WAS ALONE AND HOLDING OVRONSKY'S HAT AND STICK
WHEN HE SAW ME HE RAN AWAY. IT WAS HARD TO KNOW JUST EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED
BUT I HAD A PRETTY GOOD IDEA
AS I EXPECTED, THE OVRONSKY'S DID NOT APPEAR AT LARRY'S MAMA'S THAT NIGHT.
A FEW HOURS BEFORE DAWN I SLIPPED INTO OVRONSKY'S SUITE JUST AS I SUSPECTED, OVRONSKY'S WIFE WAS IN THE SAME SORT OF DEATHLIKE TRANCE AS BEFORE! ...
THE STRANGE AMULET WAS CONSPICUOUSLY ABSENT FROM HER BREAST. THROWING CAUTION TO THE WIND, I DECIDED TO SEARCH FOR IT.

HOLLYWOODLAND

ISAAC BAUMAN BREAKS INTO OVRONSKY'S SUITE. AS EXPECTED, HE FINDS OVRONSKY'S WIFE IN A DEATHLIKE TRANCE. HE SEARCHES THE ROOM FOR THE AMULET WHICH HE HOPES WILL REVIVE HER.

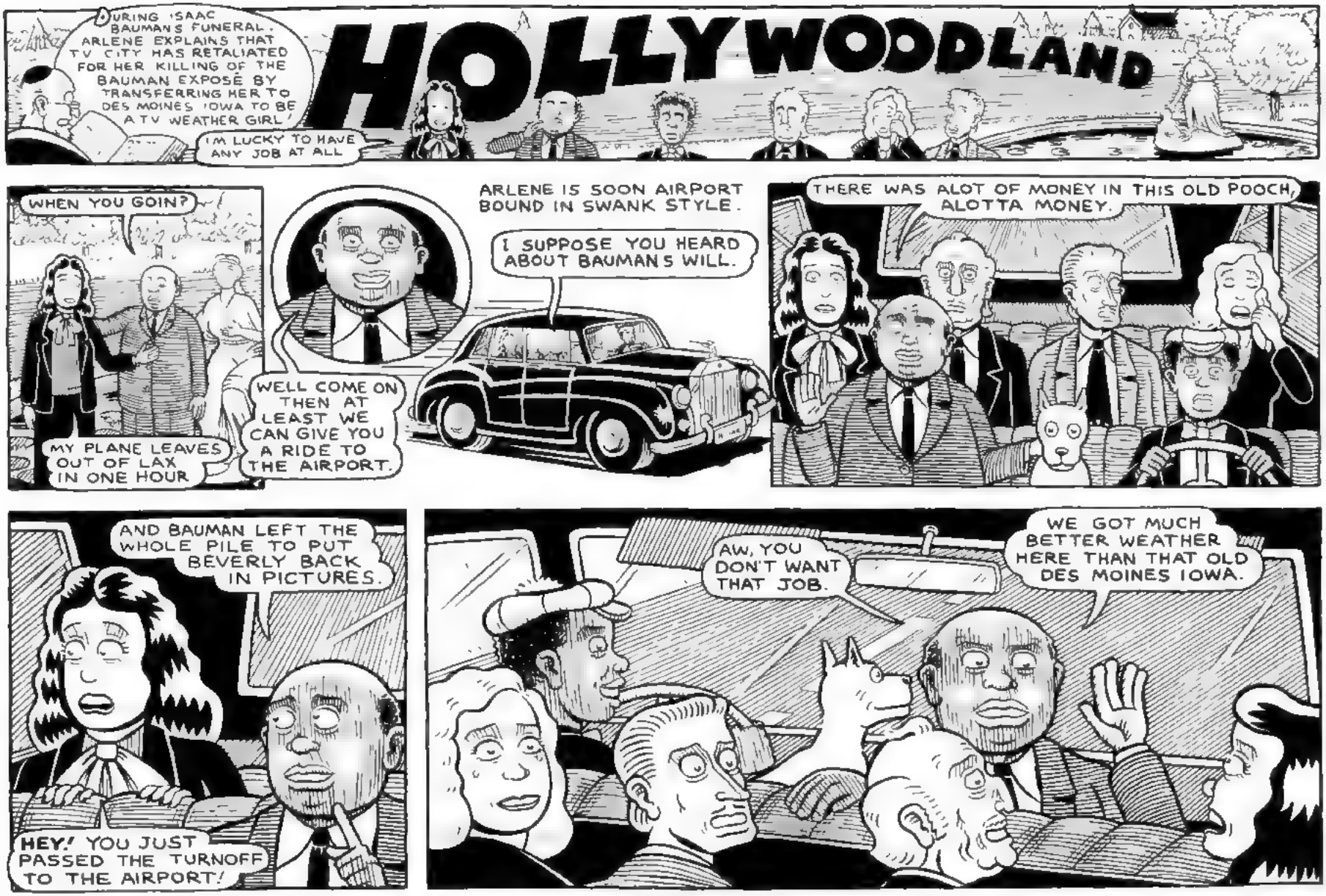

HOLLYWOODLAND
AT LAST!
BAUMAN REVEALS THE STRANGE SECRET OF BEVERLY'S ETERNAL YOUTH.
THAT'S RIGHT, BEVERLY'S OLD ENOUGH TO BE EVEN MY GRANDMOTHER
BEVERLY WAS TOURING WITH AN OPERA COMPANY WHEN OVRONSKY FIRST SAW HER. THE YEAR WAS 1864
HE WOOED HER WITH EXPENSIVE PRESENTS INCLUDING THE AMULET SHE NOW WEARS.
ONLY AFTER SHE PUT IT ON DID SHE LEARN OF ITS STRANGE POWER;
THAT OF ETERNAL YOUTH
BUT THE PRICE? WELL, JUDGE FOR YOURSELF...
ONCE ONE PUT IT ON, THE WEARER CAME UNDER ITS SPELL.
AND COULD NEVER AGAIN STAY AWAKE WITHOUT IT. WHEN THE CHARM WAS REMOVED, THE WEARER WOULD DRIFT INTO A DEATHLIKE STATE. ALL BODILY FUNCTIONS WOULD CEASE UNTIL THE AMULET WAS AGAIN IN PLACE.
BUT HOW DID OVRONSKY COME BY IT?
WHO KNOWS?
MOST LIKELY IT WAS PLUNDER FROM SOME LONG FORGOTTEN ARCHEOLOGY DIG.
BUT OVRONSKY DID WEAR AN IDENTICAL AMULET WHICH WAS ATTENDED TO BY HIS VALET


HOLLYWOODLAND
BAUMAN HAS FINALLY REVEALED HOW OVRONSKY'S STRANGE AMULET KEPT BEVERLY FAIRFAX FOREVER YOUNG, TRAPPING HER IN AN ETERNAL RECURRING STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION.
WELL, I WAS PRETTY CERTAIN THAT OVRONSKY'S VALET WOULDN'T BE BACK
I WAS SURE HE'D ATTACKED OVRONSKY AND SHOVED HIM INTO ONE OF THE TAR PITS.
SO IT LOOKED LIKE THE GIRL WAS MY RESPONSIBILITY NOW
AND BELIEVE ME, THAT WAS ONE RESPONSIBILITY I WAS HAPPY TO TAKE ON.
WE GOT MARRIED AND MOVED INTO THIS FLAT WHERE I SET UP MY HEALTH PRACTICE
SOME HIGHLIGHTS FROM BEV'S CAREER
LA BREA WOMAN
BAUMART PRODUCTIONS 1917 LEFT TO RIGHT BEVERLY FAIRFAX, LAWRENCE FARREL, BULL MONTANA AND JACK HOLT
PHOTOPLAYS 10¢
LOVING LIES
BAUMART 1920 LAWRENCE FARREL THEODORE ROBERTS AND BEVERLY FAIRFAX
EASTWARD HO
BAUMART 1926 BEVERLY FAIRFAX BRAVEHEART AND LAWRENCE "LARRY" FARREL
THE MOVIES WERE BOOMING AND IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE WOULD BE A NATURAL FOR THEM SO ONE DAY WE WERE ON BEVERLY BOULEVARD AND FAIRFAX AVENUE.
WELL, BEFORE YOU COULD SAY A STAR IS BORN.
.. MRS. BAUMAN BECAME BEVERLY FAIRFAX.

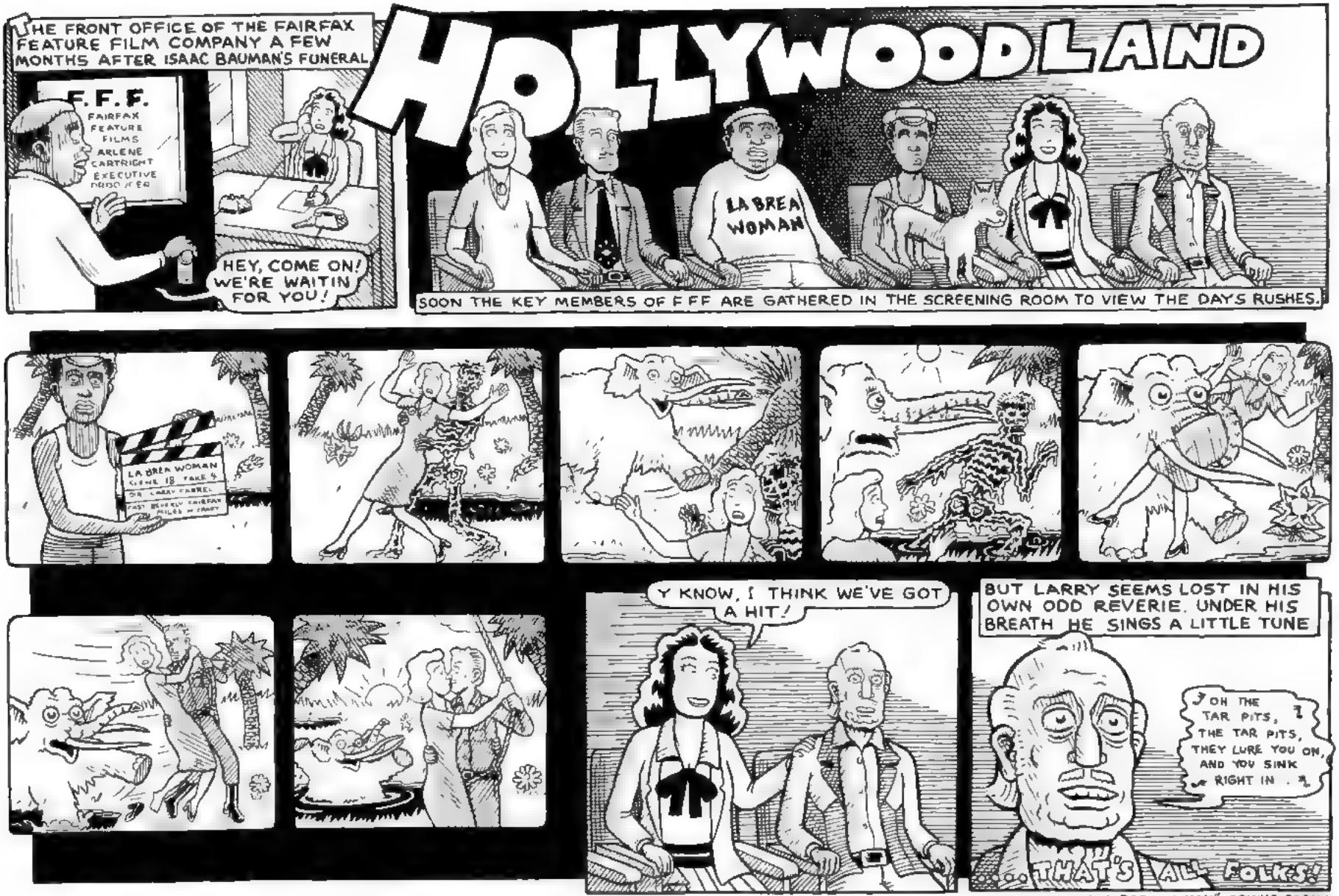
ISAAC BAUMAN DESCRIBES HIS ODD LIFE OVER THE YEARS WITH HIS WIFE, BEVERLY FAIRFAX
HOLLYWOODLAND
BEVERLY
FAIRFAX
WELL I NEVER DID DISCOVER ANYTHING MORE ABOUT THE AMULET
MUCH LESS AN ANTIDOTE FOR IT
SO THERE I WAS, STUCK WITH AN AGELESS BEAUTIFUL WIFE
GOD KNOWS, AS THE YEARS WENT BY, MY BEVERLY MADE AN INCREASINGLY IMPRESSIVE TESTIMONIAL FOR MY HEALTH PROGRAMS
HEALTH AND BEAUTY
BEVERLY FAIRFAX'S NINE DAYS TO A PEACHIER COMPLEXION
HEALTH
REBUILD YOUR BODY
REBUILD YOUR LIFE
BEVERLY FAIRFAX'S NEW 90 DAY PLAN
THE NEW DEAL EXERCISE PLAN!
RIGOROUS VIGOR
BEVERLY FAIRFAX'S NEW DIET
I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CALL IT A FRAUD,
BUT WHAT WAS I DOING EXCEPT TRYING TO BRING PEOPLE TO A HEALTHIER WAY OF LIFE?
THE WAY I SAW IT, WE WERE USING WHAT WAS PERHAPS SOMETHING BAD TOWARD A GOOD END
SO MAYBE I WAS KIDDING MYSELF
BUT WHAT COULD WE DO?
WELL WE MUDDLED ALONG WITH IT FOR THIRTY YEARS.
WE WERE EIGHT YEARS ALONG IN THE HOLLYWOODLAND SHOW WHEN TWO CHICKENS CAME HOME TO ROOST, BOTH IN THE SAME WEEK
WHEN THEY PULLED THAT TAR MAN OUT OF THE PITS, I KNEW IT WAS OVRONSKY THE SECOND I SAW IT AND WHEN HIS OLD VALET SHOWED UP, I KNEW IT WAS TIME TO GET RID OF THE SHOW
THE NIGHT HOLLYWOODLAND BURNED I WAS AWAY NEGOTIATING TO SELL IT AND TAKE BEVERLY AWAY.
AH, BUT I WAS TOO LATE

HOLLYWOOD LANE
BAUMAN HAS TOLD HOW TWO OLD CHICKENS COMING HOME TO ROOST TRIGGERED THE DESTRUCTION OF.....
..WHICH IN TURN DESTROYED ALL HOPE OF AWAKENING BEVERLY FROM HER DEATHLIKE TRANCE.
I WAS SURE BEVERLY WAS LOST TO ME FOREVER..
UNTIL BRAVEHEART SHOWED UP AGAIN.
SUCH A MIRACLE! I WAS SURE HE BURNED WITH THE SHOW!
WELL, I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT STUFFED MUTT HAS TO DO WITH ANY OF THIS!
AH, BUT YOU SEE BRAVEHEART WAS MORE THAN JUST AN EXHIBIT; MUCH MORE.
EVERYTHING. EVERYTHING! DEEDS, THE PAYROLL,
AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL; THE AMULET!
THEY WERE ALL IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST.
WAAAK!
AND SO, WITH ONE LAST YANK ON BRAVEHEARTS TAIL, THE LIFE OF ISAAC BAUMAN COMES TO A STRANGE BUT LUCRATIVE CONCLUSION.

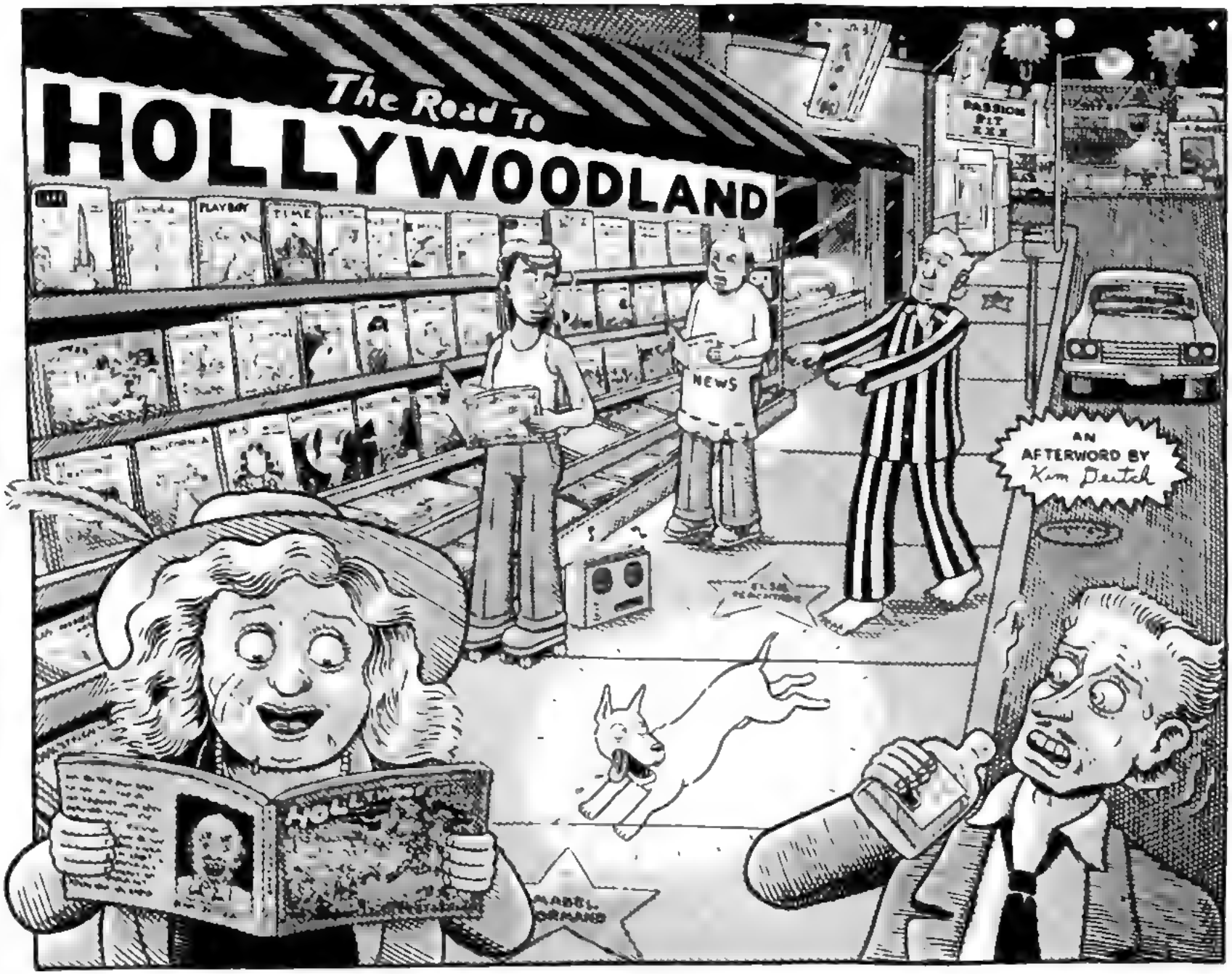
WITH ONE LAST YANK, IN HIS FINAL MOMENT OF LIFE, ISAAC BAUMAN REVEALS THE SECRET OF BRAVEHEART'S MORTAL REMAINS
HOLLYWOODLAND
EVERYTHING! DEEDS! THE PAYROLL, AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL; THE AMULET! THEY WERE ALL IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST!
ARLENE CALLS TV CITY JUST MINUTES BEFORE HER T.V EXPOSE OF BAUMAN IS SCHEDULED TO BEGIN
LISTEN, YOU BETTER RUN ONE OF MY OLD BAG LADY EXPOSÉ SHOWS BECAUSE I, I'M NOT COMING IN.
A FEW DAYS LATER, A CAB DRIVES INTO FOREST LAWN AS ISAAC BAUMAN IS SOLEMNLY LAID TO REST
HI ALONZO
ARLENE, GOOD TO SEE YOU.
WELL I JUST HAD TO COME PAY MY LAST RESPECTS BEFORE LEAVING TOWN.
LEAVING? WHERE YOU GOIN GIRL?
WELL Y'KNOW, THE WAY I KILLED BAUMAN'S EXPOSÉ DIDN'T EXACTLY GO OVER LIKE GANGBUSTERS AT T.V. CITY.
SO I'VE BEEN TRANSFERRED. I'M LUCKY TO HAVE ANY JOB AT ALL.
I'M TO FINISH OUT MY CONTRACT AS A T.V. WEATHER GIRL IN DES MOINES IOWA.

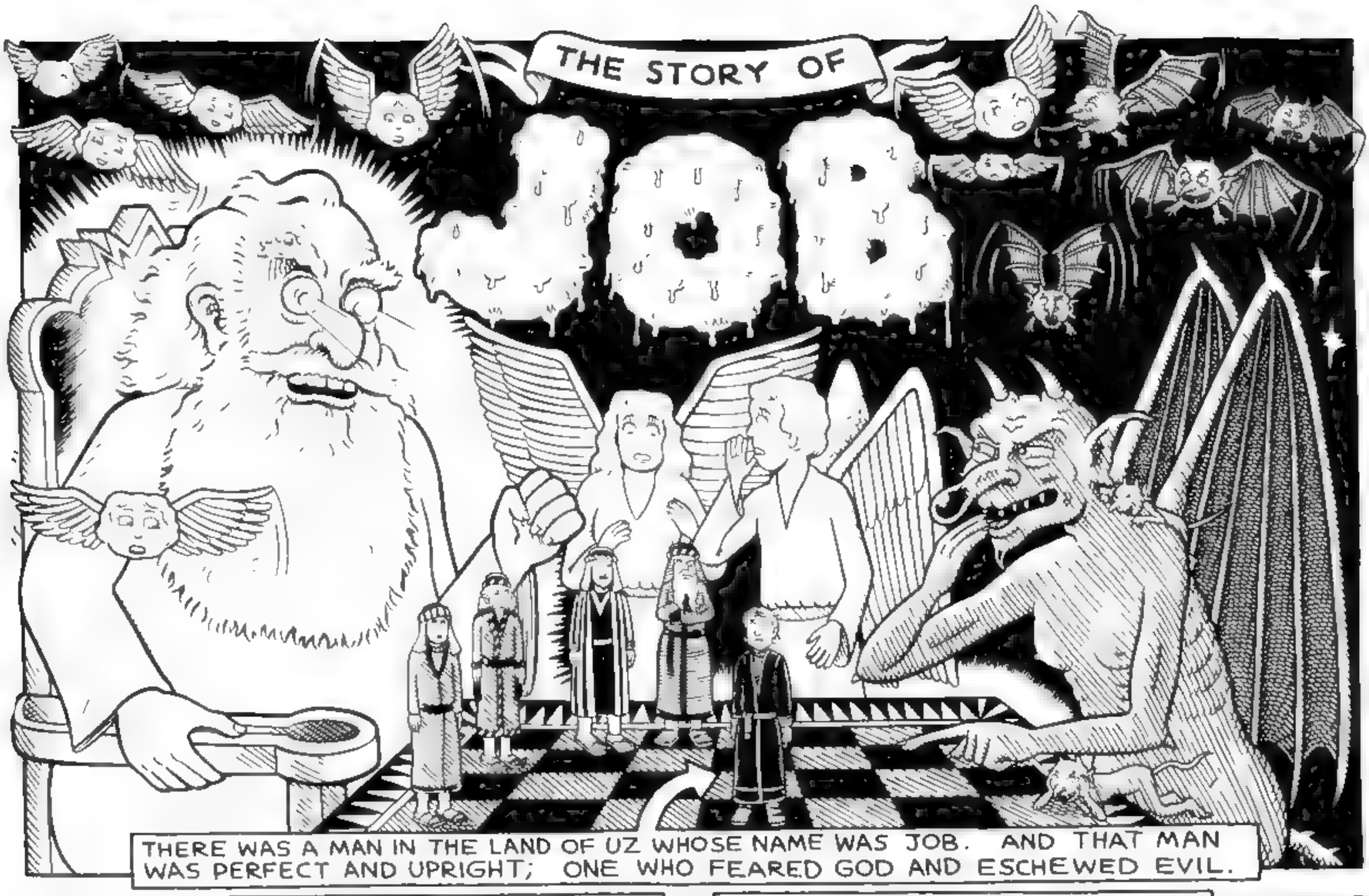

HOLLYWOODLAND
DURING ISAAC BAUMAN'S FUNERAL, ARLENE EXPLAINS THAT TV CITY HAS RETALIATED FOR HER KILLING OF THE BAUMAN EXPOSÉ BY TRANSFERRING HER TO DES MOINES IOWA TO BE A TV WEATHER GIRL!
I'M LUCKY TO HAVE ANY JOB AT ALL
WHEN YOU GOIN?
MY PLANE LEAVES OUT OF LAX IN ONE HOUR
WELL COME ON THEN AT LEAST WE CAN GIVE YOU A RIDE TO THE AIRPORT.
ARLENE IS SOON AIRPORT BOUND IN SWANK STYLE.
I SUPPOSE YOU HEARD ABOUT BAUMAN'S WILL.
THERE WAS ALOT OF MONEY IN THIS OLD POOCH, ALOTTA MONEY.
AND BAUMAN LEFT THE WHOLE PILE TO PUT BEVERLY BACK IN PICTURES.
HEY! YOU JUST PASSED THE TURNOFF TO THE AIRPORT!
AW, YOU DON'T WANT THAT JOB.
WE GOT MUCH BETTER WEATHER HERE THAN THAT OLD DES MOINES IOWA.

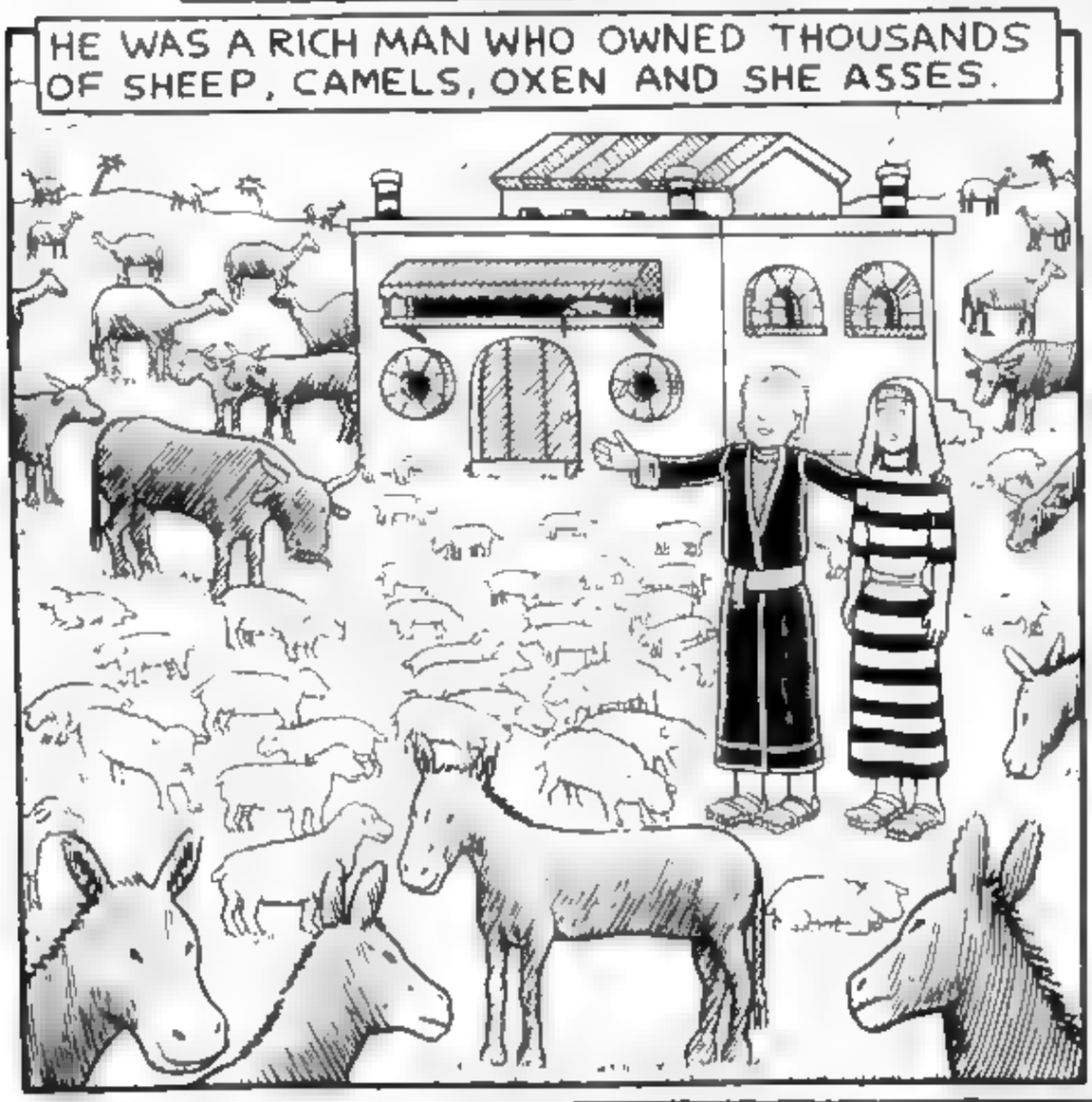
HOLLYWOODLAND



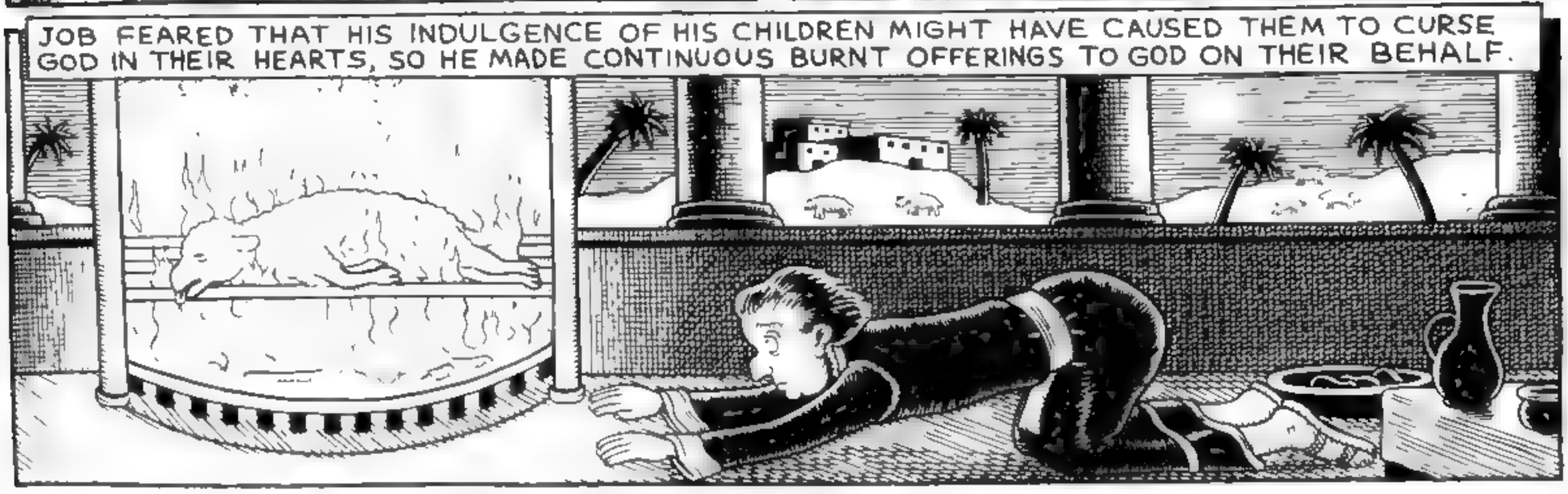
BUT WATCH FOR "LA BREA WOMAN," COMING SOON!


The Road To
HOLLYWOODLAND
PLAYBOY
TIME
NEWS
AN AFTERWORD BY
Kim Deitch


THE STORY OF
JOB
THERE WAS A MAN IN THE LAND OF UZ WHOSE NAME WAS JOB. AND THAT MAN WAS PERFECT AND UPRIGHT; ONE WHO FEARED GOD AND ESCHEWED EVIL.


HE WAS A RICH MAN WHO OWNED THOUSANDS OF SHEEP, CAMELS, OXEN AND SHE ASSES.

AND THERE WERE BORN UNTO HIM SEVEN SONS AND THREE DAUGHTERS


JOB FEARED THAT HIS INDULGENCE OF HIS CHILDREN MIGHT HAVE CAUSED THEM TO CURSE GOD IN THEIR HEARTS, SO HE MADE CONTINUOUS BURNT OFFERINGS TO GOD ON THEIR BEHALF.

ONE DAY GOD AND SATAN BECAME INVOLVED IN A DISCUSSION OF THE RESPECTIVE MERITS OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

HAVE YOU CONSIDERED MY SERVANT JOB?

SURELY HE IS A PERFECT AND UPRIGHT MAN!

AND WHY NOT? HAVE YOU NOT BLESSED HIM IN ALL POSSIBLE WAYS?

BUT TAKE AWAY HIS GOOD FORTUNE AND HE WILL CURSE THEE TO THY FACE!

SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT GOD DECIDED TO TEST JOB.

VERY WELL THEN. DO YOUR WORST, AND WE SHALL SEE!

THE ONE RESERVATION GOD MADE WAS THAT SATAN DO JOB NO BODILY HARM.

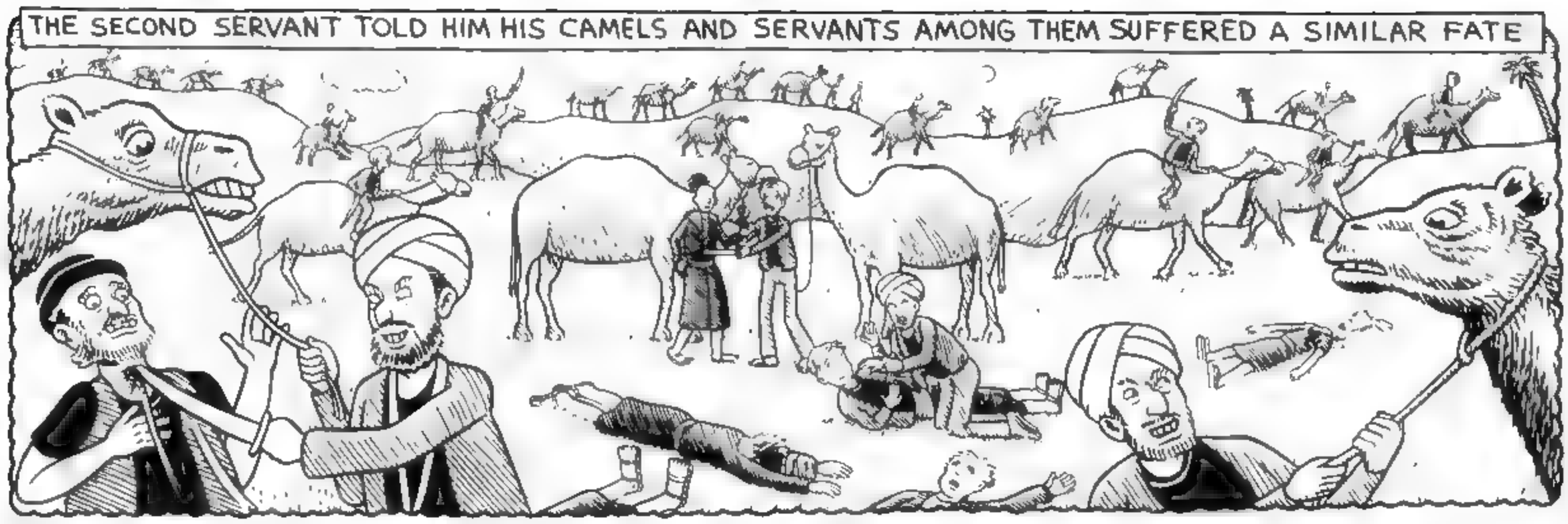
JUST AS YOU SAY.

HEH HEH.

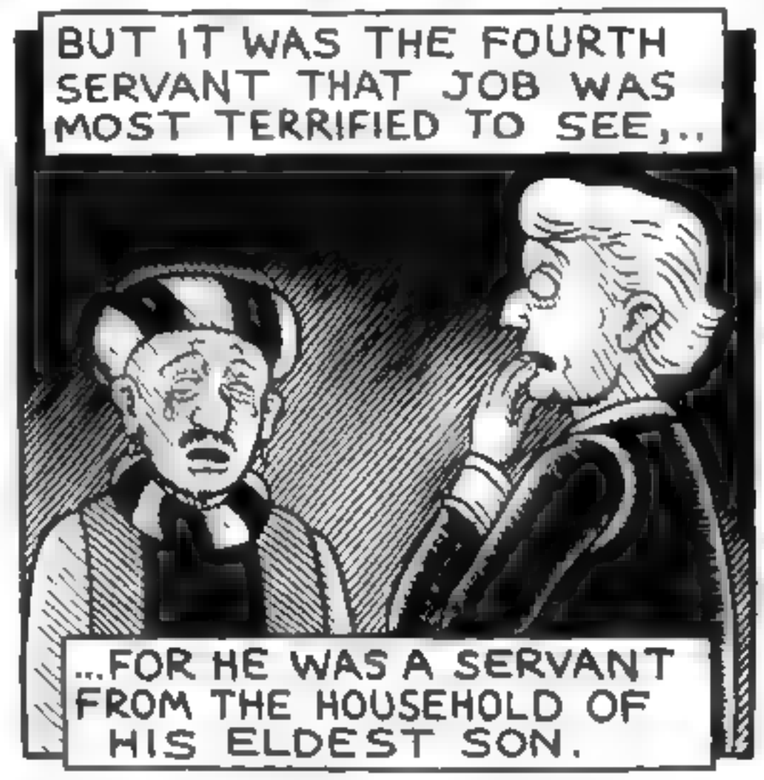
NOT LONG AFTER, FOUR SERVANTS CAME UNTO JOB.

THE FIRST SERVANT TOLD JOB THAT THIEVES HAD STOLEN HIS OXEN AND SLAIN THE SERVANTS AMONG THEM.

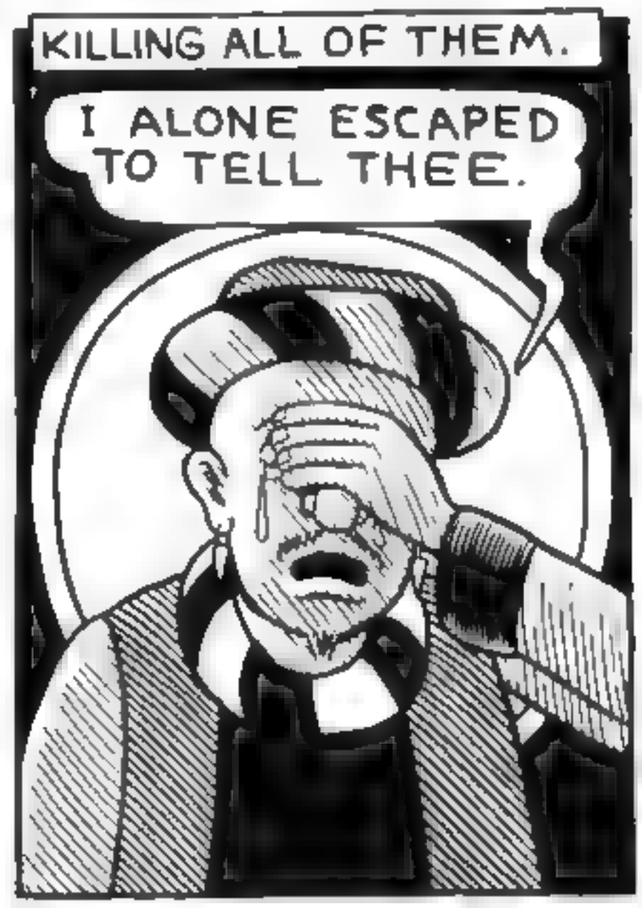
I ONLY AM ESCAPED AMONG THEM.

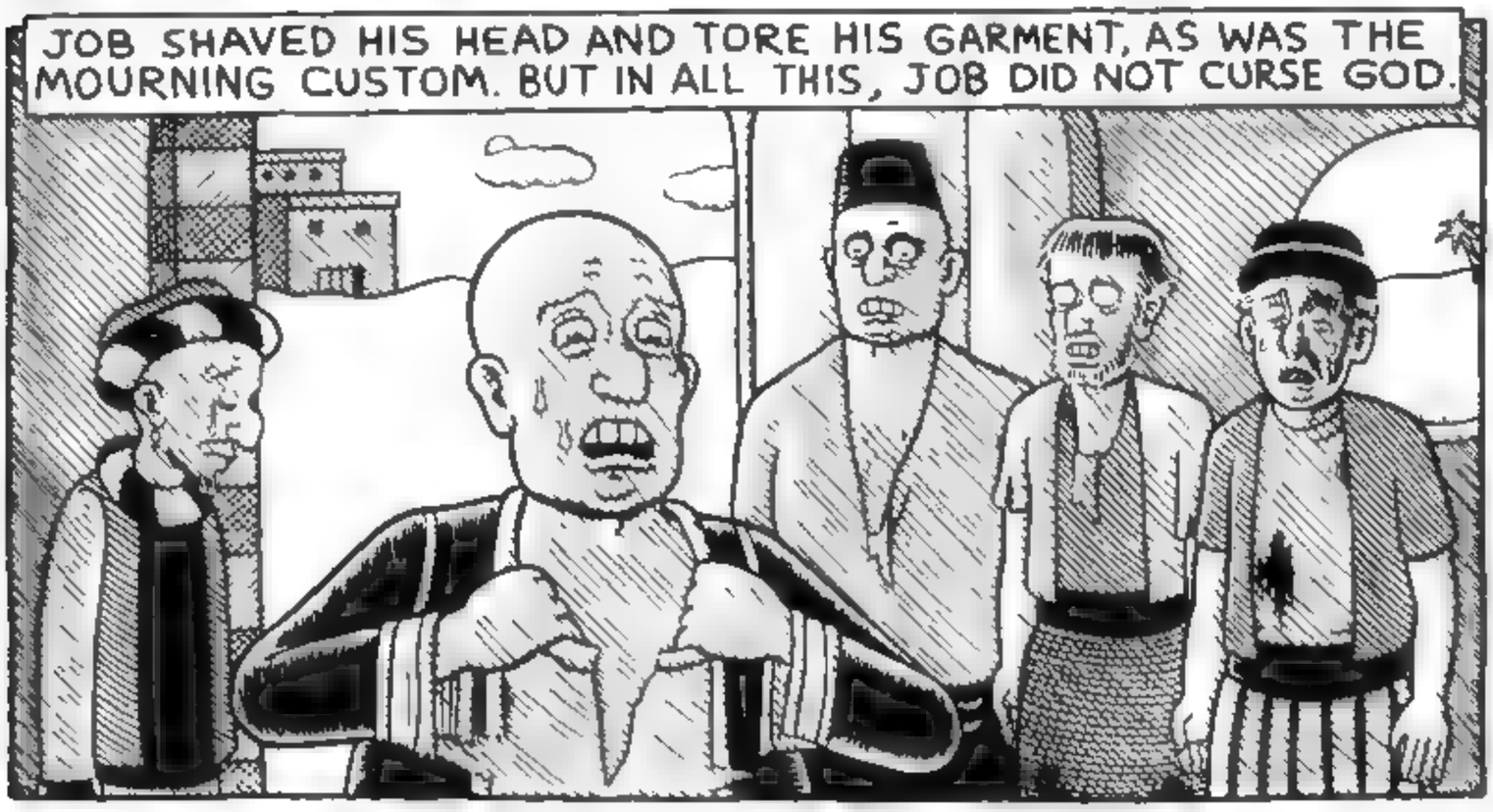

THE SECOND SERVANT TOLD HIM HIS CAMELS AND SERVANTS AMONG THEM SUFFERED A SIMILAR FATE

THE THIRD SERVANT TOLD JOB THAT A FIRE FROM HEAVEN HAD DECENDED ON HIS SHEEP FIELD, BURNING ALL HIS SHEEP AND SERVANTS

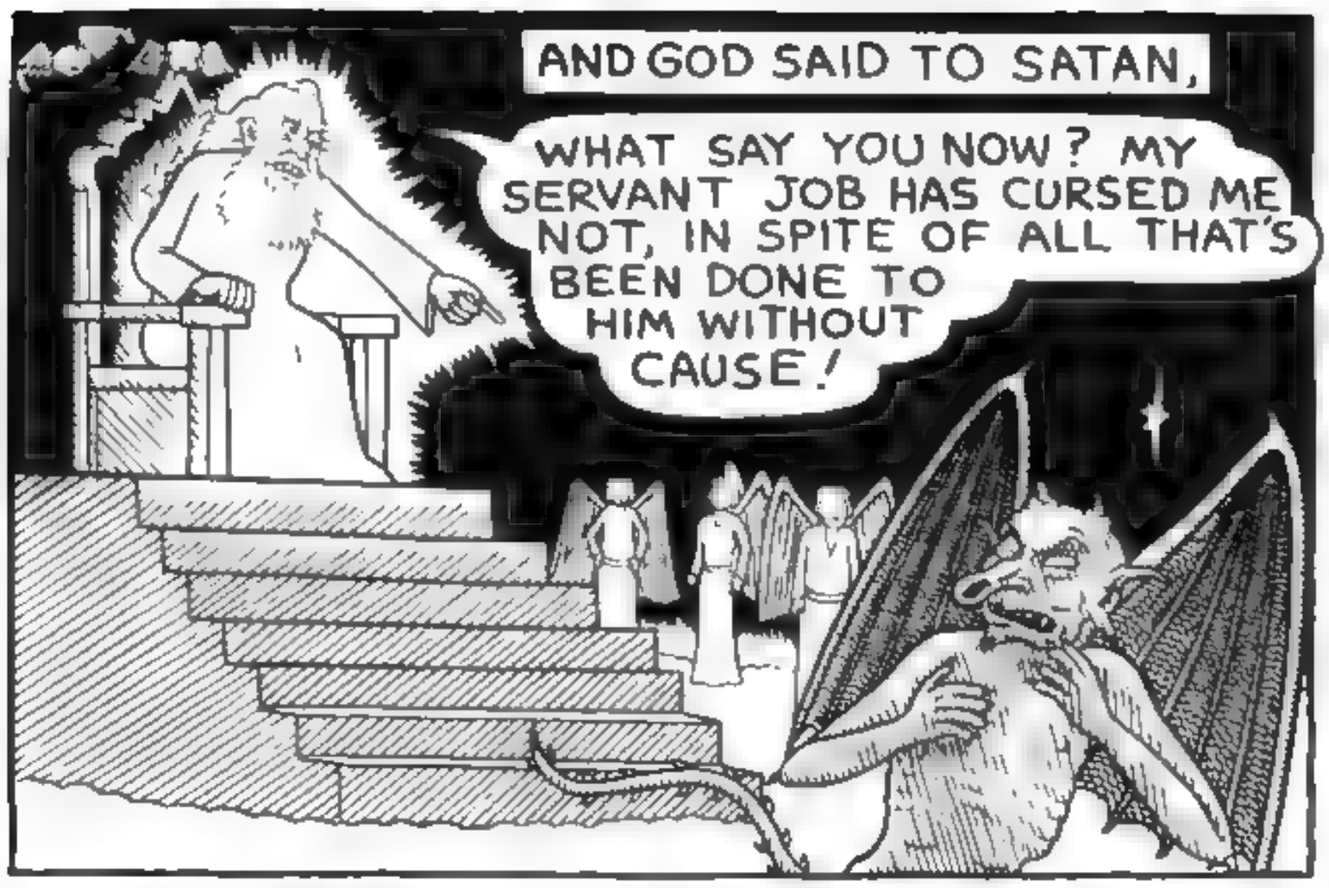

BUT IT WAS THE FOURTH SERVANT THAT JOB WAS MOST TERRIFIED TO SEE,..
...FOR HE WAS A SERVANT FROM THE HOUSEHOLD OF HIS ELDEST SON.

HE TOLD JOB THAT HIS SONS AND DAUGHTERS HAD BEEN EATING AND DRINKING WINE WHEN A GREAT WIND SMOTE THE HOUSE CAUSING IT TO COLLAPSE.


KILLING ALL OF THEM.
I ALONE ESCAPED TO TELL THEE.

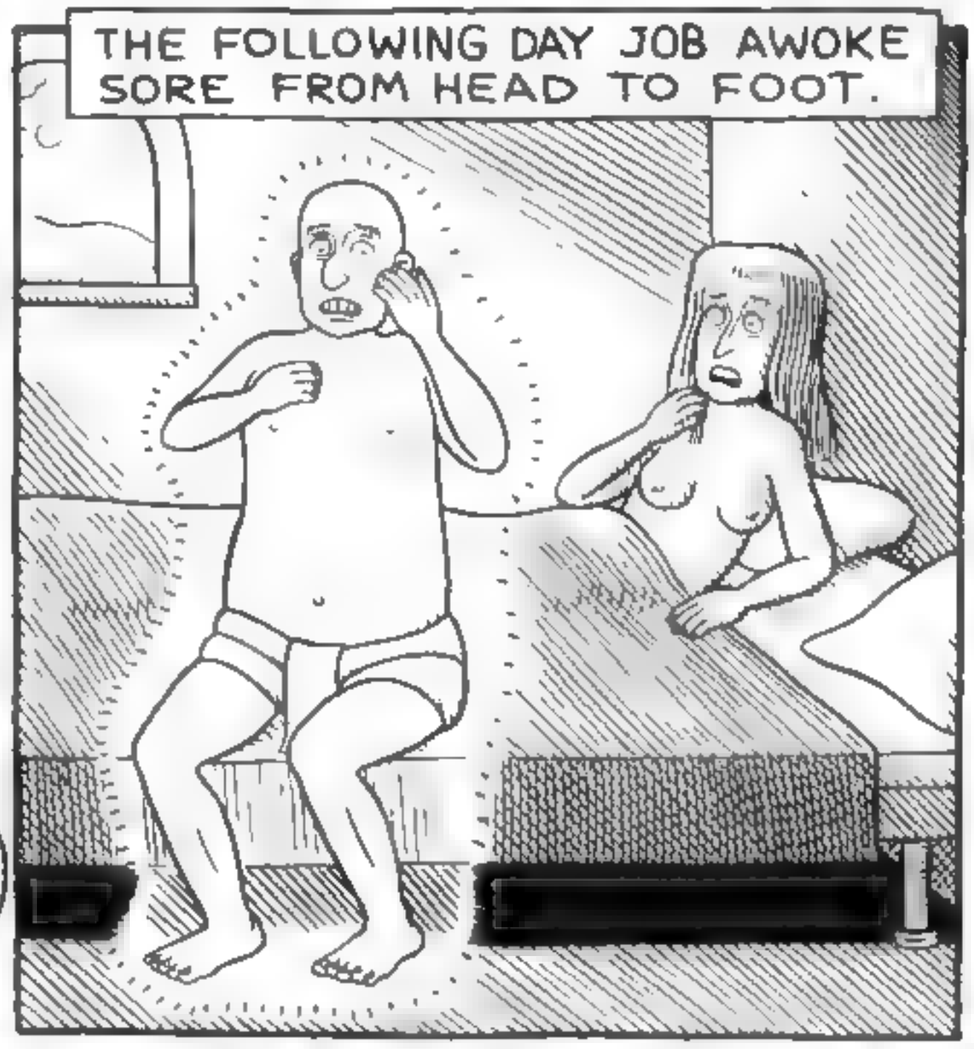

JOB SHAVED HIS HEAD AND TORE HIS GARMENT, AS WAS THE MOURNING CUSTOM. BUT IN ALL THIS, JOB DID NOT CURSE GOD.

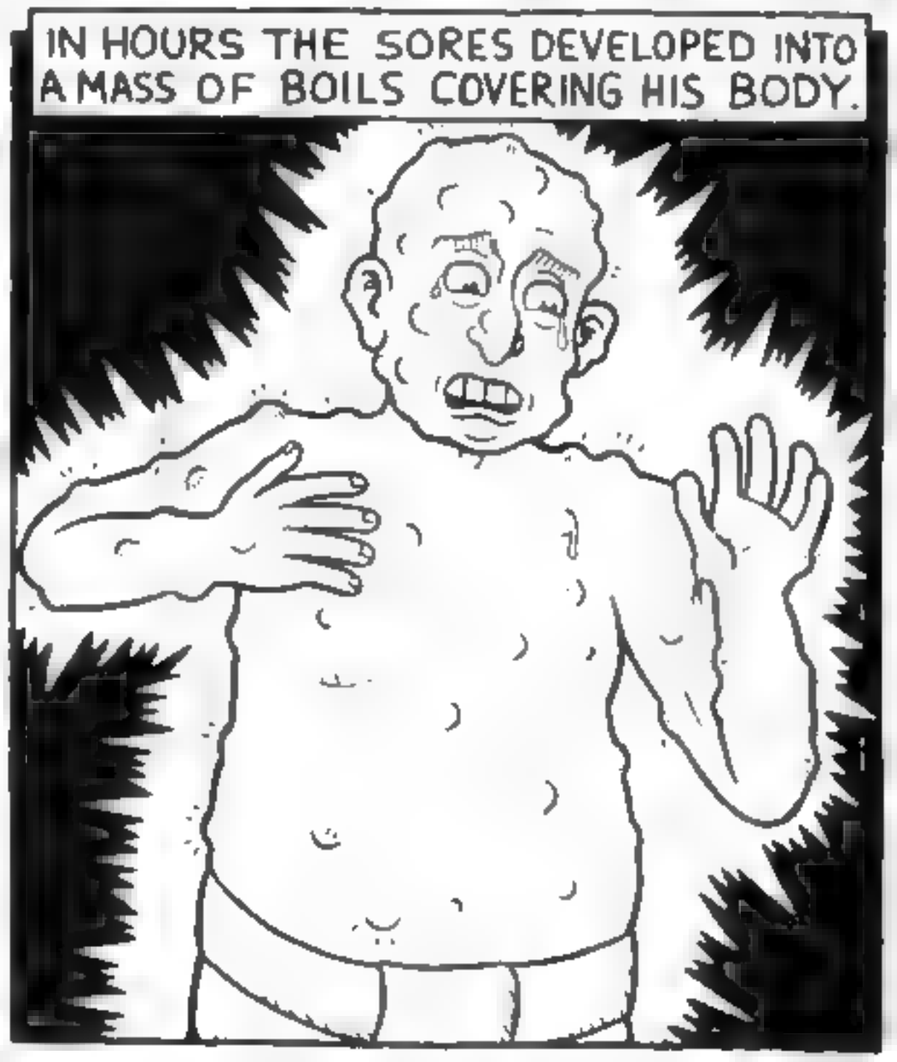
INSTEAD HE SAID,
THE LORD GAVE AND THE LORD TAKETH AWAY. BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD.

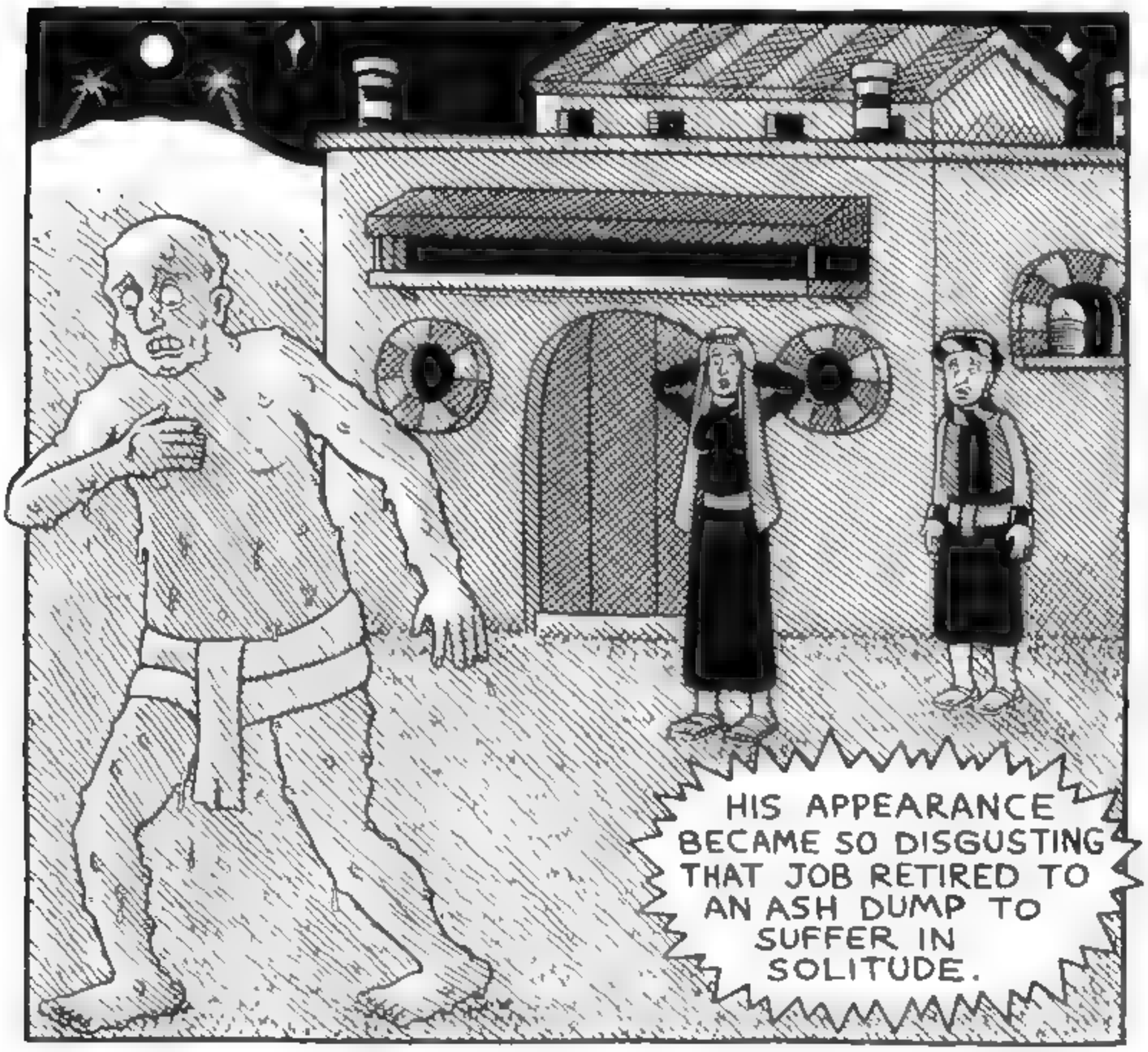

AND GOD SAID TO SATAN,
WHAT SAY YOU NOW? MY SERVANT JOB HAS CURSED ME NOT, IN SPITE OF ALL THAT'S BEEN DONE TO HIM WITHOUT CAUSE!

PERHAPS SO. BUT TOUCH HIS BONE AND HIS FLESH AND HE'LL SOON CURSE THEE!

AND SO,
VERY WELL DO YOUR WORST! ONLY SPARE HIS LIFE!

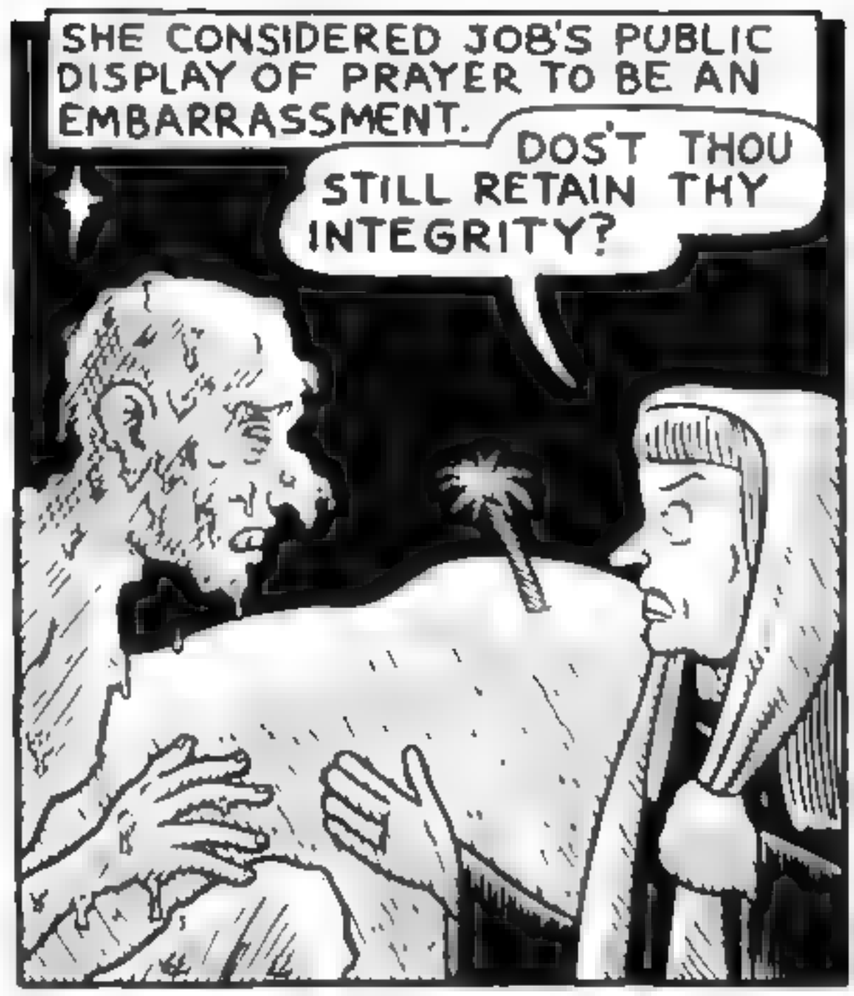

THE FOLLOWING DAY JOB AWOKE SORE FROM HEAD TO FOOT.


IN HOURS THE SORES DEVELOPED INTO A MASS OF BOILS COVERING HIS BODY.


HIS APPEARANCE BECAME SO DISGUSTING THAT JOB RETIRED TO AN ASH DUMP TO SUFFER IN SOLITUDE.

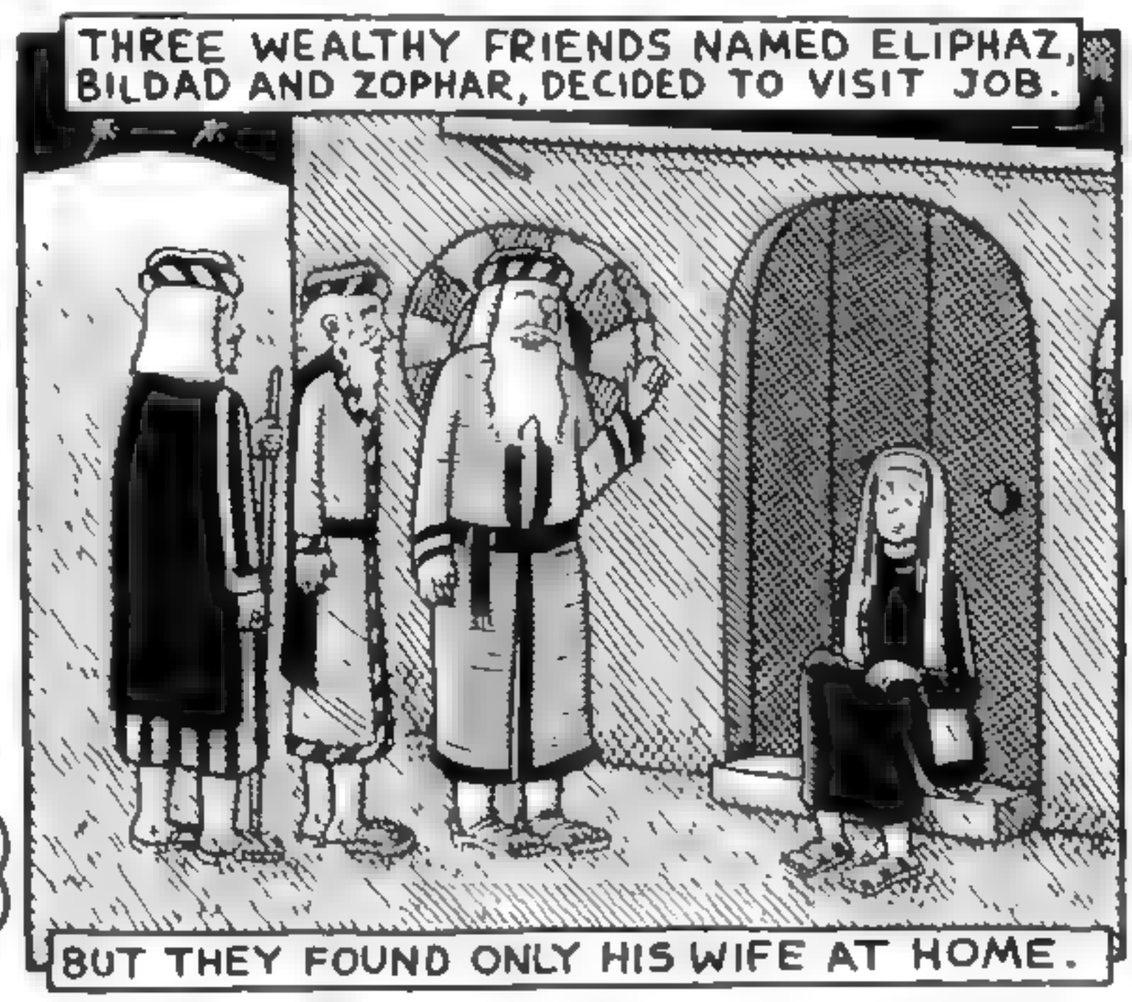
WORD GOT AROUND OF JOB'S CONDITION, AND HIS NEIGHBORS WONDERED HOW A MAN SO OBEDIENT TO GOD COULD FALL INTO SUCH MISFORTUNE.

LATE ONE NIGHT, JOB'S WIFE CAME TO SEE HIM AS HE SAT PAINFULLY AMONG THE ASHES IN PRAYER.

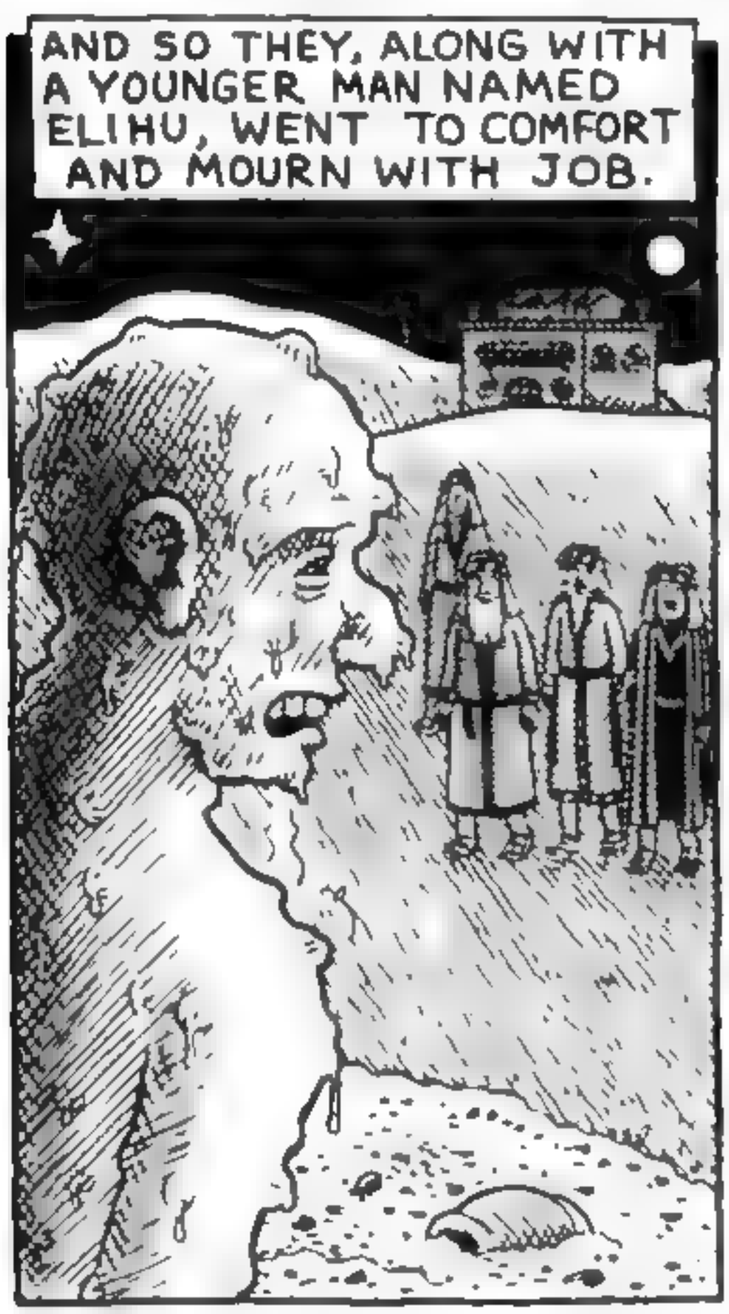

SHE CONSIDERED JOB'S PUBLIC DISPLAY OF PRAYER TO BE AN EMBARRASSMENT.
DOS'T THOU STILL RETAIN THY INTEGRITY?

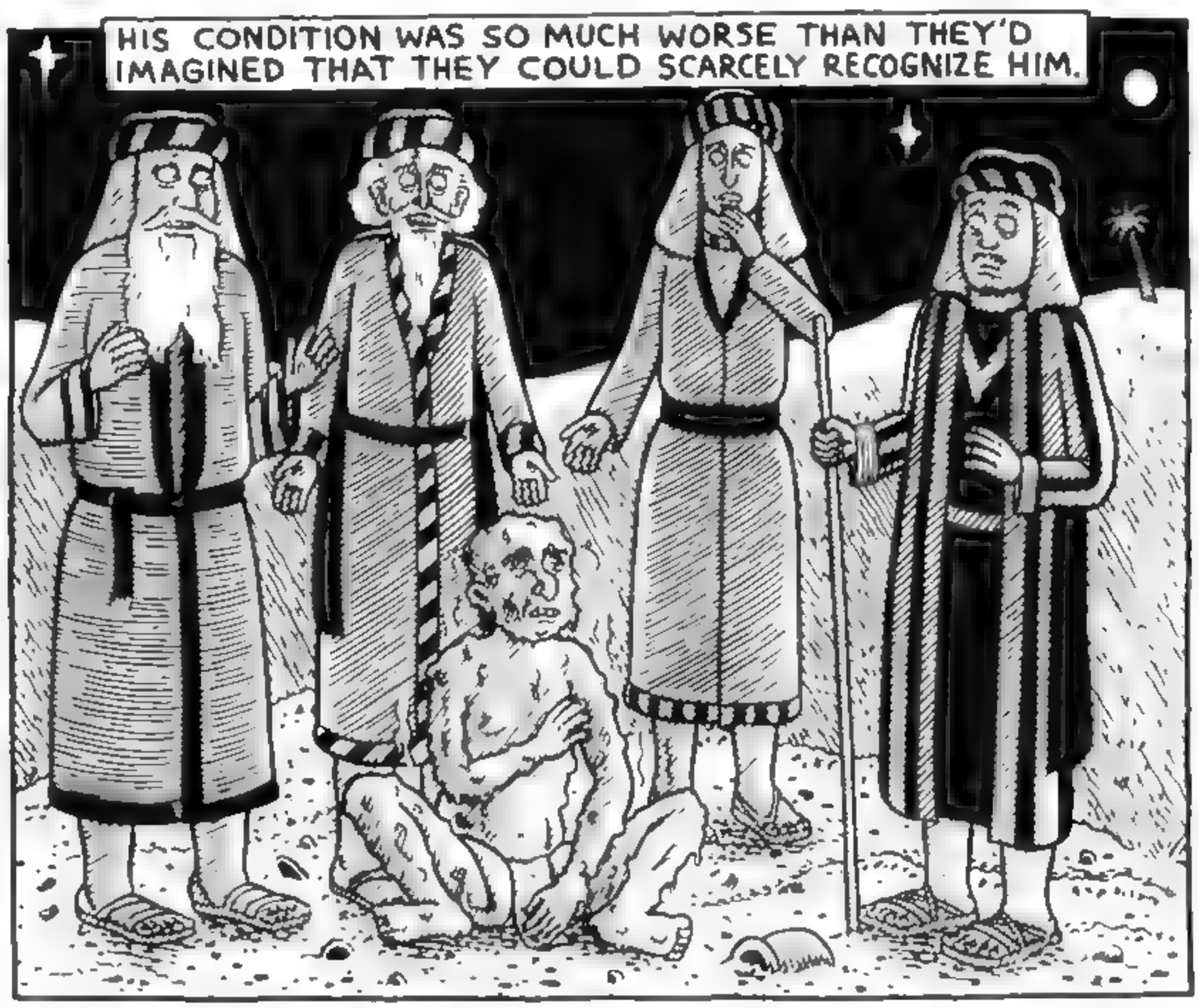
WHY NOT CURSE GOD AND DIE!

BUT IN ALL THIS JOB WOULD NOT COMPLAIN.
WHAT!
SHALL WE RECEIVE GOOD FROM GOD AND NOT RECEIVE EVIL?


THREE WEALTHY FRIENDS NAMED ELIPHAZ, BILDAD AND ZOPHAR, DECIDED TO VISIT JOB.
BUT THEY FOUND ONLY HIS WIFE AT HOME.

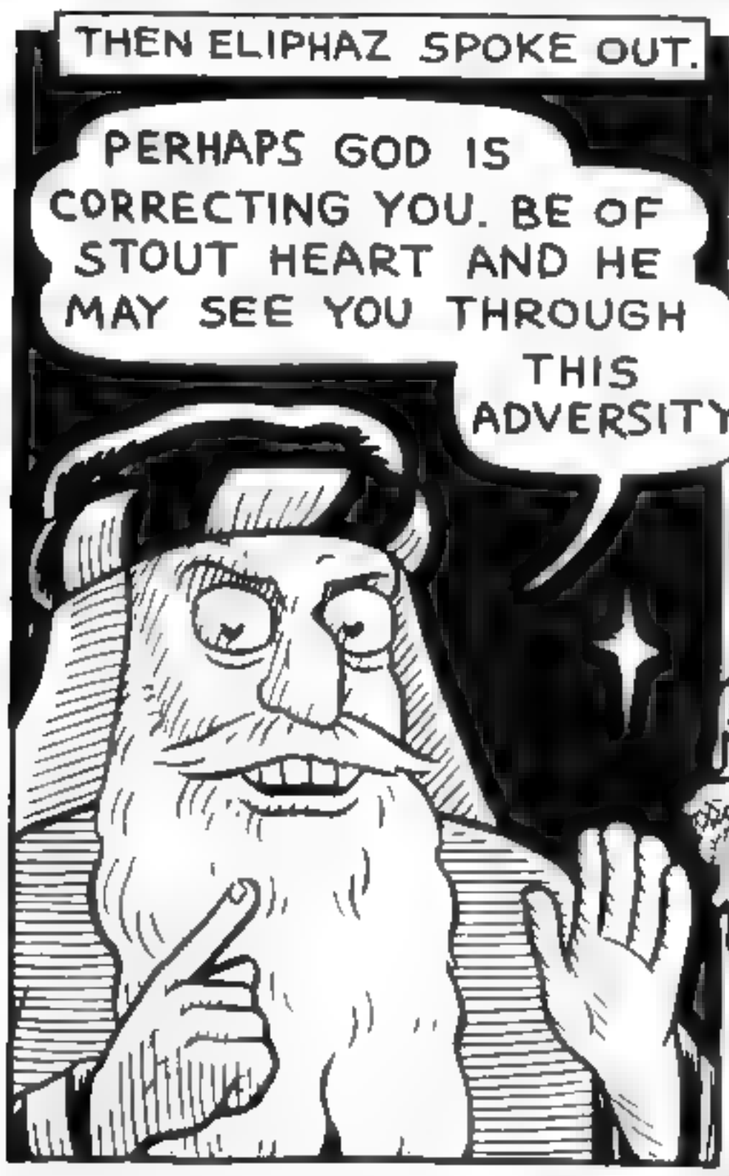
YOU'LL FIND HIM IN THE CITY ASH HEAP,
SHE SHAMEFULLY TOLD THEM.


AND SO THEY, ALONG WITH A YOUNGER MAN NAMED ELIHU, WENT TO COMFORT AND MOURN WITH JOB.

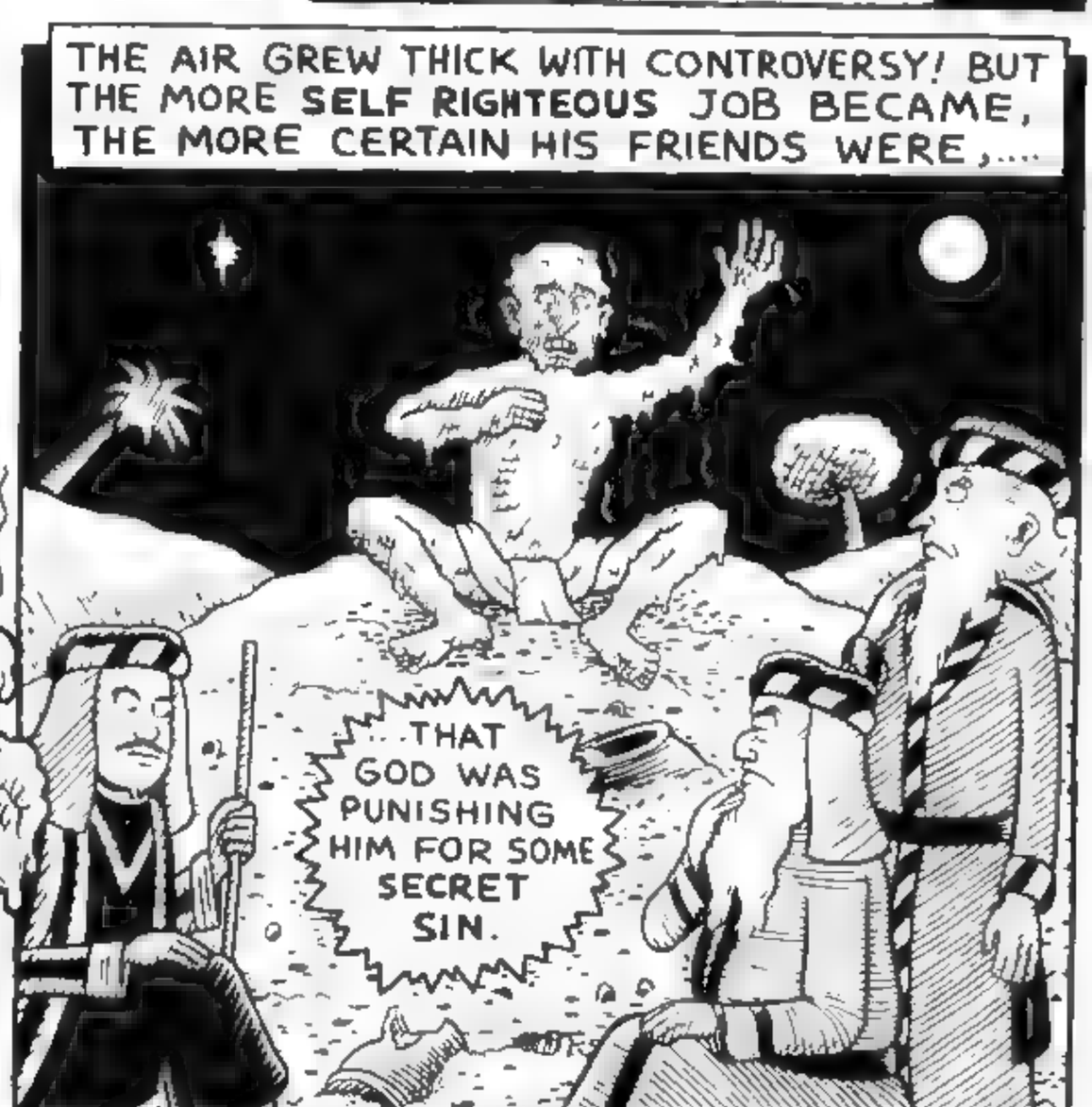

HIS CONDITION WAS SO MUCH WORSE THAN THEY'D IMAGINED THAT THEY COULD SCARCELY RECOGNIZE HIM.

JOB'S FRIENDS WERE SO STUNNED THAT THEY SAT IN SILENCE WITH HIM FOR A WHOLE WEEK.

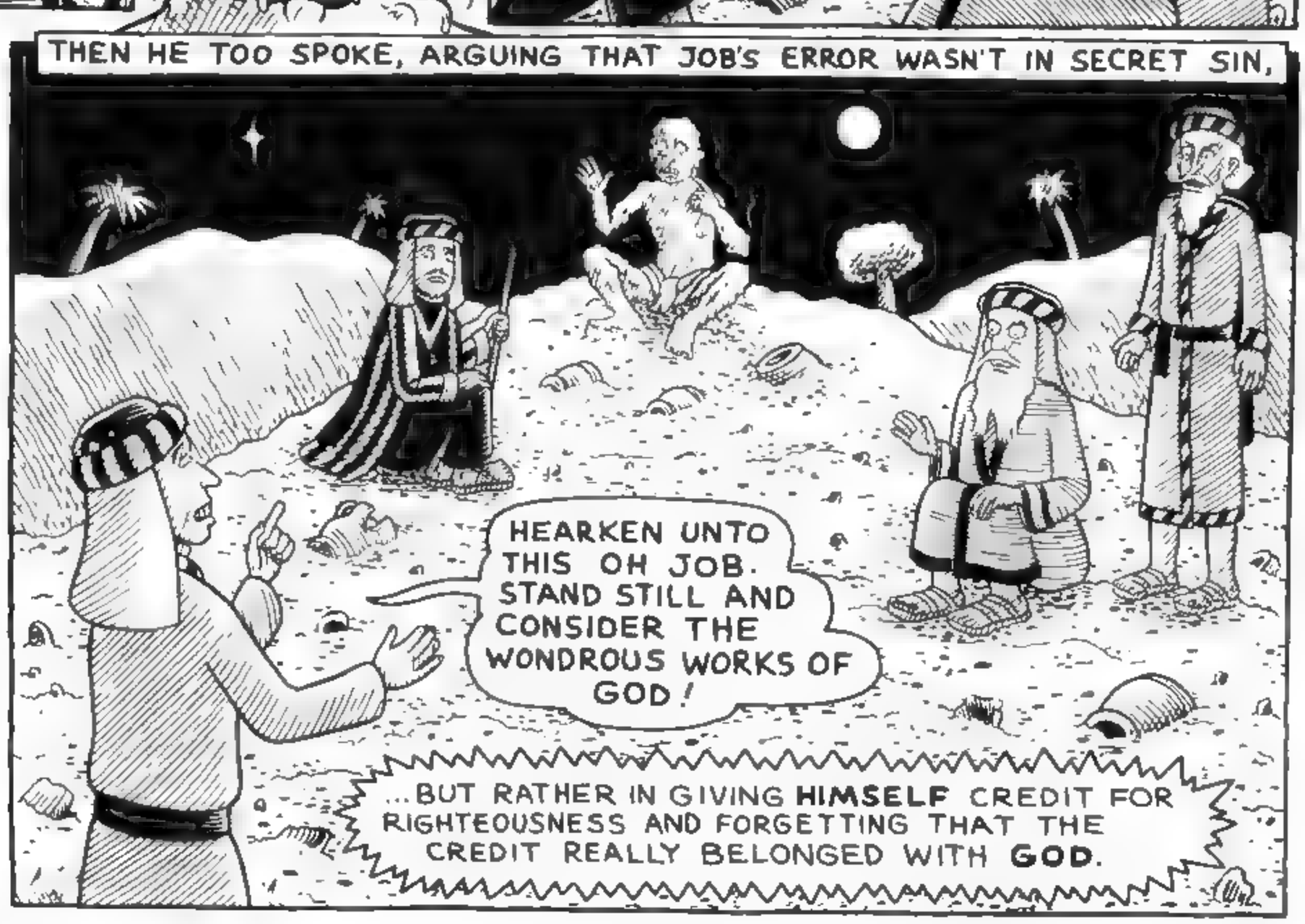
AT THE END OF A WEEK JOB SHOCKINGLY BROKE THE SILENCE BY CURSING THE DAY HE WAS BORN.

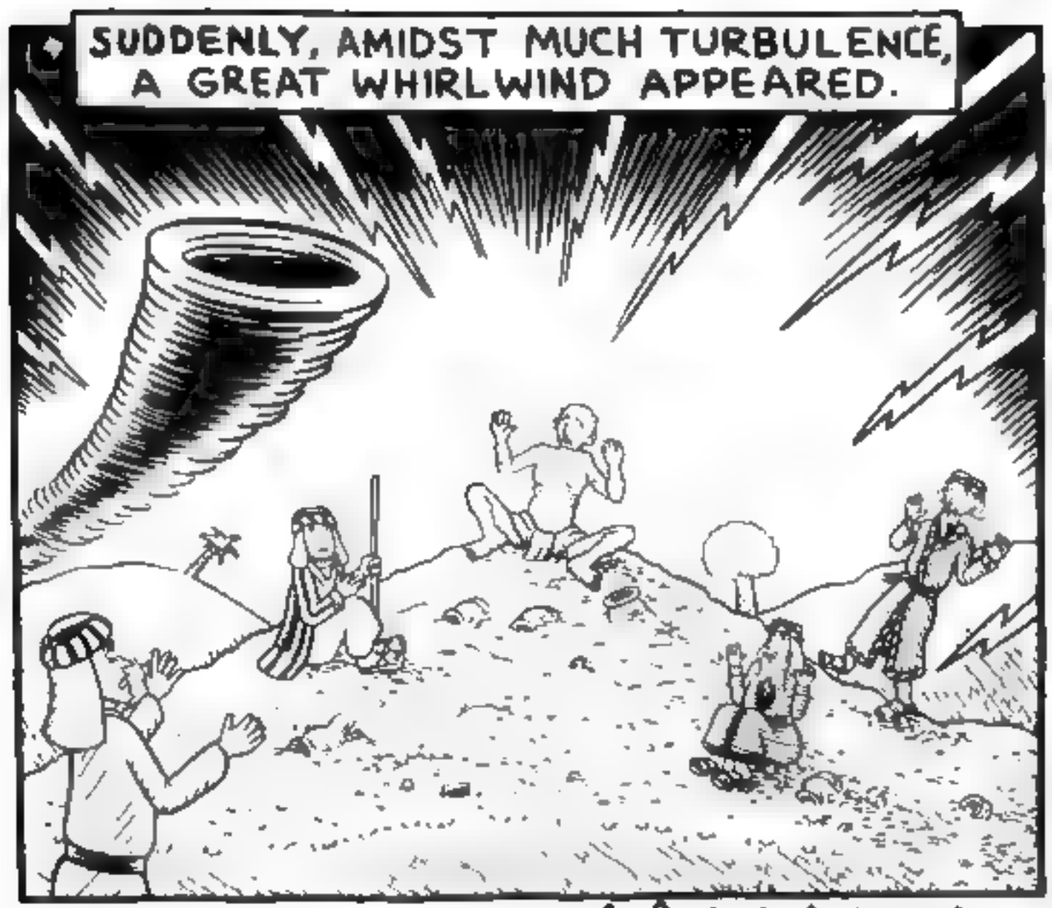

THEN ELIPHAZ SPOKE OUT.
PERHAPS GOD IS CORRECTING YOU. BE OF STOUT HEART AND HE MAY SEE YOU THROUGH THIS ADVERSITY.

JOB REACTED ANGRILLY,...
I THOUGHT YOU CAME TO COMFORT ME AND INSTEAD YOU CHARGE ME WITH WICKEDNESS!


THE AIR GREW THICK WITH CONTROVERSY! BUT THE MORE SELF RIGHTEOUS JOB BECAME, THE MORE CERTAIN HIS FRIENDS WERE,....
...THAT GOD WAS PUNISHING HIM FOR SOME SECRET SIN.

ALL THE WHILE, ELIHU WATCHED AND WAITED UNTIL THE OTHERS CEASED TO SPEAK.


THEN HE TOO SPOKE, ARGUING THAT JOB'S ERROR WASN'T IN SECRET SIN,
HEARKEN UNTO THIS OH JOB. STAND STILL AND CONSIDER THE WONDROUS WORKS OF GOD!
...BUT RATHER IN GIVING HIMSELF CREDIT FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS AND FORGETTING THAT THE CREDIT REALLY BELONGED WITH GOD.

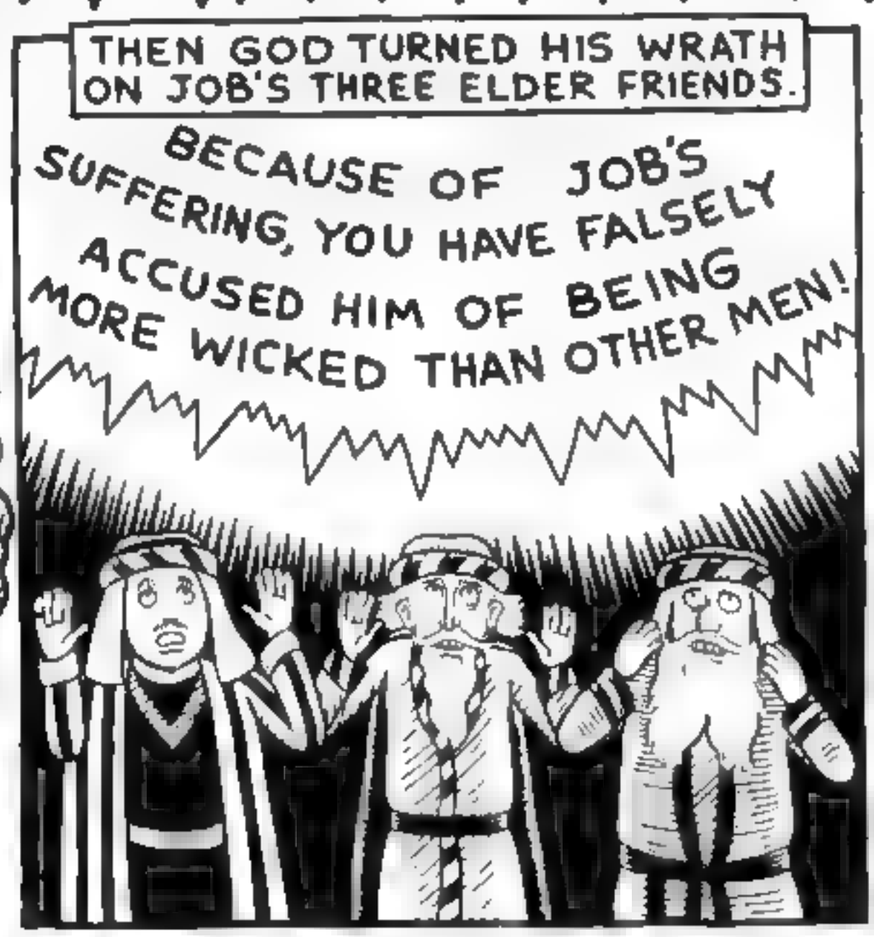

SUDDENLY, AMIDST MUCH TURBULENCE, A GREAT WHIRLWIND APPEARED.

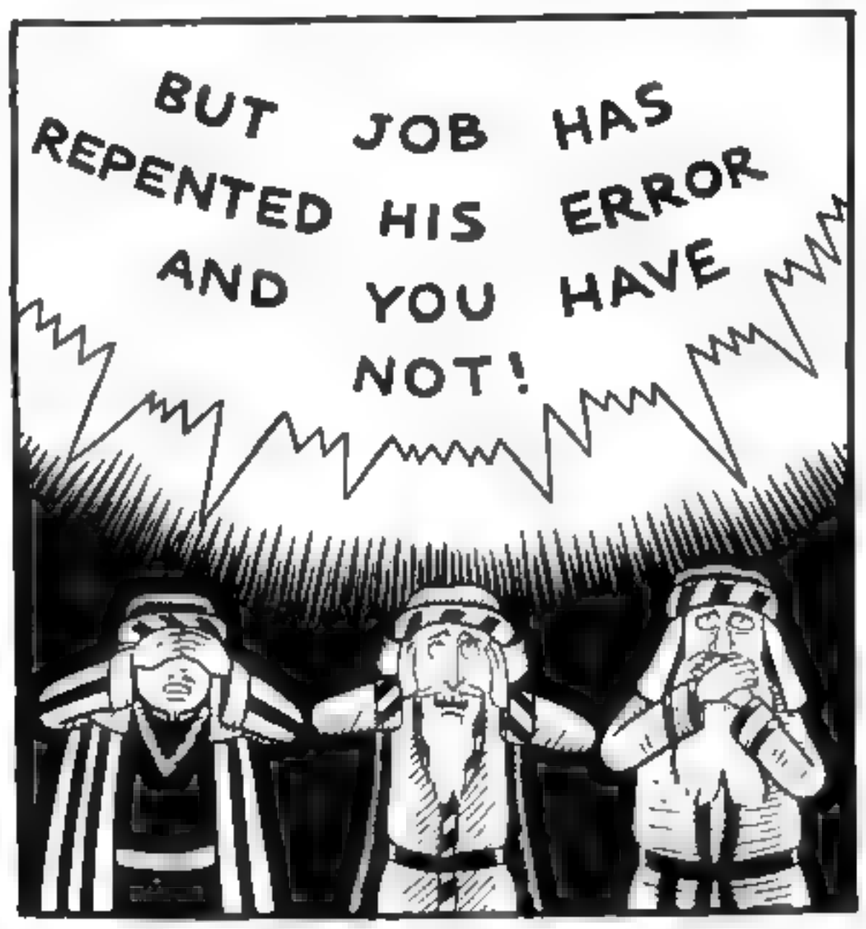
AND OUT OF THE WHIRLWIND, THE MIGHTY VOICE OF GOD ADDRESSED JOB.
WHO IS IT WHO SPEAKS SUCH THINGS WITHOUT KNOWLEGE!!

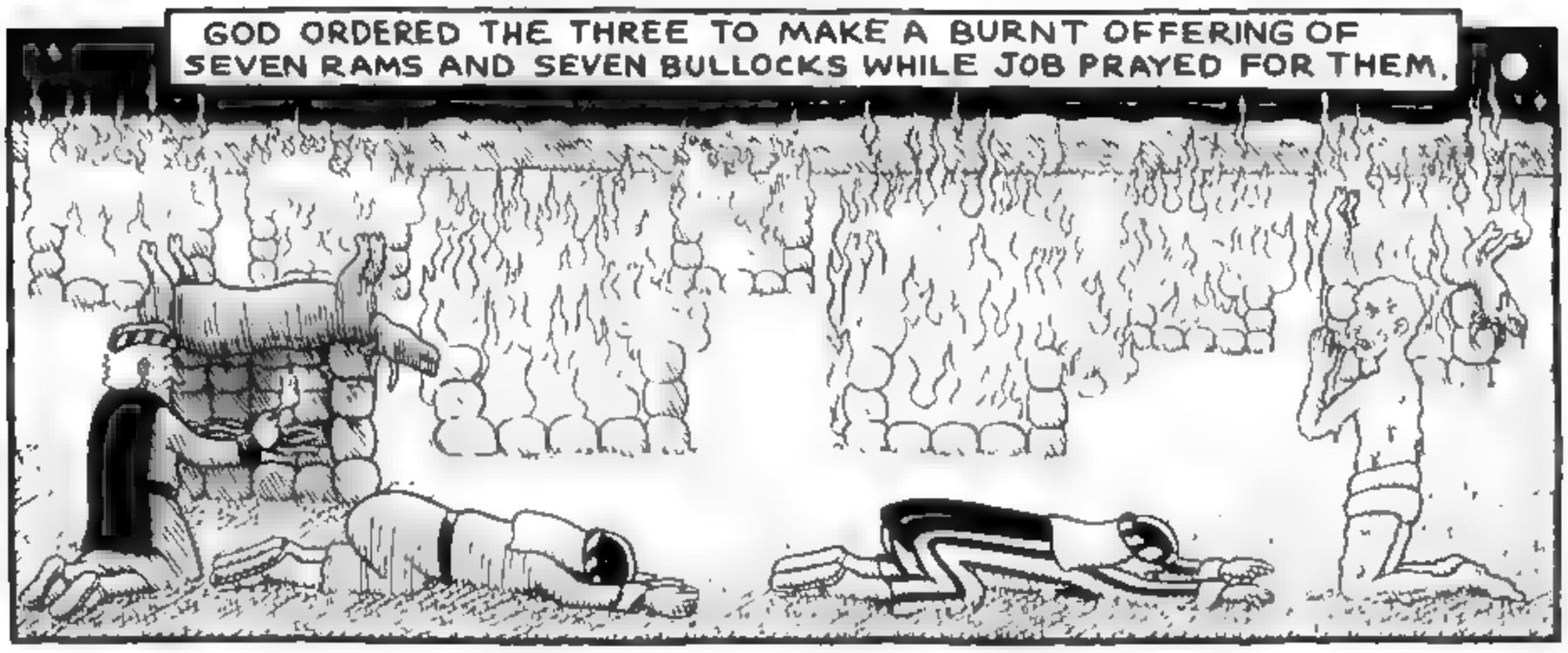
QUAKING WITH FEAR, JOB SPOKE.
B'BEHOLD I AM VILE!...
AND HAVE N'NOT THE WISDOM TO ANSWER.

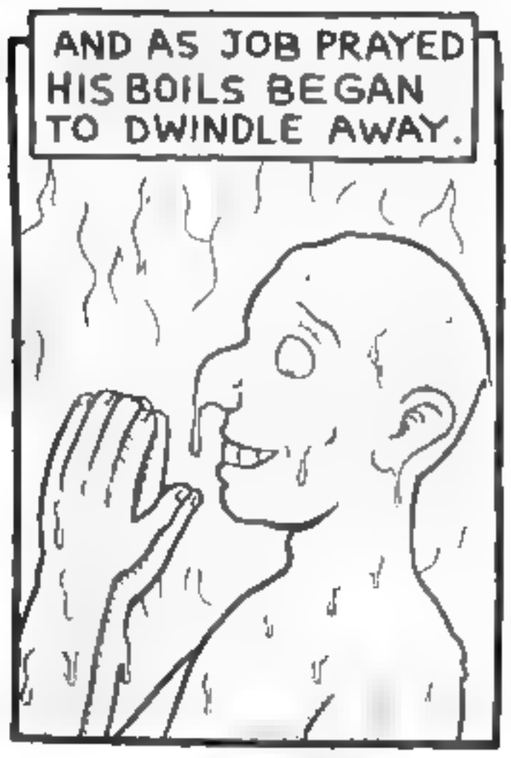
AND GOD IN A FURTHER DEMONSTRATION OF HIS MIGHT, CAUSED A GIANT BEHEMOTH TO APPEAR BEFORE THEM, POINTING OUT THAT ONLY GOD, AND NOT PUNY MAN, HAS ANY CONCEPTION OF WHAT'S REQUIRED TO CREATE AND CONTROL THIS OR ANY OTHER OF GOD'S MIGHTY CREATIONS.

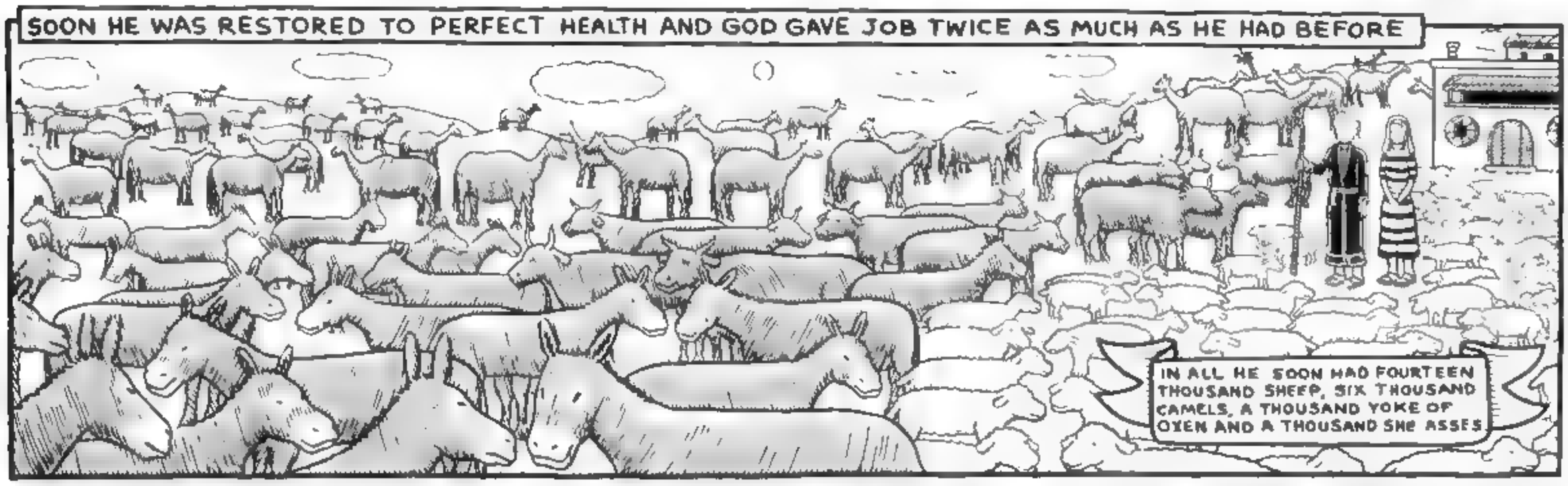
I HAVE HEARD OF THEE BY THE HEARING. BUT NOW I SEE! I REPENT MY LORD! I REPENT!

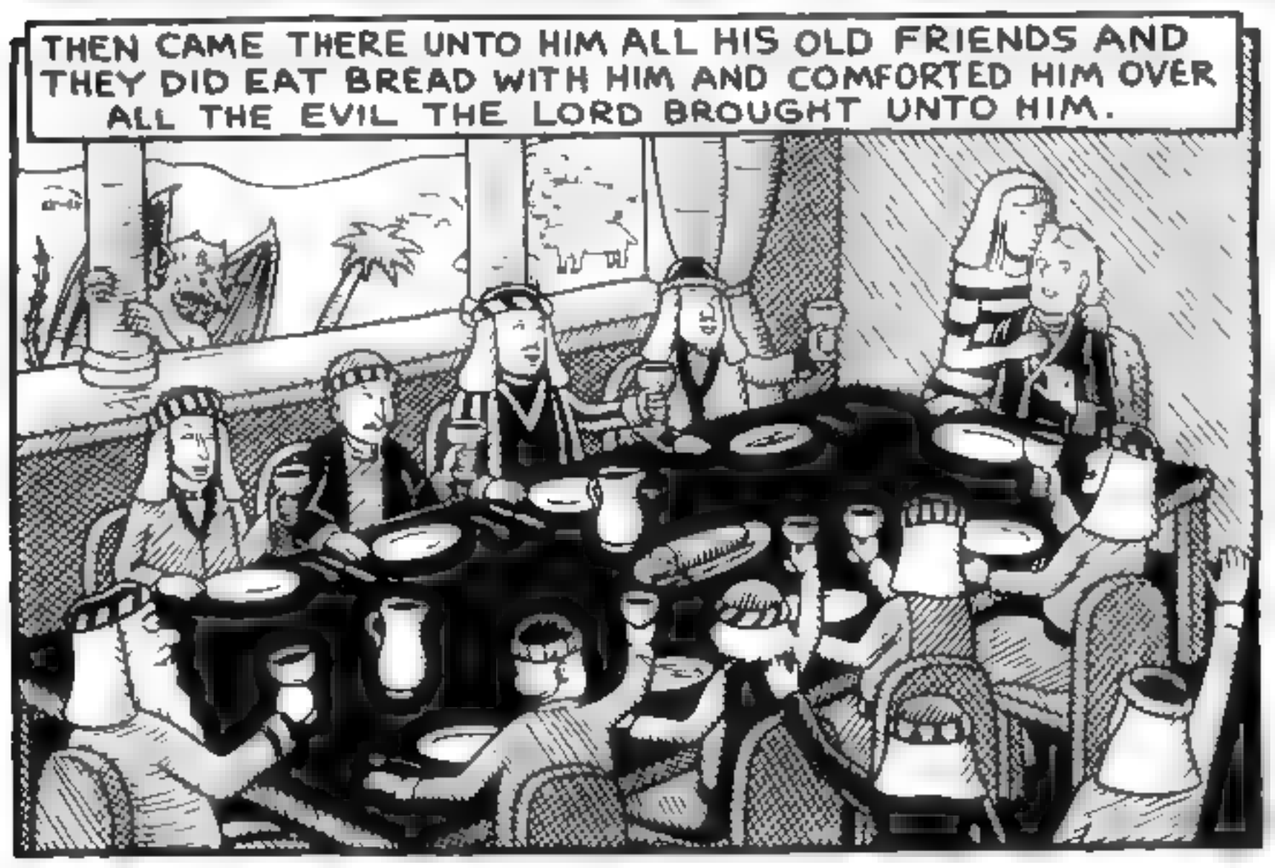

THEN GOD TURNED HIS WRATH ON JOB'S THREE ELDER FRIENDS.
BECAUSE OF JOB'S SUFFERING, YOU HAVE FALSELY ACCUSED HIM OF BEING MORE WICKED THAN OTHER MEN!

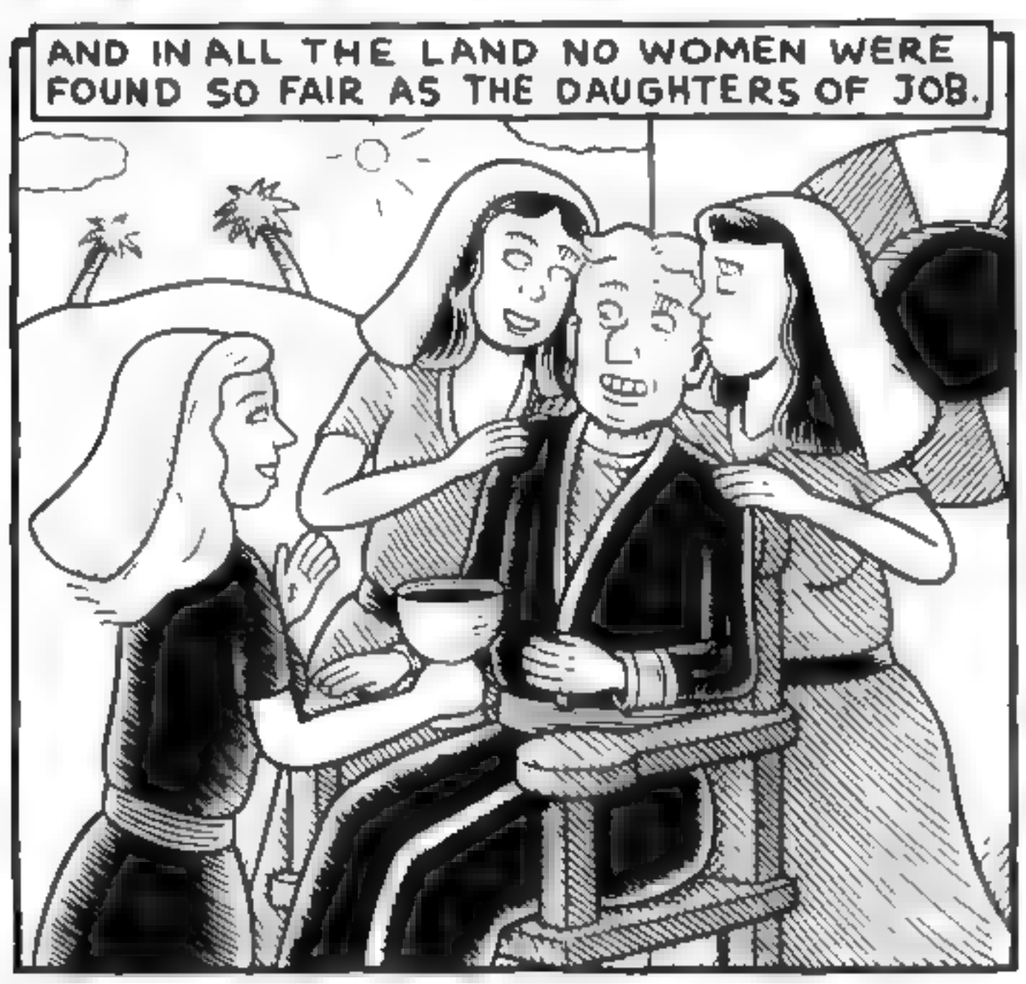

BUT JOB HAS REPENTED HIS ERROR AND YOU HAVE NOT!

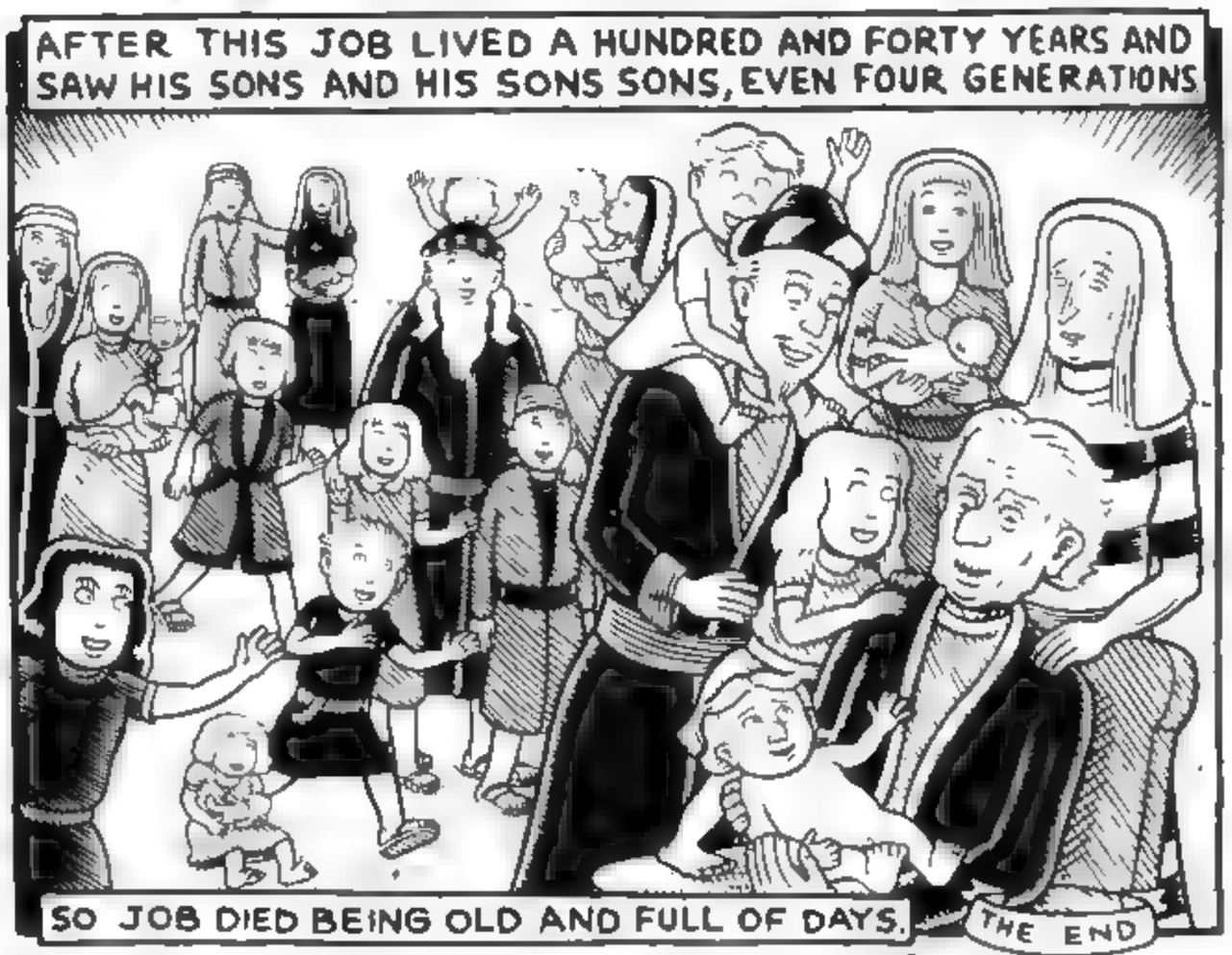






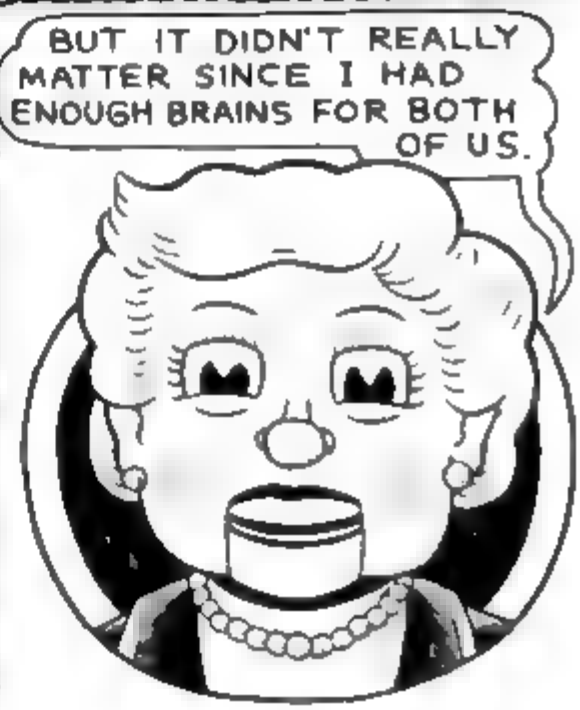






Kim Deitch 87

The Final Curtain



EVERYTHING WOULD HAVE BEEN FINE IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR PHIL'S DAMNED ROVING EYE
IN FACT WE WERE HAVING A FEW CHOICE WORDS ABOUT IT THE NIGHT OF THE ACCIDENT
DON'T LIE TO ME! I SAW YOU WITH THAT CHORUS GIRL!
I SUPPOSE IT WAS MY FAULT IN A WAY,
WILL YOU CUT THAT OUT! I'M TRYIN TO DRIVE!
BUT THE THOUGHT OF PHIL AND ANOTHER WOMAN ALWAYS DID GET MY GOAT!
SCRAPE!
SMASH!
I WAS PLENTY SORRY LATER PHIL DESTROYED THE CAR, BROKE HIS LEG AND KILLED ME OUTRIGHT
BUT PHIL WAS ALOT SORRIER THE POOR BOOB WAS LOST WITHOUT ME
H.A. WALLACE
A FEW MONTHS LATER, A FRIEND OF PHIL'S TALKED HIM INTO ATTENDING A SEANCE
MAXINE MORGAN! IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, GIVE US A SIGN!

I GUESS NONE OF THOSE FOOLS WERE EXPECTING WHAT HAPPENED NEXT
A SIGN? WHAT KIND?

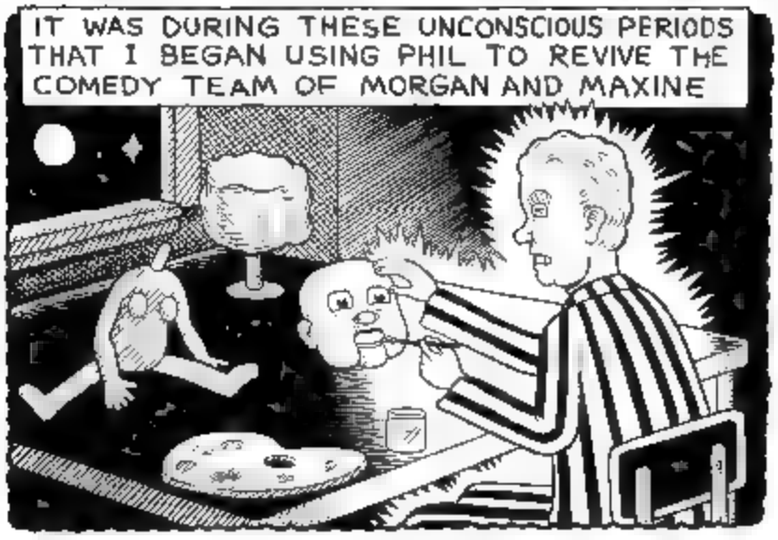
A TRAFFIC SIGN OR A BILLBOARD?
MOST SPIRITS WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THESE PHONY SEANCES, BUT I HAD MY OWN IDEAS

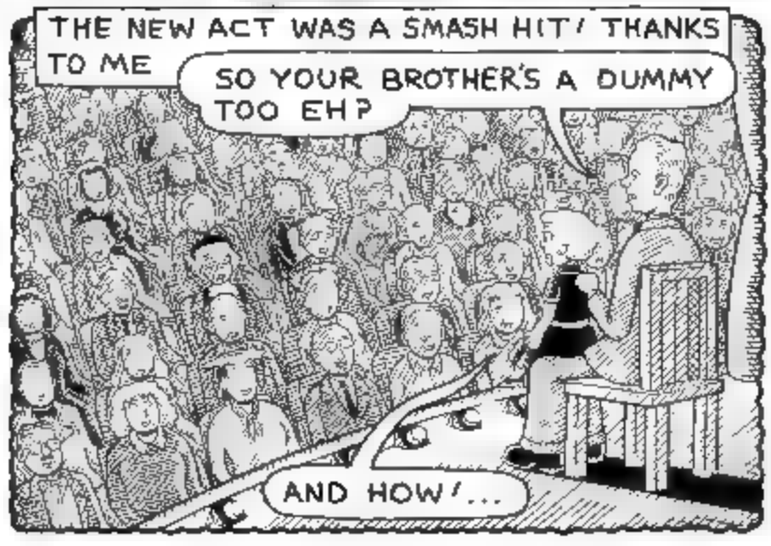
FOR THE NEXT HOUR, USING PHIL AS MY MEDIUM, I HELD THE FLOOR .
MAXINE, I KNOW AN ARTIST WHO WANTS TO PAINT YOU IN THE NUDE.

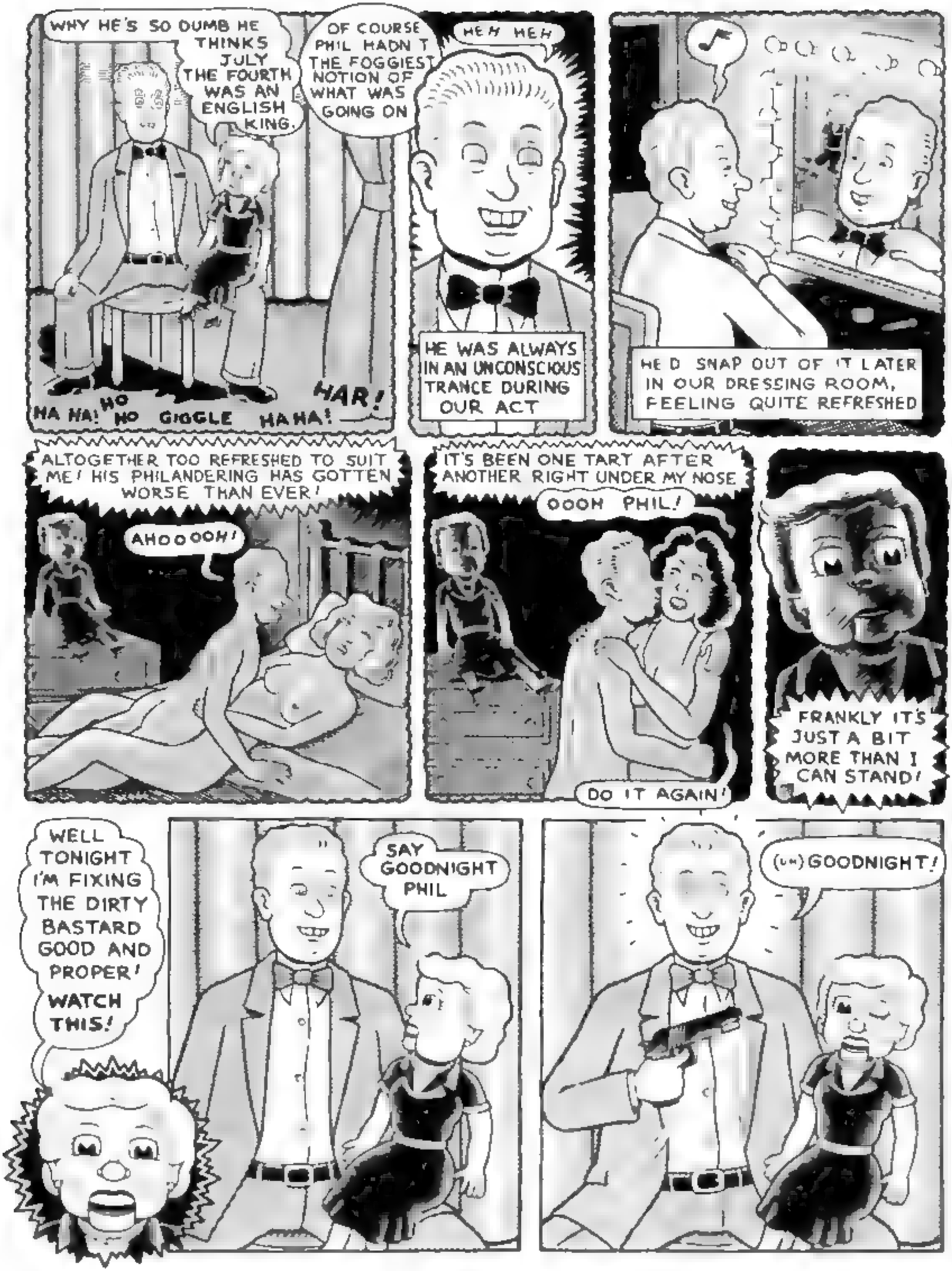
NOTHING DOING! EITHER HE KEEPS HIS CLOTHES ON, OR I DON'T POSE!
HAR HAR!
GIGGLE
HA HA HA!
IT WAS JUST LIKE OLD TIMES BETWEEN PHIL AND ME, WE BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN.

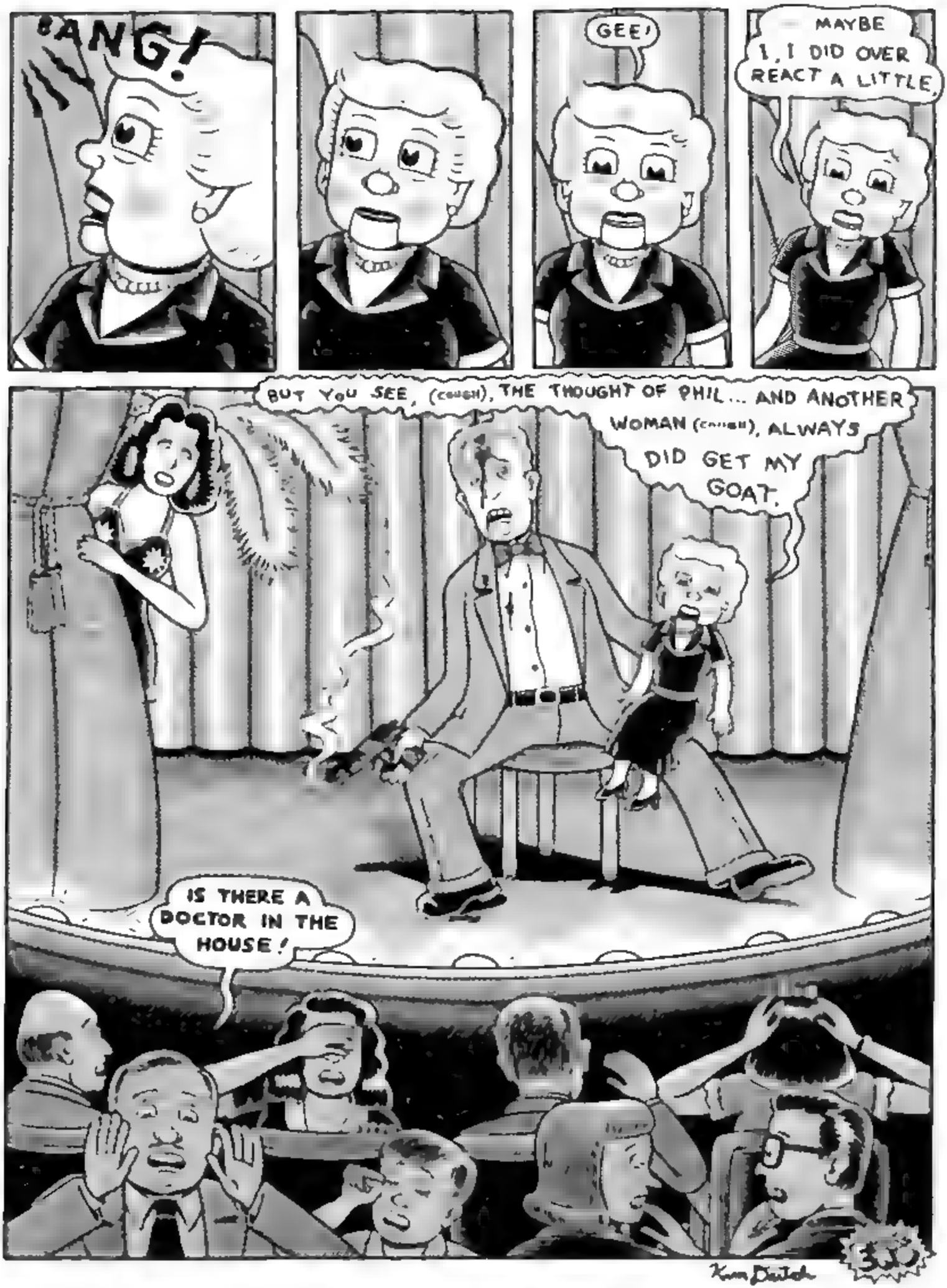
LATER PHIL DIDN'T REMEMBER A THING

AND I SOON REALIZED THAT THE BEST TIME TO INFLUENCE PHIL WAS WHEN HE WAS SLEEPING.
PHIL, GET UP! THERE'S MUCH FOR US TO DO!


IT WAS DURING THESE UNCONSCIOUS PERIODS THAT I BEGAN USING PHIL TO REVIVE THE COMEDY TEAM OF MORGAN AND MAXINE


THE NEW ACT WAS A SMASH HIT! THANKS TO ME
SO YOUR BROTHER'S A DUMMY TOO EH?
AND HOW!...


WHY HE'S SO DUMB HE THINKS JULY THE FOURTH WAS AN ENGLISH KING.
OF COURSE PHIL HADN'T THE FOGGIEST NOTION OF WHAT WAS GOING ON
HEH HEH
HA HA! HO HO GIGGLE HAHA! HAR!
HE WAS ALWAYS IN AN UNCONSCIOUS TRANCE DURING OUR ACT
HE'D SNAP OUT OF IT LATER IN OUR DRESSING ROOM, FEELING QUITE REFRESHED
ALTOGETHER TOO REFRESHED TO SUIT ME! HIS PHILANDERING HAS GOTTEN WORSE THAN EVER!
AHOOOOH!
IT'S BEEN ONE TART AFTER ANOTHER RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE
OOOH PHIL!
DO IT AGAIN!
FRANKLY IT'S JUST A BIT MORE THAN I CAN STAND!
WELL TONIGHT I'M FIXING THE DIRTY BASTARD GOOD AND PROPER! WATCH THIS!
SAY GOODNIGHT PHIL
(UH) GOODNIGHT!


BANG!
GEE!
MAYBE I, I DID OVER REACT A LITTLE.
BUT YOU SEE, (cough), THE THOUGHT OF PHIL... AND ANOTHER WOMAN (cough), ALWAYS DID GET MY GOAT.
IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE!

MORE THAN LIFE*

BY Kim Deitch

COMIC BOOK KING, GARY ARLINGTON, HAS CAR TROUBLE DURING A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH ALASKA.

DAMN!

*"I LOVE THE VAULT KEEPER MORE THAN LIFE." GARY E. (c.) ARLINGTON

PUT SPUT SPUTTER!

E.C. LIVES

STARRING GARY ARLINGTON AND A SPECIAL GUEST STAR!

HMM!
HOORAY! IT'S A GAS POWERED SKEEMOBILE!

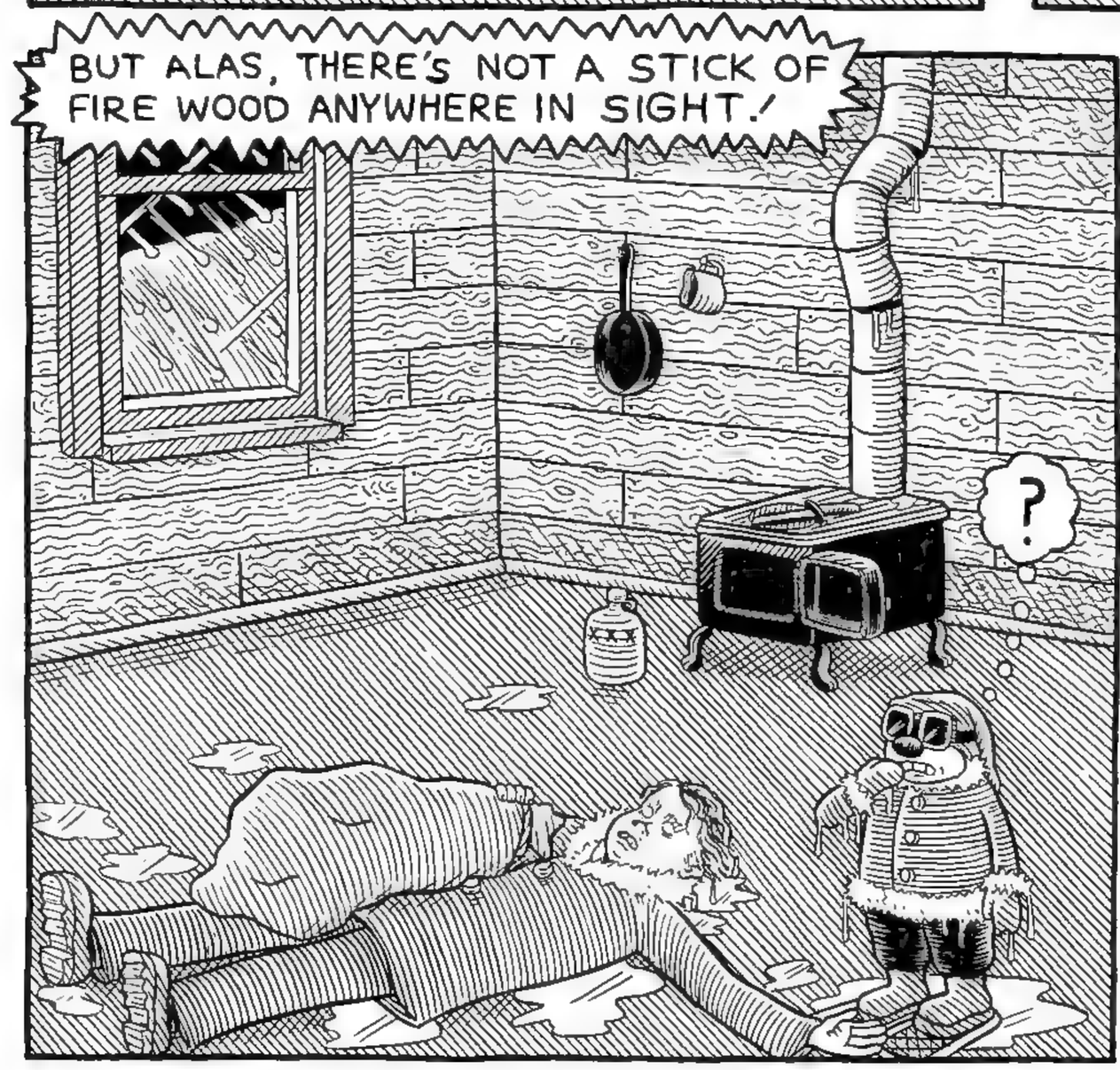
BUT AS NIGHT FALLS, THE STORM WORSENS!
MOTHER OF MERCY!

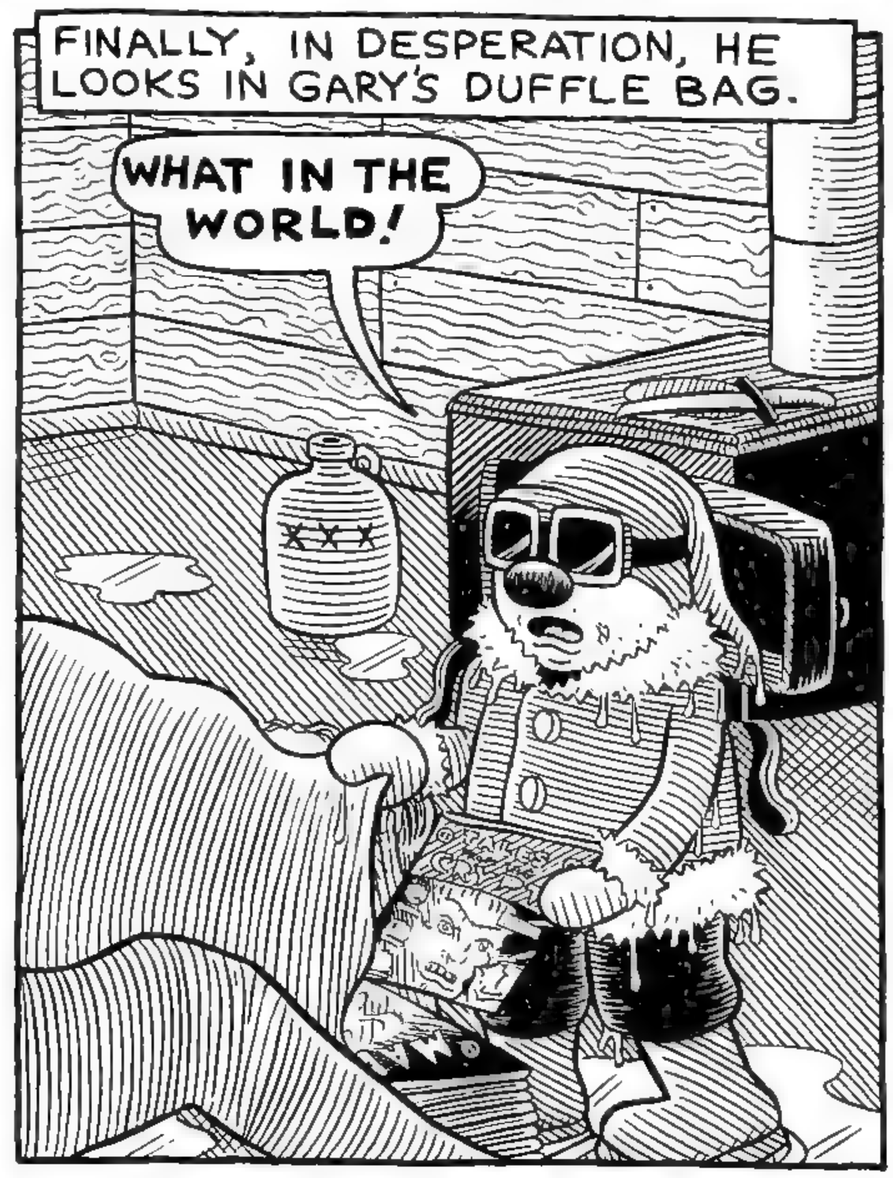
SOON THE STRANGER IS ALSO LOST!
CAN THIS BE THE END OF...

THANK GOD!
THEN SUDDENLY HE SPOTS A LONE CABIN!

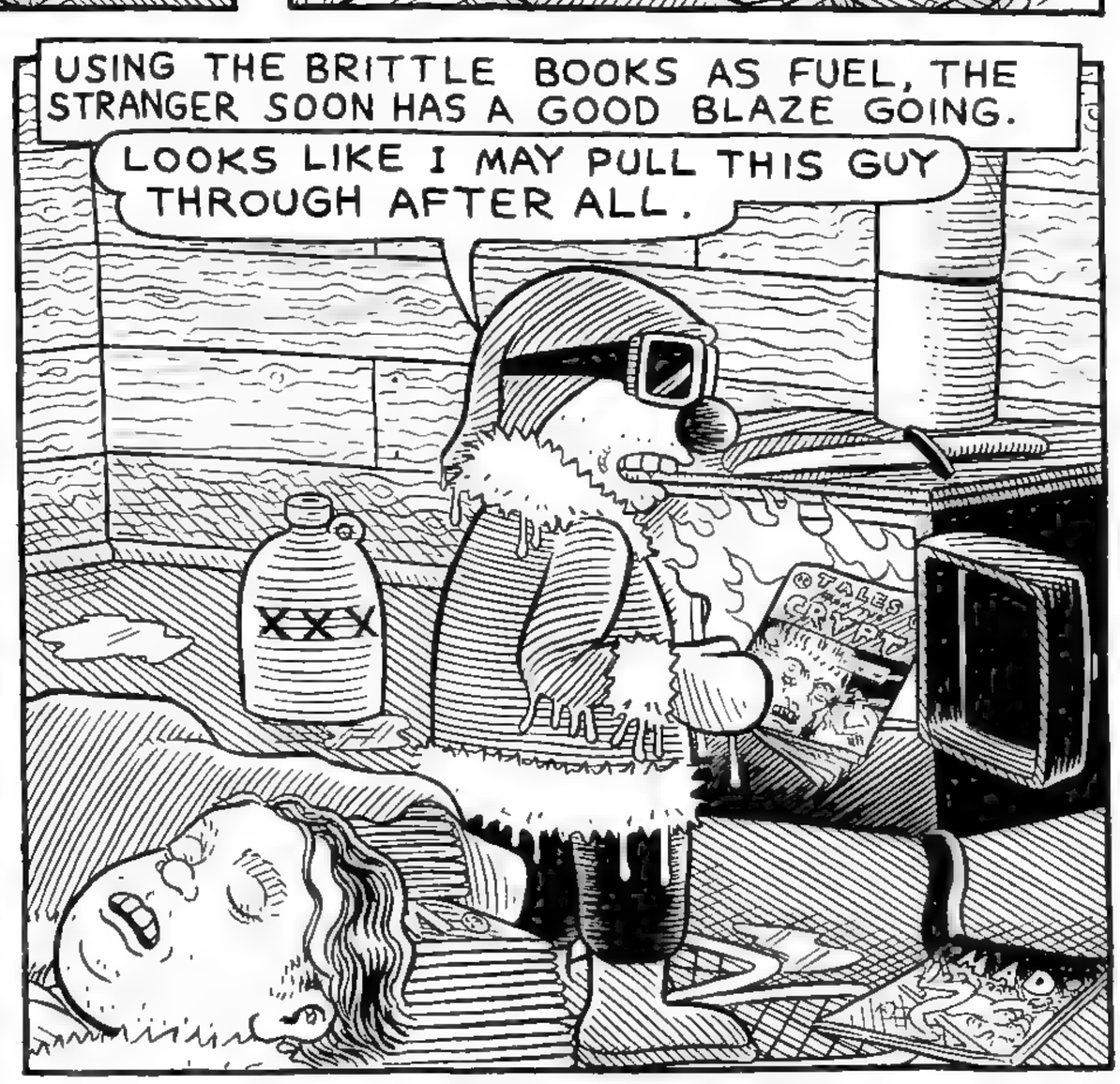
THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER DRAGS GARY INTO THE ABANDONED CABIN.

WELL, HE'S ALIVE, BUT JUST BARELY.
NOW, IF I CAN JUST GET A FIRE GOING.


BUT ALAS, THERE'S NOT A STICK OF FIRE WOOD ANYWHERE IN SIGHT!
?

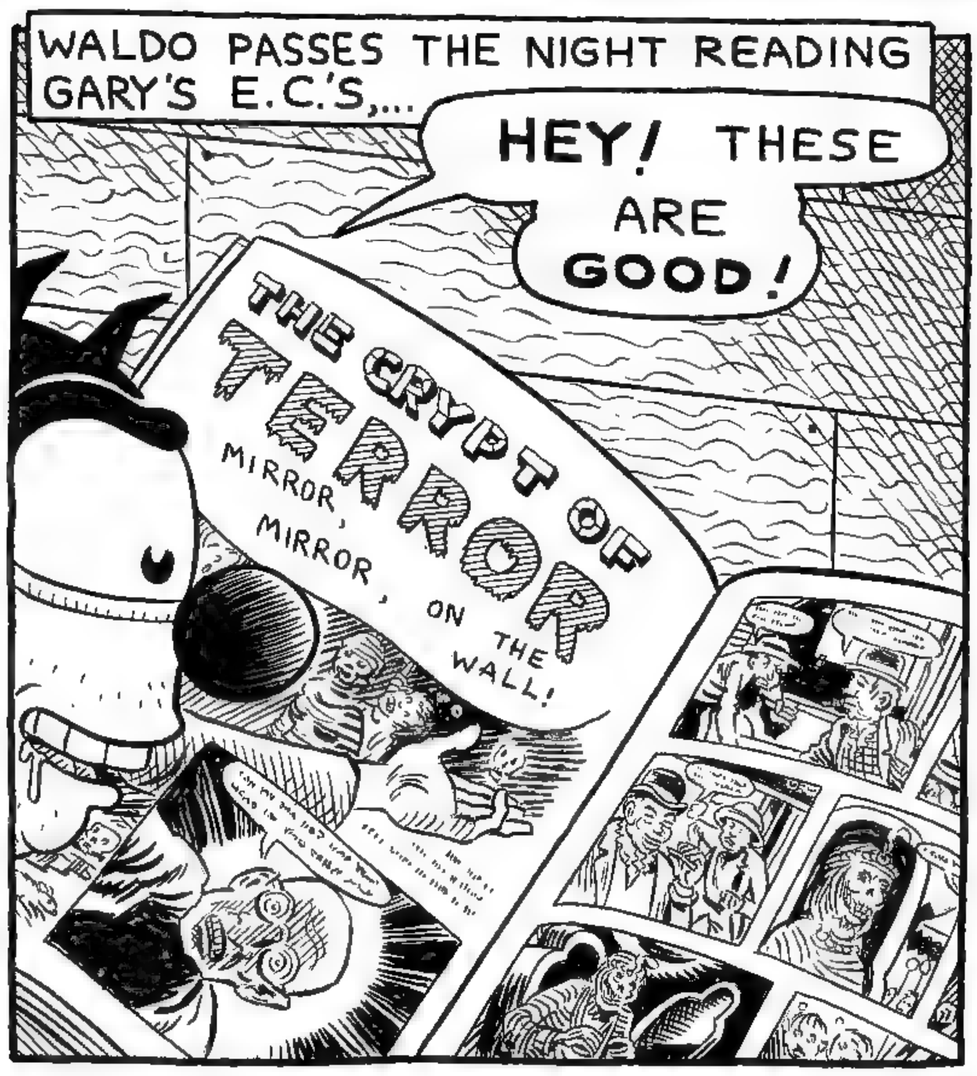

FINALLY, IN DESPERATION, HE LOOKS IN GARY'S DUFFLE BAG.
WHAT IN THE WORLD!

THERE'S NOTHIN IN THIS BAG BUT OLD COMIC BOOKS! WHAT KIND OF A CRACKPOT IS THIS GUY?
TALES FROM THE CRYPT
DAISY!
AIR RIFLE!
WOW!
ASK DAD!


USING THE BRITTLE BOOKS AS FUEL, THE STRANGER SOON HAS A GOOD BLAZE GOING.
LOOKS LIKE I MAY PULL THIS GUY THROUGH AFTER ALL.

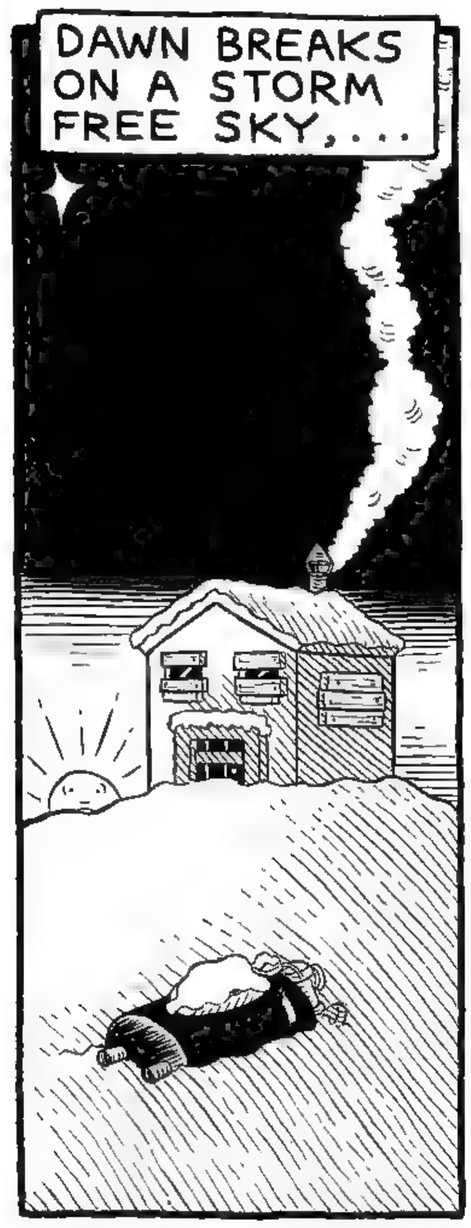
AS THE CABIN WARMS, THE STRANGER REMOVES SOME OF HIS SNOW GEAR,...

AND HAS A PULL ON THE MEDICINAL JUG.
AH!
WHY IT'S OUR OLD FRIEND WALDO!


WALDO PASSES THE NIGHT READING GARY'S E.C.'S,...
HEY! THESE ARE GOOD!
THE CRYPT OF TERROR
MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL!

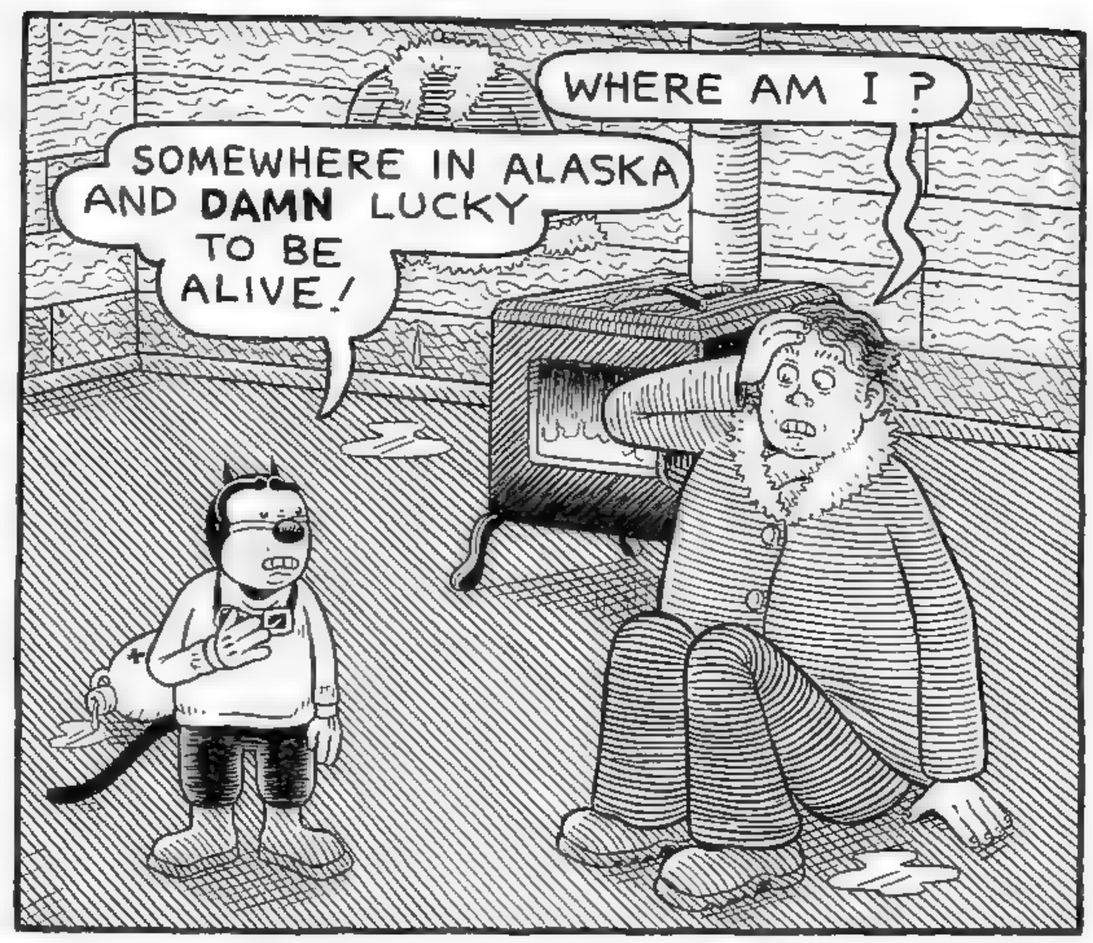
...AS HE METHODICALLY FEEDS THEM TO THE OLD WOOD STOVE.
KIND OF A SHAME TO BURN EM UP.
XXX
TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BUT THIS GUY'LL NEVER MAKE IT IF I DON'T KEEP THIS FIRE GOING.
XXX
PANIC
MAD


DAWN BREAKS ON A STORM FREE SKY,...

JUST AS THE LAST E.C. HITS THE FLAMES.
PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE

GROAN!
HEY! HE'S COMING AROUND!


WHERE AM I ?
SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA AND **DAMN** LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!

THANKS PAL, YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
AW HELL, DON'T THANK ME,...

WE'D HAVE NEVER MADE IT IF I DIDN'T HAVE THOSE COMICS OF YOURS TO BURN AND KEEP US WARM THROUGH THE NIGHT.

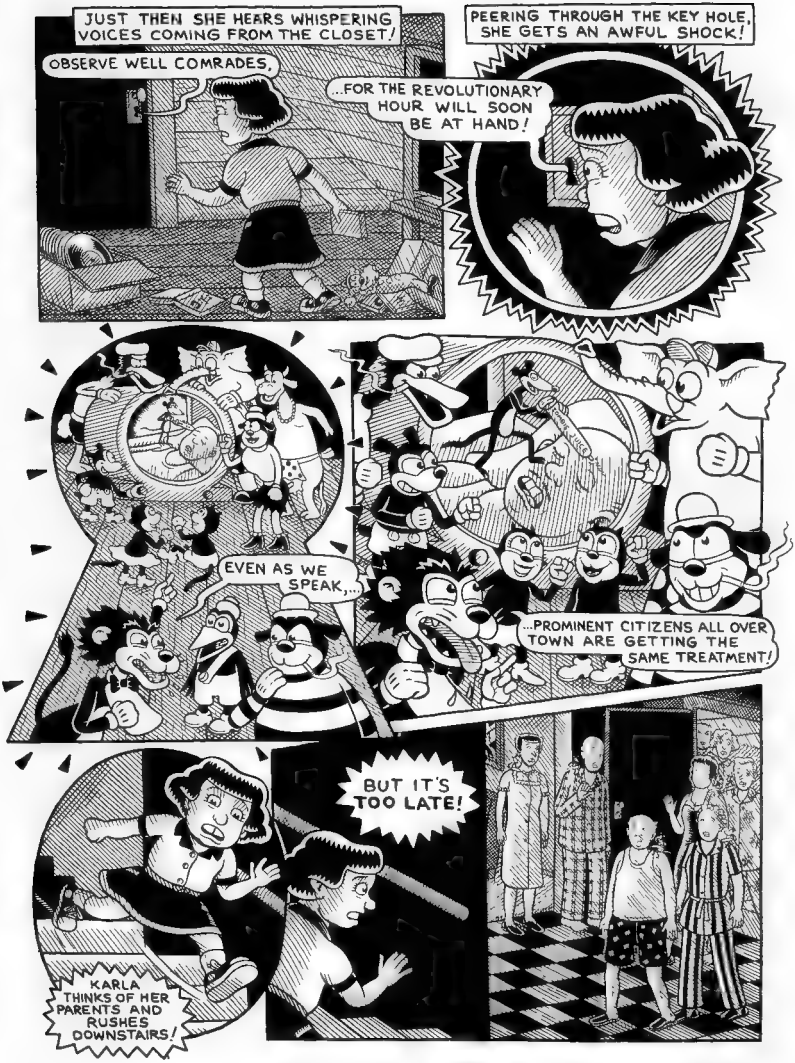
?

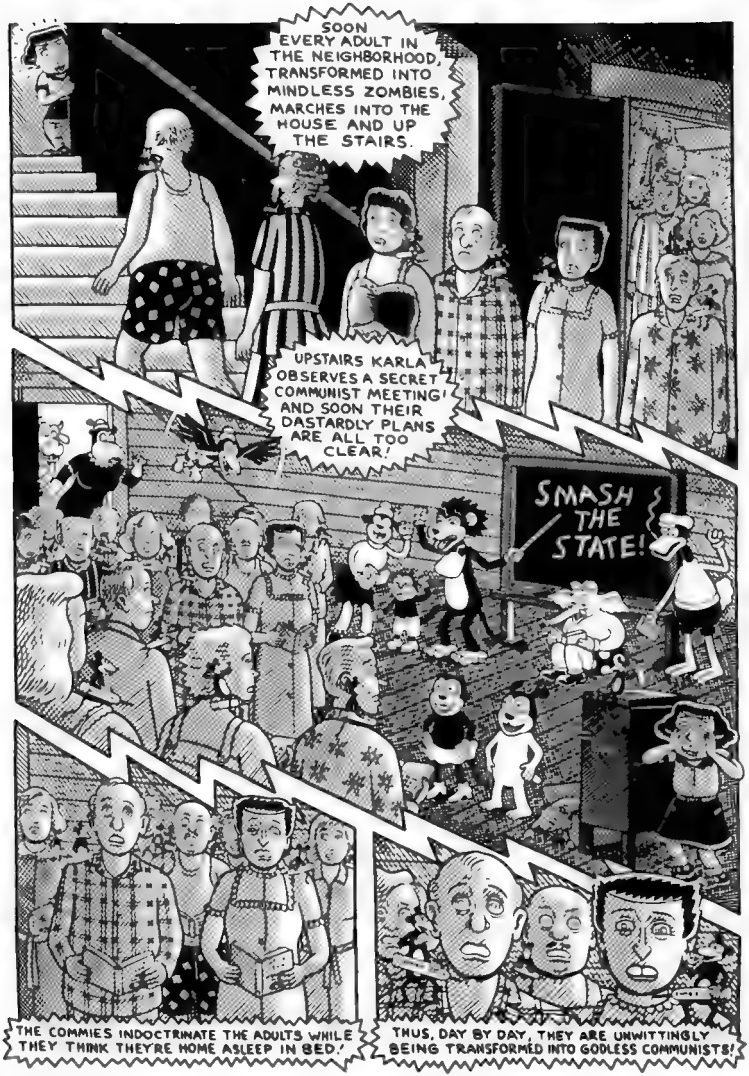
SUDDENLY
YOW! WHAT A NIGHTMARE!
GARY'S E.C.'S SAFE & SOUND.
B-R-R-RING!
I'LL **NEVER** PIG OUT ON BAKED ALASKA AGAIN!
AND SO
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
Kim Deitch

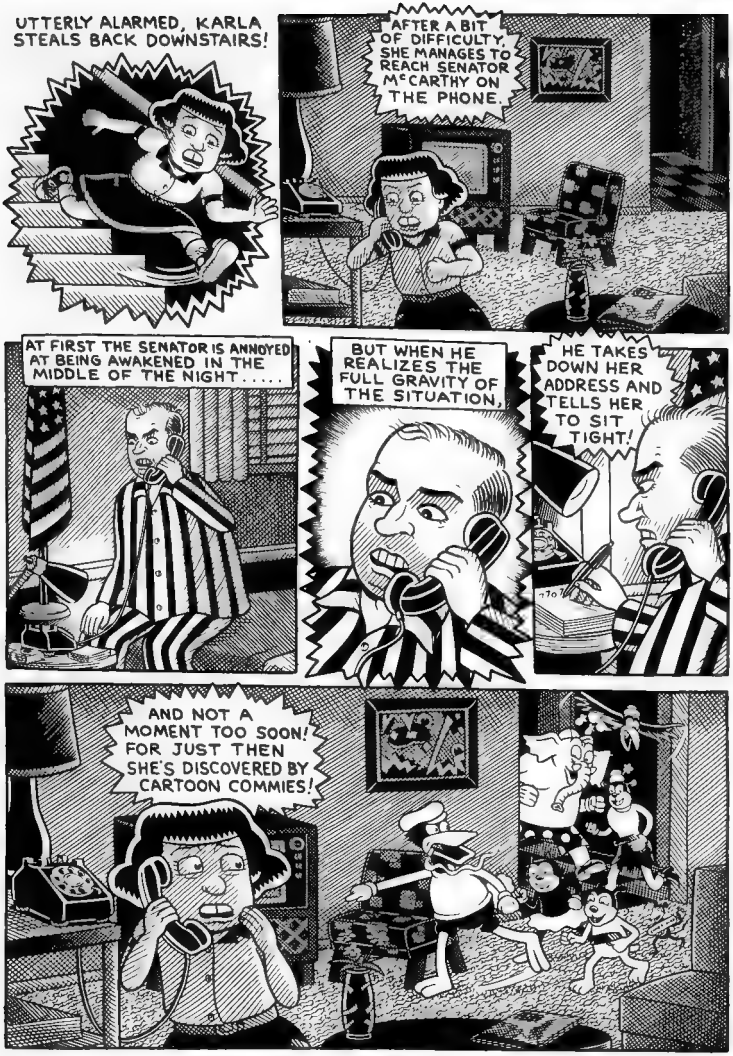
1954, ...EISENHOWER IN THE WHITE HOUSE!
.....KRUSHCHEV IN THE KREMLIN! .....

SUDDENLY!
SORRY HONEY,
MOTHER WANTS TO WATCH THE ARMY McCARTHY HEARINGS.
POINT OF ORDER.
LATER
HI HONEY I'M HOME!
HI DEAR!
JOHN YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE. THEY REALLY GAVE THAT BASTARD McCARTHY THE BUSINESS THIS AFTERNOON!
NO KIDDING!
AND HOW'S MY LITTLE PRINCESS?
TERRIBLE!
OH SHE'S BEEN IN A SNIT ALL AFTERNOON BECAUSE I TURNED OFF HER PRECIOUS CARTOON SHOW!

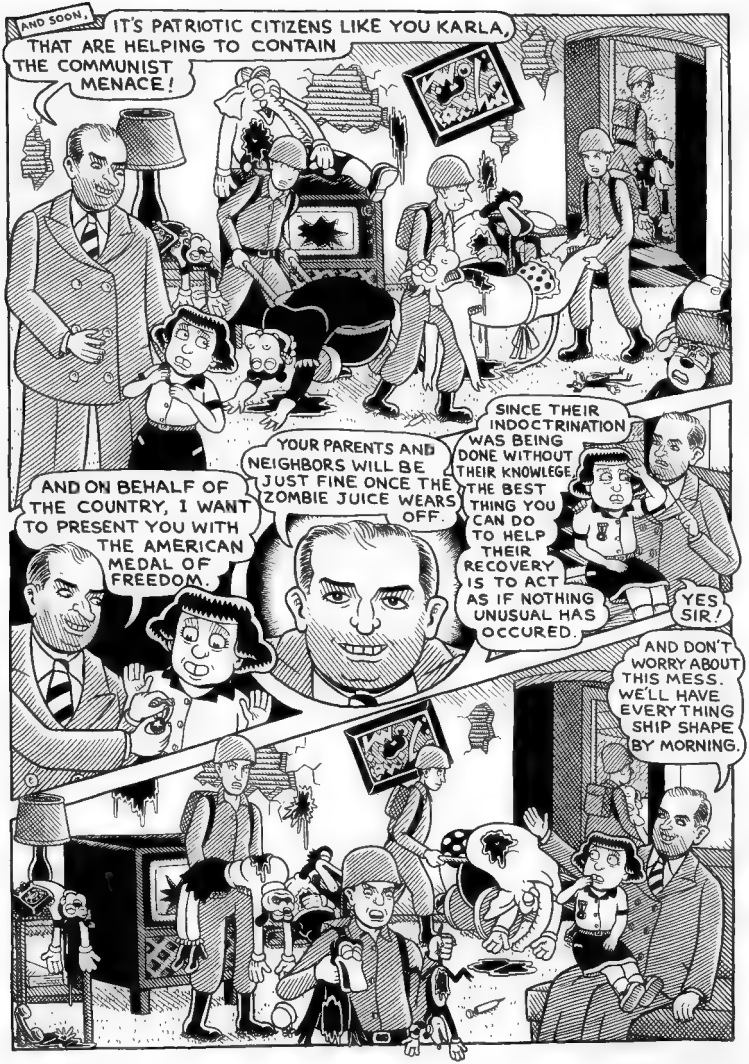
YOUNG LADY, YOU CAN JUST GO TO YOUR ROOM UNTIL YOU'RE READY TO ACT LIKE A CIVILIZED HUMAN BEING!
DIRTY COMMUNISTS!
INSTEAD OF GOING TO HER ROOM, KARLA SNEAKS INTO THE UPSTAIRS ATTIC,...
...AND IS SOON VIGOROUSLY AT PLAY!
TAKE THAT YA DIRTY COMMIE!
IN A BOX THAT SHE'S ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKED OVER, IS A MYSTERIOUS MULTI VOLUME SET OF BOOKS!
LITTLE LENIN LIBRARY VOL 6
ONE PEEK TELLS ALL!
HOLY COW! COMMIE BOOKS!
THE LITTLE LENIN LIBRARY
COMMUNIST PRINCIPLES FOR LITTLE FOLK
VOLUME 6 FOUNDATIONS OF A NEW AMERICAN REVOLUTION


JUST THEN SHE HEARS WHISPERING VOICES COMING FROM THE CLOSET!
OBSERVE WELL COMRADES,
..FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY HOUR WILL SOON BE AT HAND!
PEERING THROUGH THE KEY HOLE, SHE GETS AN AWFUL SHOCK!
EVEN AS WE SPEAK,...
...PROMINENT CITIZENS ALL OVER TOWN ARE GETTING THE SAME TREATMENT!
KARLA THINKS OF HER PARENTS AND RUSHES DOWNSTAIRS!
BUT IT'S TOO LATE!


SOON EVERY ADULT IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, TRANSFORMED INTO MINDLESS ZOMBIES, MARCHES INTO THE HOUSE AND UP THE STAIRS.
UPSTAIRS KARLA OBSERVES A SECRET COMMUNIST MEETING! AND SOON THEIR DASTARDLY PLANS ARE ALL TOO CLEAR!
SMASH THE STATE!
THE COMMIES INDOCTRINATE THE ADULTS WHILE THEY THINK THEY'RE HOME ASLEEP IN BED.
THUS, DAY BY DAY, THEY ARE UNWITTINGLY BEING TRANSFORMED INTO GODLESS COMMUNISTS!


UTTERLY ALARMED, KARLA STEALS BACK DOWNSTAIRS!
AFTER A BIT OF DIFFICULTY, SHE MANAGES TO REACH SENATOR McCARTHY ON THE PHONE.
AT FIRST THE SENATOR IS ANNOYED AT BEING AWAKENED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.....
BUT WHEN HE REALIZES THE FULL GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION,
HE TAKES DOWN HER ADDRESS AND TELLS HER TO SIT TIGHT!
AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON! FOR JUST THEN SHE'S DISCOVERED BY CARTOON COMMIES!

SOON ZOMBIE JUICE IS ABOUT TO BE INJECTED INTO HER FREEDOM LOVING BRAIN BY CARTOON COMMIES!
JUST THEN ARMY COMMANDOS PERSONALLY LED BY SENATOR McCARTHY, BURST INTO THE HOUSE!
NO QUARTER IS GIVEN! COMMIE DOGS, CATS AND RATS ARE BLASTED INTO ETERNITY!


AND SOON,
IT'S PATRIOTIC CITIZENS LIKE YOU KARLA, THAT ARE HELPING TO CONTAIN THE COMMUNIST MENACE!
AND ON BEHALF OF THE COUNTRY, I WANT TO PRESENT YOU WITH THE AMERICAN MEDAL OF FREEDOM.
YOUR PARENTS AND NEIGHBORS WILL BE JUST FINE ONCE THE ZOMBIE JUICE WEARS OFF.
SINCE THEIR INDOCTRINATION WAS BEING DONE WITHOUT THEIR KNOWLEGE, THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO TO HELP THEIR RECOVERY IS TO ACT AS IF NOTHING UNUSUAL HAS OCCURED.
YES SIR!
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THIS MESS. WE'LL HAVE EVERYTHING SHIP SHAPE BY MORNING.

DAWN! KARLA AWAKENS IN THE LIVING ROOM.
GOSH! I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF!
TRUE TO HIS WORD, SENATOR McCARTHY HAS HAD THE LIVING ROOM RESTORED TO PERFECT ORDER.
KARLA! WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING UP SO EARLY!
AND WHAT'S THIS SILLY MEDAL YOU'RE WEARING?
REMEMBERING SENATOR McCARTHY'S PLEA FOR DISCRETION, KARLA TELLS A LITTLE WHITE LIE.
AW, IT'S JUST A PRIZE I FOUND IN A BOX OF CRACKER JACKS.
I'LL NEVER TELL.
AND SHE NEVER DID EITHER.

OKAY, SO MUCH FOR FAIRY TALES. WHAT'S THE **REAL** LOW DOWN? WELL, HOW ABOUT...

A The Ship That Never Came In!
I'M JUST WAITING FOR SHIPS THAT NEVER COME IN....
....WAS A BIG SONG HIT OF THE 1920'S FOR A VAUDEVILLE SINGER NAMED ART GILHAM.
THIS SAD LAMENT OF LIFE'S DREAMS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS CERTAINLY MADE AN IMPRESSION ON TED MISHKIN.
MID STREAM GILHAM WOULD GO INTO A BRIEF SPOKEN RECITATION ABOUT MISSING THE BOAT IN LIFE. IT WAS A REAL CROWD PLEASER.
LOOK! THERE'S MY SHIP! LOOK! LOOK!
NO! WAIT!
IT'S...
IT'S...
NOT MY SHIP!

I'M JUST WAITING FOR SHIPS THAT NEVER COME IN....
AND ONE DAY IN 1929, IT GAVE TED MISHKIN A GREAT IDEA.
FONTAINE FABLES, WHERE TED WORKED AS AN ANIMATOR, ALREADY HAD A SPECTACULAR PROJECT FOR THE NEW TALKING PICTURES.
IT WAS EVEN SLATED TO BE THE WORLD'S FIRST CARTOON IN COLOR!
WALDO
STILL, THERE WAS A NAGGING FEELING AT THE STUDIO THAT SOMETHING WAS MISSING.....
TED WAS NOW CONVINCED THAT THAT MISSING SOMETHING, WAS A GOOD SONG SUNG BY FONTAINES REIGNING CARTOON STAR, WALDO THE CAT.

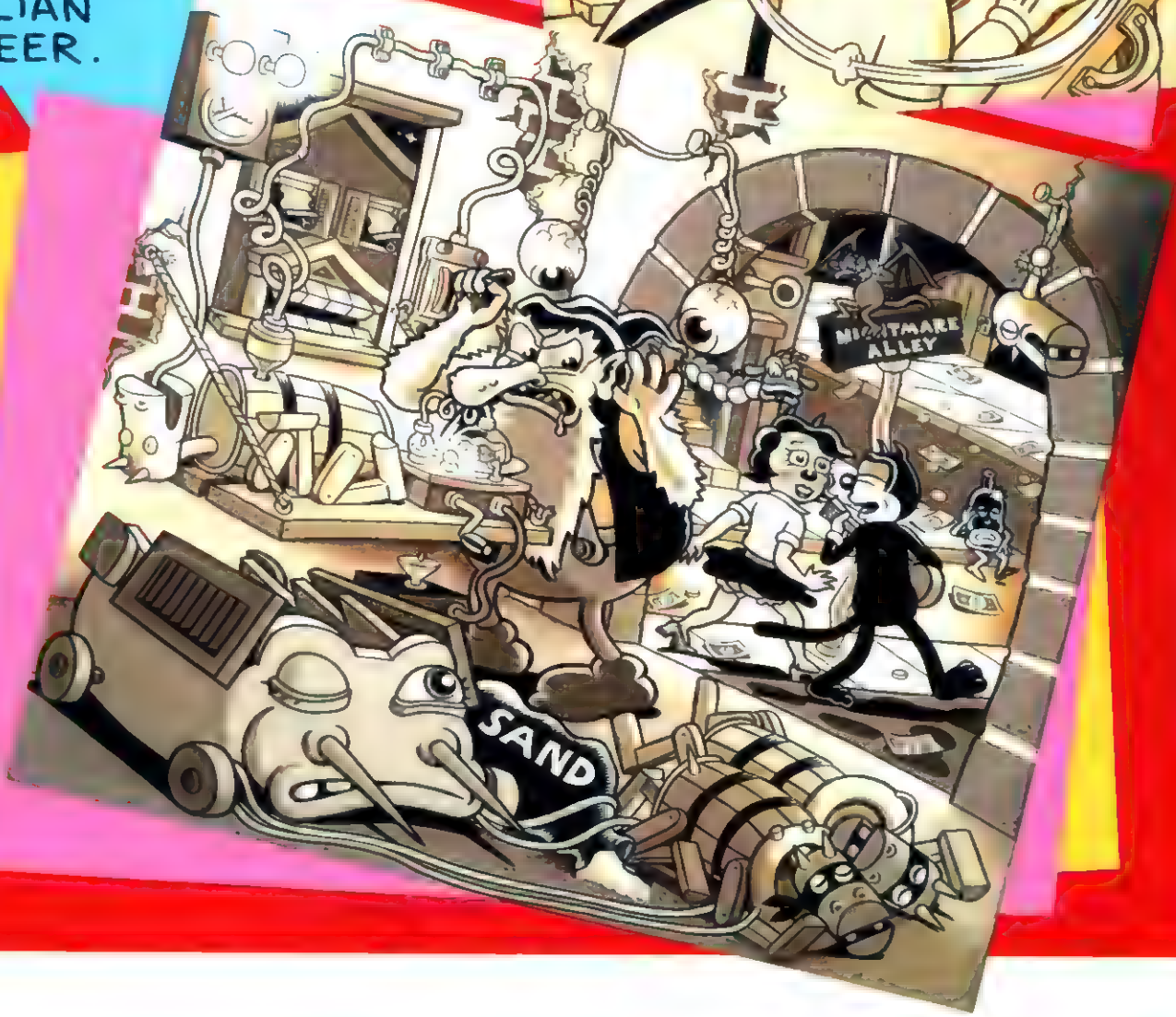
VERY SOON A NEW OPENING SEQUENCE WAS PUT INTO PRODUCTION. ART GILHAM HIMSELF SUPPLIED WALDO'S SINGING VOICE. THINGS WERE LOOKING GOOD!
PAGAN LOVE SONG
THERE'S MY SHIP!
THE FINAL PRODUCT LOOKED SPECTACULAR!
FRED! FRED! WE GOT SOUND! WE GOT A HIT SONG! WE GOT COLOR! WE CAN'T MISS!
IT'S,...IT'S NOT MY SHIP!
OCTOBER 29, 1929.
MR. LESSING. YOUR BROKER IS ON THE PHONE! IT SOUNDS IMPORTANT!
BUT MISS THEY DID. OWING TO THE FINANCIAL RUIN OF THE FILM'S BACKER FOY LESSING,....
THE NEW YORK JOURNAL
WALL STREET CRASH!
SHOWMAN FOY LESSING JUMPS FROM BUILDING!
....WAITING FOR SHIPS NEVER DID COME IN. HIS SUICIDE SCUTTLED THE PROJECT, AND UNFORTUNATELY NO PRINTS ARE KNOWN TO HAVE SURVIVED.

HOWEVER, A MAJOR FIND HAS RECENTLY COME TO LIGHT. SHOWN HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, ARE RARE CELLS FROM THIS AND OTHER FONTAINE FABLES CLASSICS!

A FINAL PEEK AT "SHIPS THAT NEVER COME IN," THIS TIME FROM THE CLIMAX.
"OUT OF NOWHERE," 1933. ANOTHER CARTOON IN EARLY TWO STRIP COLOR.

"DREAM STREET," A TYPICALLY FIRST CLASS FONTAINE FABLE OF 1934.

DIRECTED BY TED MISHKIN. ANIMATED BY TED MISHKIN AND LILLIAN FREER.



"FAIRY FROLICS," 1935. DIRECTED BY JACK SCHICK. THE FIRST FABLE IN THREE STRIP TECHNICOLOR.

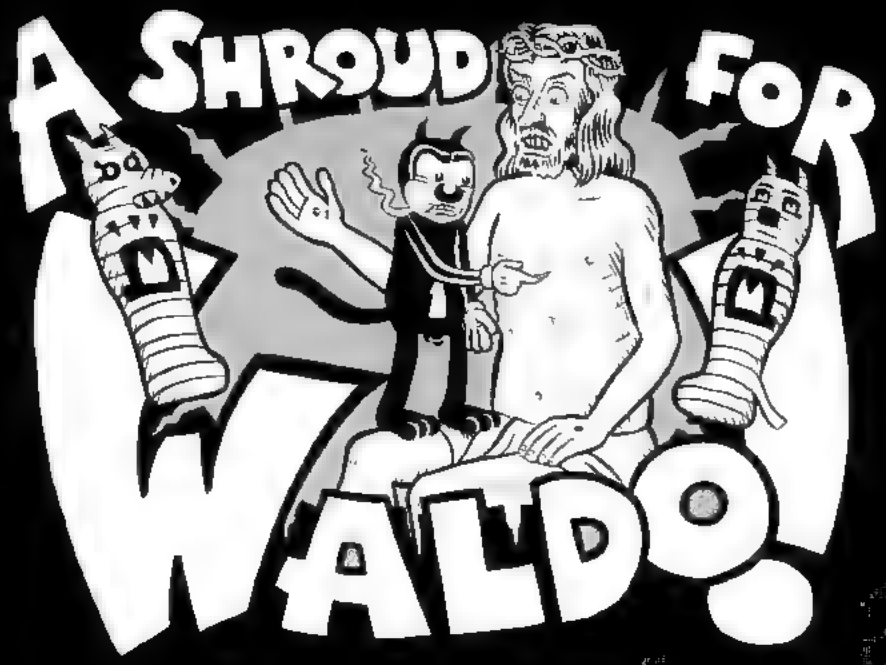
IN 1946, AS A REWARD FOR HIS SUCCESS WITH ROCKET RAT, TED MISHKIN WAS GIVEN COMPLETE FREEDOM ON A PERSONAL PROJECT.

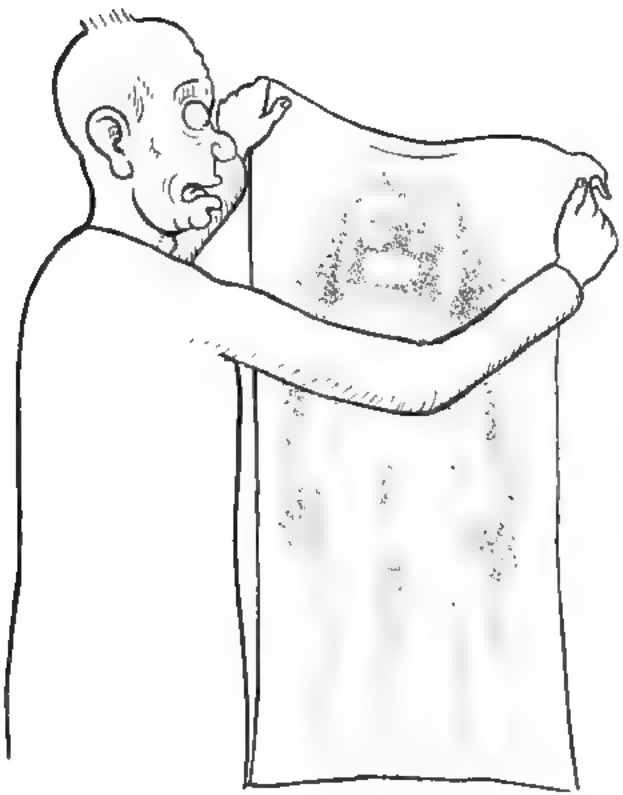
THE RESULT WAS A BIZARRE, NEVER RELEASED HODGE PODGE CALLED "MONKEY DOODLE."

PRODUCED BY KIM DEITCH
PRODUCTION ASSOCIATE: SIMON DEITCH
COLOR PRODUCTION ASSOCIATE: ROBERTA GREGORY

©1992

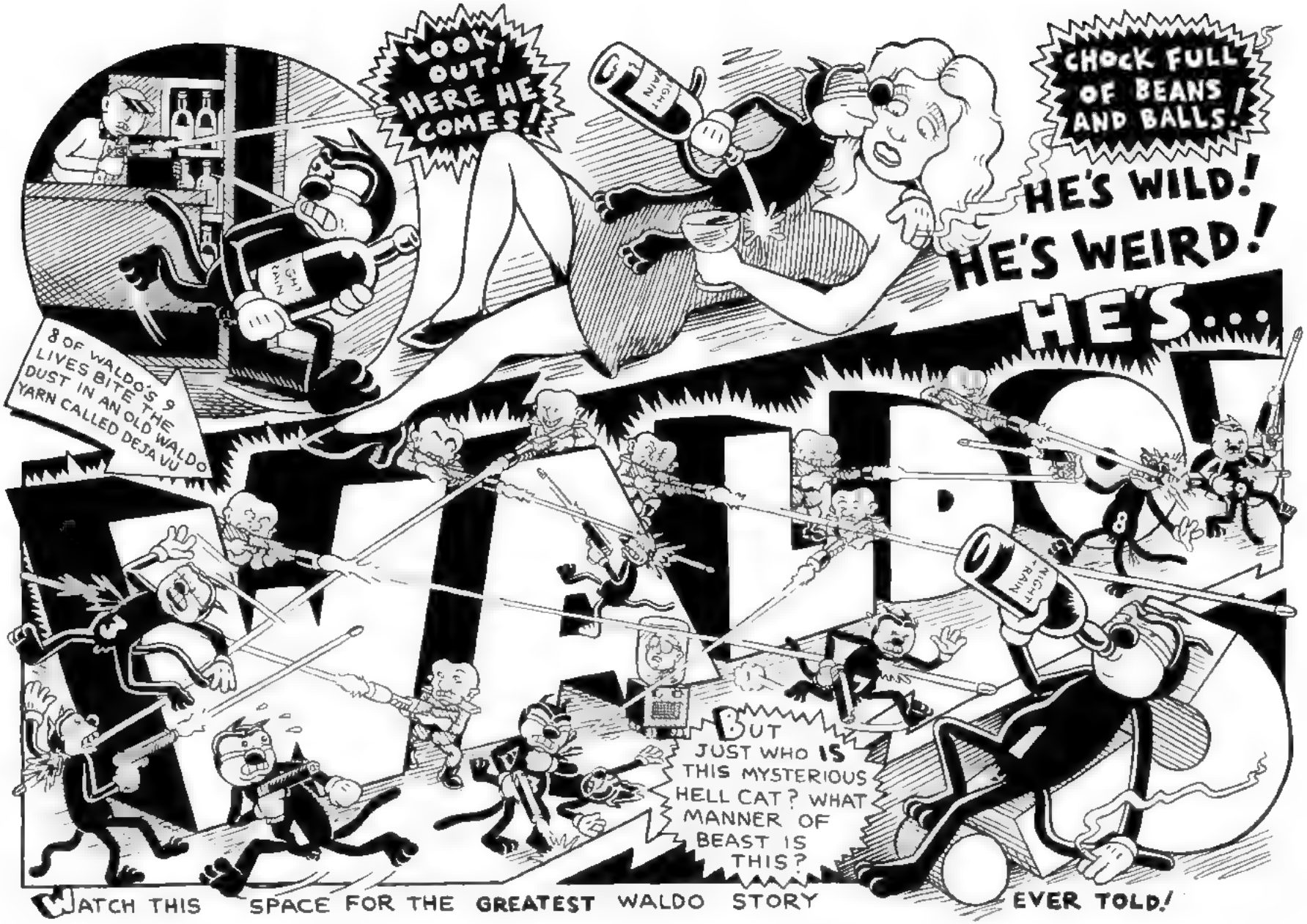
A
SHROUD
WALDO
$7.95
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

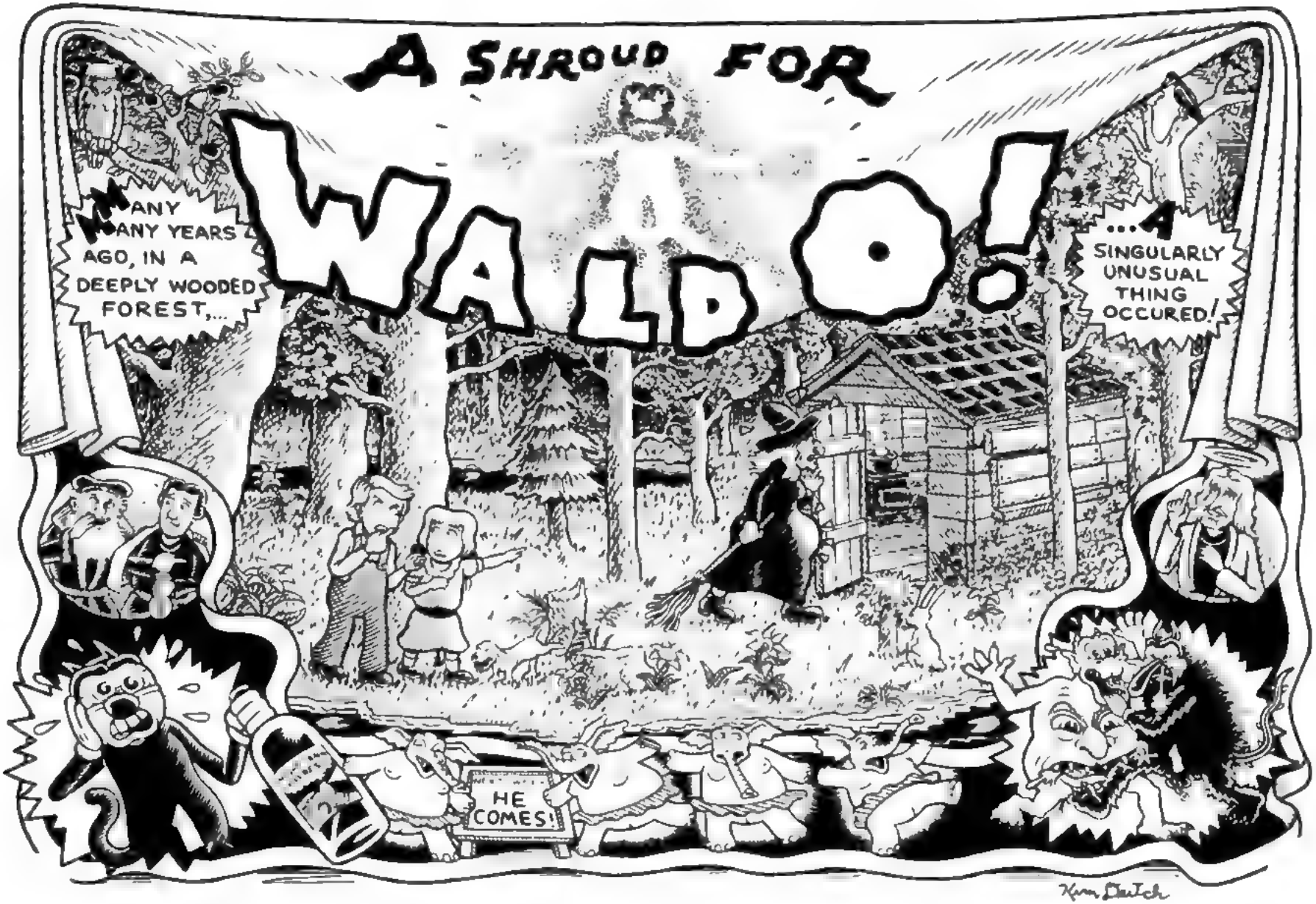

A SHROUD FOR
WALDO!



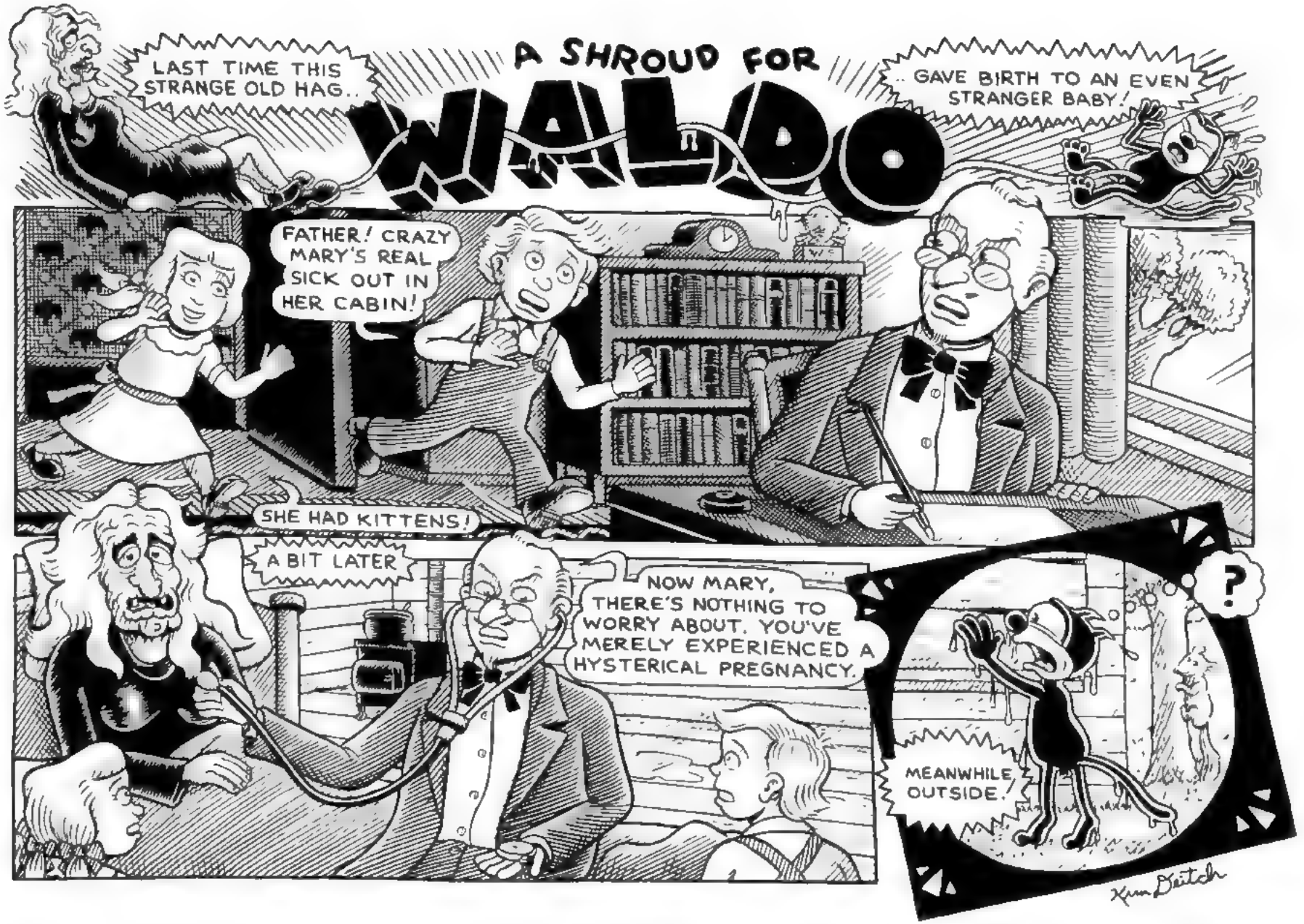
HEY! IF THIS IS ALL WALDO COMICS, WHERE THE HELL AM I IN THAT LAST COCKAMAMIE STORY?
YEAH DEITCH WHAT ABOUT IT!
HEY! GET A LOAD OF THE NEW KICK ASS WALDO! WOW!
INK
OKAY YE OF LITTLE FAITH, LISTEN UP! BECAUSE THE TOTALLY THRILLING ANSWER! AND LOTS MORE IS COMING SOON! IN...
NIGHT TRAIN
A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
WE'RE TALKIN' BIG TIME COMEDY! ROMANCE! AND ACTION ALL OVER THE PLACE! WATCH FOR IT!

A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
BY Kim Deitch
MANY OF YOU MAY HAVE WONDERED WHAT THAT LAST STORY IN "ALL WALDO COMICS" HAD TO DO WITH WALDO.
WELL, THE ANSWER IS HERE.
READ ON!


LOOK OUT! HERE HE COMES!
CHOCK FULL OF BEANS AND BALLS!
HE'S WILD!
HE'S WEIRD!
HE'S...
WALDO!
8 OF WALDO'S 9 LIVES BITE THE DUST IN AN OLD WALDO YARN CALLED DEJA VU
BUT JUST WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS HELL CAT? WHAT MANNER OF BEAST IS THIS?
WATCH THIS SPACE FOR THE GREATEST WALDO STORY EVER TOLD!


A SHROUD FOR
WALDO!
MANY MANY YEARS AGO, IN A DEEPLY WOODED FOREST,...
...A SINGULARLY UNUSUAL THING OCCURED!
HE COMES!
Ken Deitch

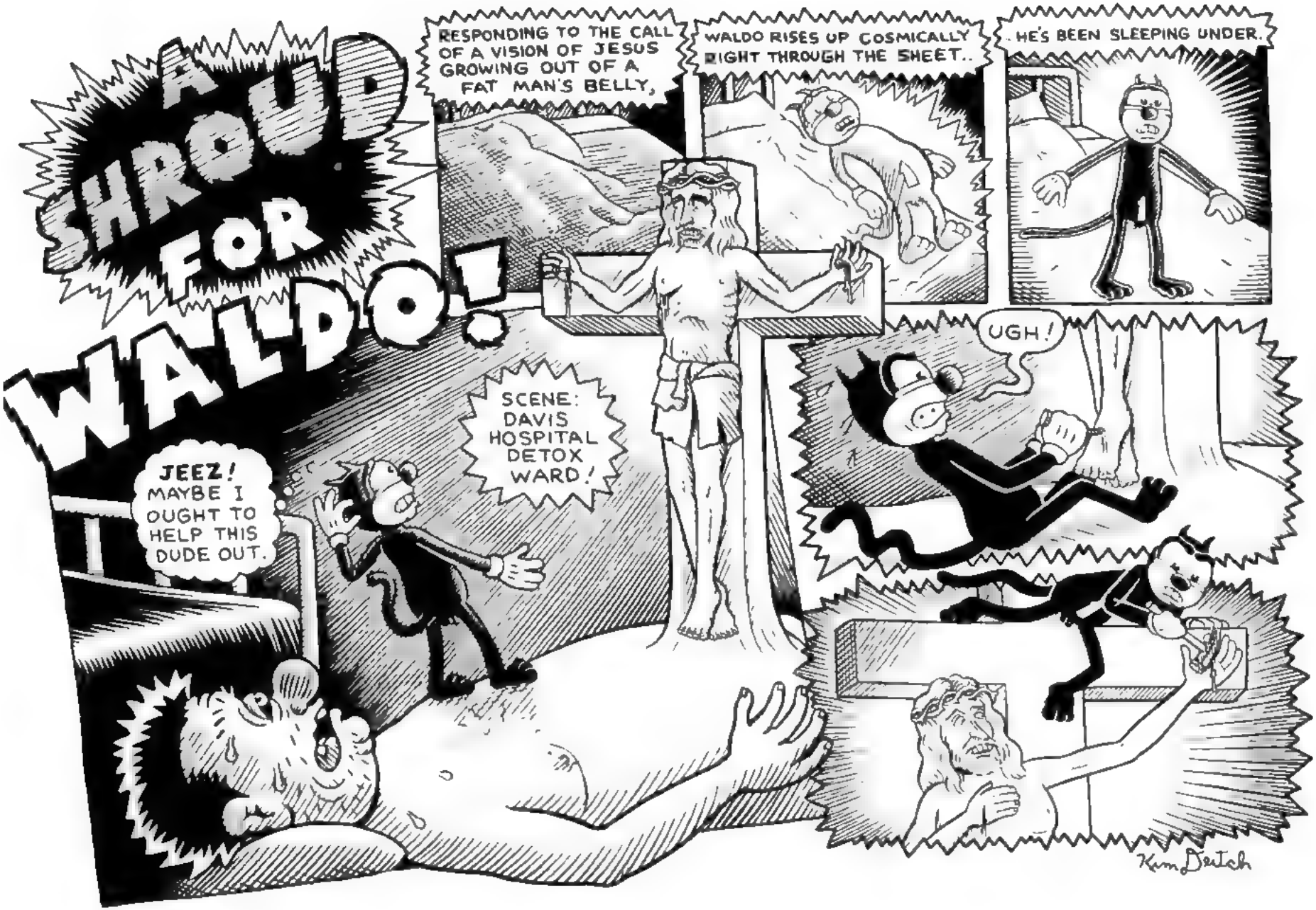
A SHROUD FOR WALL
AHOOOOH!
TODAY'S EPISODE. LOOK! HE'S HERE!
Kim Deitch


A SHROUD FOR
WALDO
LAST TIME THIS STRANGE OLD HAG..
.. GAVE BIRTH TO AN EVEN STRANGER BABY!
FATHER! CRAZY MARY'S REAL SICK OUT IN HER CABIN!
SHE HAD KITTENS!
A BIT LATER
NOW MARY, THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. YOU'VE MERELY EXPERIENCED A HYSTERICAL PREGNANCY.
?
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE.
Kim Deitch

STROUD FOR WALDO
EPISODE 5 MANY YEARS LATER
LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES!
DON'T TAKE IT SERIOUS, IT'S TOO MYSTERIOUS
TOO MYSTERIOUS!
YOU WORK, YOU SLAVE, YOU WORRY SO,
BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT DOUGH WHEN YOU GO, GO, GO,
OH LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES,
SO LIVE AND LAUGH AT IT ALL!
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
ALDO'S RENDITION OF "LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES" GETS A STARTLED REACTION!
EASY MISHKIN. THE HYDROBATH GONNA CALM YOU RIGHT DOWN
YAOOOOOOOW!
GEE, I MUST HAVE BEEN A LITTLE OFF KEY!
OH GOD,...
...WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME!
OH WELL, GUESS I'LL JUST DUCK UNDER COVER AND GRAB A SNOOZE.
ANOTHER TYPICAL NIGHT AT DAVIS HOSPITAL DETOX WARD;....OR IS IT?

Kim Deitch

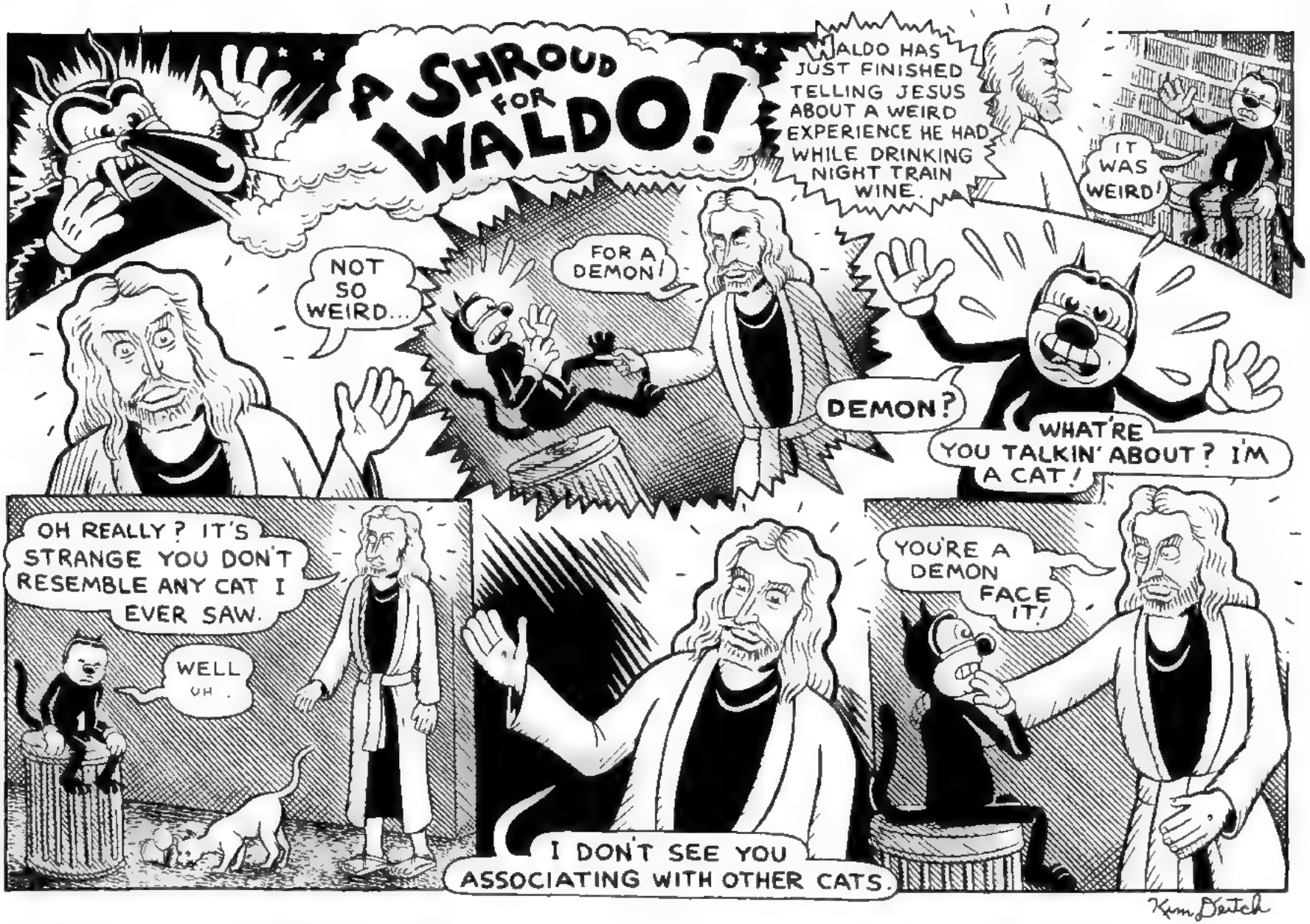

A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
RESPONDING TO THE CALL OF A VISION OF JESUS GROWING OUT OF A FAT MAN'S BELLY,
WALDO RISES UP COSMICALLY RIGHT THROUGH THE SHEET..
..HE'S BEEN SLEEPING UNDER.
UGH!
SCENE: DAVIS HOSPITAL DETOX WARD!
JEEZ! MAYBE I OUGHT TO HELP THIS DUDE OUT.
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR
WALDO!
LAST TIME, WALDO MET JESUS IN THE DAVIS HOSPITAL DETOX WARD.
TAXI
NO PARKING
WALK
PIZZA VILLAGE
SO, YOU FINALLY CAME BACK HUH?
OH I COME BACK ALL THE TIME I'M AROUND
ACTUALLY IT'S RATHER SIMILAR TO YOUR OWN SITUATION.
?
LIKE YOU. I'M KIND OF ON THE EDGE OF THINGS.
MOST PEOPLE CAN'T SEE ME AT ALL
LET
AND THOSE THAT DO TEND TO BE SOMEWHAT, (SHALL WE SAY), BEYOND THE PALE.
HEY WALDO!
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO
WALDO AND JESUS ENCOUNTER A PAIR OF HOMELESS BUMS.
HEY WHERE'S MISHKIN?
AW HE'S STILL IN DETOX DRYIN' OUT.
HA!
WELL HE SURE PICKED A GOOD DAY FOR IT. LIQUOR STORE'S CLOSED AND I'M BROKE. WHAT A FUCKING WORLD!
YEAH.
NIGHT TRAIN EXPRESS
PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP.
JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!

A SHROUD FOR WALDO
JESUS HAS WON THE APPROBATION OF TWO BUMS BY PRODUCING A BOTTLE OF NIGHT TRAIN WINE
GO IN PEACE MY CHILDREN.
SAY, YOU'RE ALRIGHT.
SAY (UH) JESUS, YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE ON YOU BY ANY CHANCE.
COME ON!
IT'S BEST WE DEPART BEFORE WE ATTRACT ANY MORE ATTENTION.
YEAH, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT AT THAT.
LATELY THAT STUFF HAS BEEN HAVING A FUNNY EFFECT ON ME.
LIKE THE OTHER NIGHT; ME AND MISHKIN WERE IN THIS ABANDONED APARTMENT.
CHING CHANG WALLA WALLA BING BANG!
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
WALDO TELLS JESUS ABOUT A RECENT EXPERIENCE HE HAD WHILE DRINKING NIGHT TRAIN WINE
ANYWAY, MISHKIN PASSED OUT COLD AFTER DRINKING LESS THAN HALF THE WINE. HE'S BEEN DOING THAT ALOT LATELY.
SO I STARTED HITTING ON IT
BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS TRASHIN' THE JOINT!
BUT IT WAS HAVING A FUNNY EFFECT ON ME
I WASN'T FEELING LIKE MYSELF AT ALL!
WELL I WAS MYSELF THE NEXT MORNING,
BUT IT WAS WEIRD!
Kim Deitch


A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
WALDO HAS JUST FINISHED TELLING JESUS ABOUT A WEIRD EXPERIENCE HE HAD WHILE DRINKING NIGHT TRAIN WINE.
IT WAS WEIRD!
NOT SO WEIRD...
FOR A DEMON!
DEMON?
WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? I'M A CAT!
OH REALLY? IT'S STRANGE YOU DON'T RESEMBLE ANY CAT I EVER SAW.
WELL OH.
I DON'T SEE YOU ASSOCIATING WITH OTHER CATS.
YOU'RE A DEMON FACE IT!
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
JESUS HAS JUST GIVEN WALDO A STARTLING PIECE OF INFORMATION!
YOU'RE A DEMON! FACE IT!
UNTIL NOW, YOU'VE BEEN MOSTLY IN A DORMANT STATE, VISIBLE ONLY TO DRUNKS AND OTHER DELUSIONAL TYPES.
METS
BUT NOW I HAVE NEED OF YOU. AND AT LAST YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO SQUARE YOURSELF WITH ME.
WHAT ARE YOU RAVIN' ABOUT? I NEVER DID ANYTHING TO YOU!
OH SO?
PERHAPS NOT IN THIS LIFE, BUT WE HAVE DEFINITELY MET BEFORE.
THINK BACK MY SON,...
TO ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER INCARNATION!
Ken Dietch

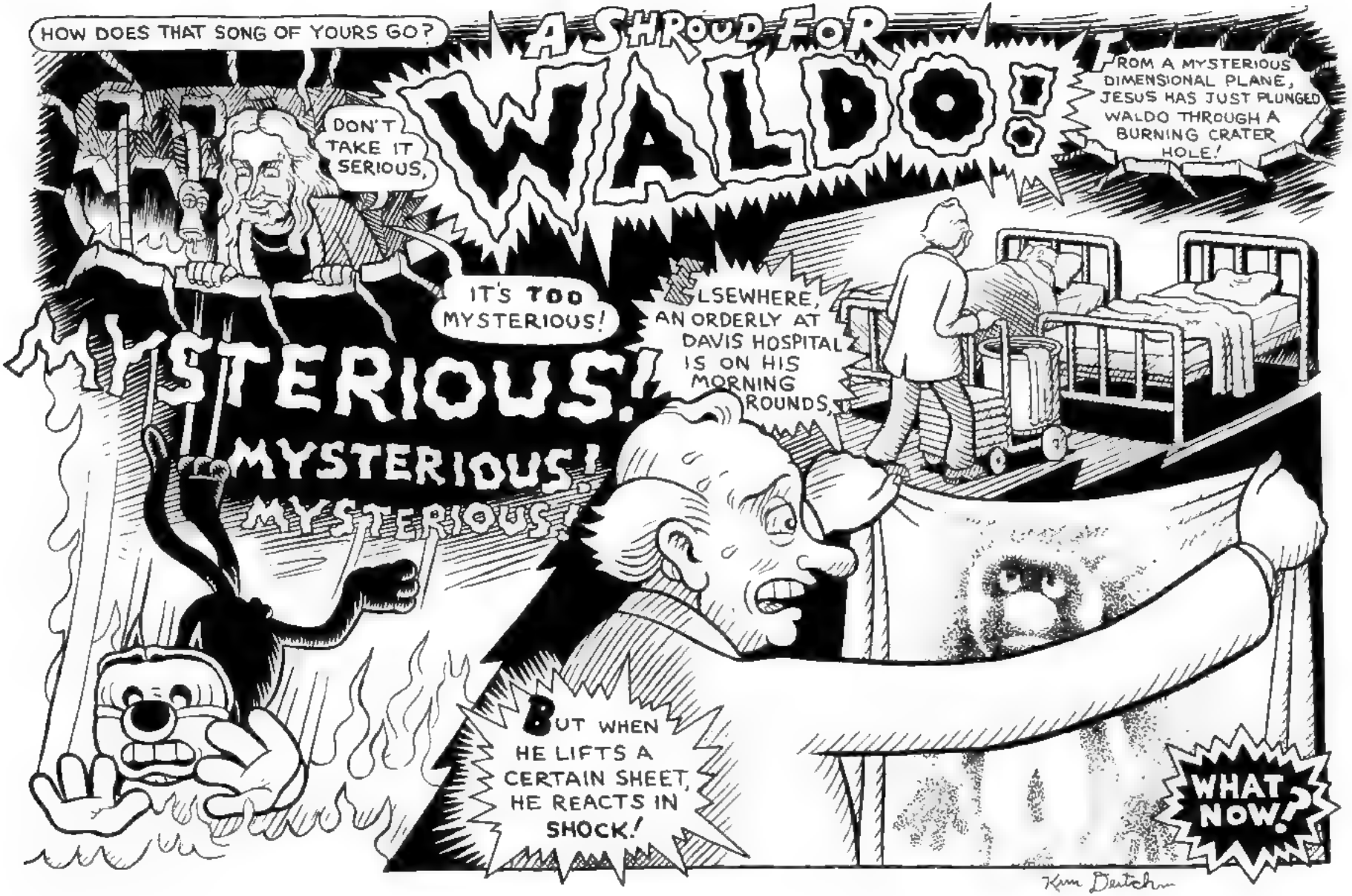
A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
THINK BACK MY SON
TWENTY-EIGHT, TWENTY-NINE, THIRTY!
UNDER JESUS'S GUIDANCE, WALDO MENTALLY RE-LIVES AN INCIDENT FROM A FORMER INCARNATION!
THERE'S YOUR BLOOD MONEY. SEE THAT YOU EARN IT JUDAS!
LATER
HERE THEY COME!
OUTSIDE A WINE SHOP, JESUS STAGGERS UNDER HIS BURDEN!
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
WALDO MENTALLY RELIVES A MAJOR INCIDENT FROM A FORMER INCARNATION,
WHEN HE WAS THE INFAMOUS JUDAS ISCARIOT!
WHEN JESUS STUMBLES IN FRONT OF A WINE SHOP, IT'S OWNER HAS HARSH WORDS FOR HIM.
MEANWHILE, JUDAS COWERS WITHIN
ON YOUR WAY VILLAIN!
YES. I GO,...
BUT MARK ME WELL,
WE THREE SHALL MEET AGAIN!
FOR YOUR ACTIONS YOU WERE BANISHED TO HELL,
UNTIL I HAD NEED OF YOU AGAIN.
AND AWHILE AGO,
...YOU WERE REBORN AS A DEMON, IN ANTICIPATION OF THE MISSION I NOW HAVE FOR YOU.
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
AS JESUS GESTURES INTO A DARK ALLEY, A FANTASTIC VIEW SUDDENLY APPEARS!
!!!
COME!
SO WHAT'S THE DEAL HERE? IS THIS HEAVEN OR WHAT?
WELL,... I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY THAT IT IS,...
...AMONG OTHER THINGS.
YOU SEE, THIS PLANE INCLUDES ALL MORTAL NOTIONS; VIRTUALLY EVERYTHING THE MIND OF MAN HAS EVER CONCEIVED! ...AND MORE.
OH.
Kim Deitch

JESUS HAS TAKEN WALDO TO A DIMENSIONAL PLANE CONTAINING EVERY MORTAL NOTION THE MIND OF MAN CAN CONCEIVE...
...GOOD AND BAD!
A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
...BUT THAT'S MORE THAN YOU NEED CONCERN YOURSELF WITH NOW.
YOU SEE, THERE IS ONE ON EARTH WHO HAS NEED OF ME. AND YOU SHALL AT LAST REDEEM YOURSELF BY ASSISTING ME IN THE MATTER
TO DO SO, IT WAS NECESSARY TO BRING YOU HERE, BEYOND TIME AS THOSE ON EARTH KNOW IT.
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!
JESUS HAS TAKEN WALDO TO AN EXTRADIMENSIONAL PLANE WHERE THINGS HAVE GONE FROM BAD TO ROTTEN.
COME NOW. YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO HELP ME DIDN'T YOU?
HOLD ON! I DON'T REMEMBER SAYING ANYTHING OF THE KIND!
TRUST ME.
HOW DOES THAT SONG OF YOURS GO?
DON'T TAKE IT SERIOUS.....
...IT'S TOO MYSTERIOUS!
Kim Deitch

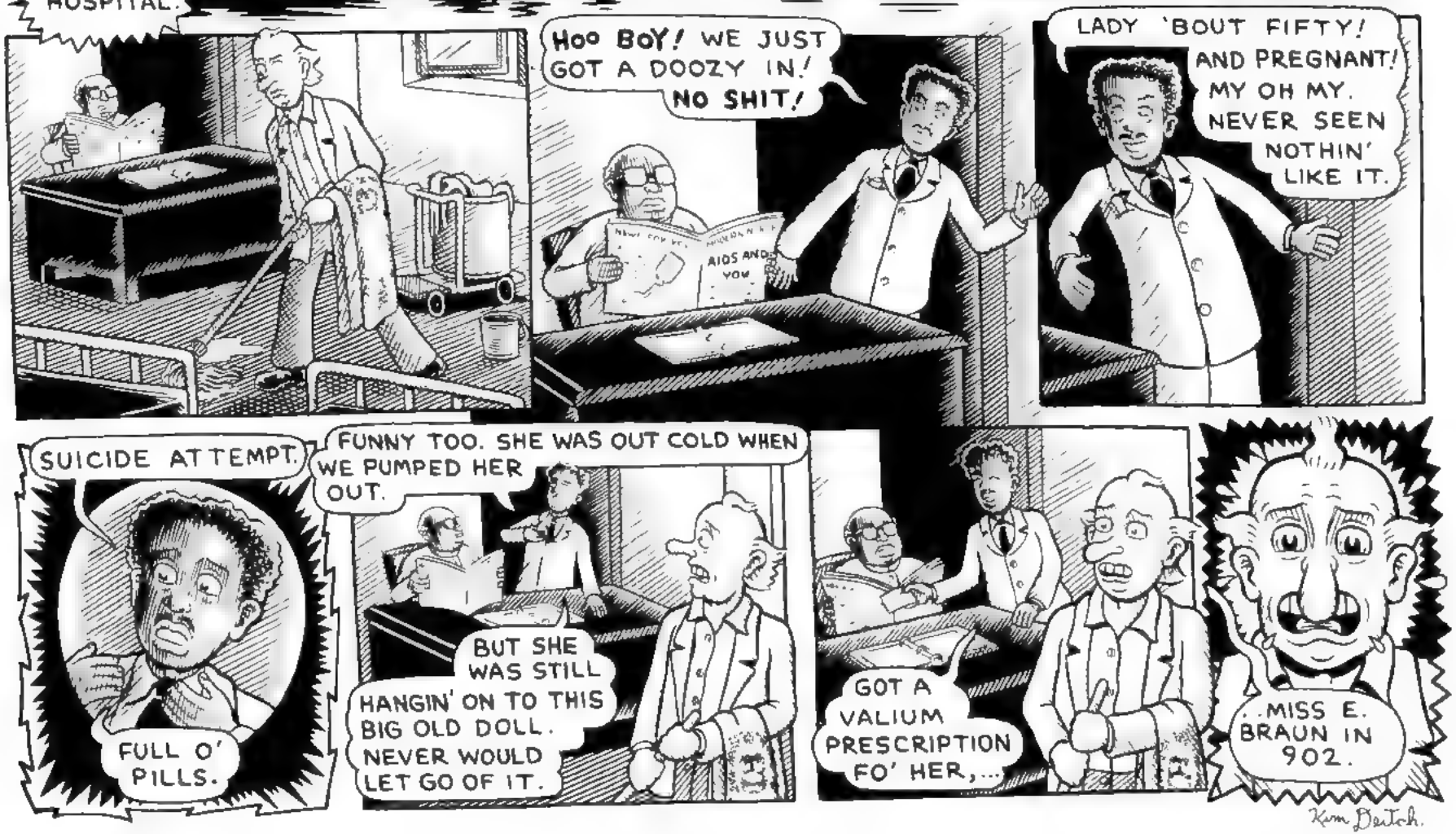

A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
HOW DOES THAT SONG OF YOURS GO?
DON'T TAKE IT SERIOUS,
IT'S TOO MYSTERIOUS!
MYSTERIOUS! MYSTERIOUS! MYSTERIOUS!
FROM A MYSTERIOUS DIMENSIONAL PLANE, JESUS HAS JUST PLUNGED WALDO THROUGH A BURNING CRATER HOLE!
ELSEWHERE, AN ORDERLY AT DAVIS HOSPITAL IS ON HIS MORNING ROUNDS,
BUT WHEN HE LIFTS A CERTAIN SHEET, HE REACTS IN SHOCK!
WHAT NOW?
Kim Deitch

* SEE 'WEIRDO' #24

A SHROUD FOR WALDO
EDITH BRAUN HAS SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT HER ATTEMPT AT SLEEPING PILL SUICIDE!
OH JESUS!
PLEASE HELP ME!
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO
EDITH BRAUN PASSES OUT, HAVING FAILED TO GET HELP AFTER OVERDOSING ON SLEEPING PILLS!
MEANWHILE, HER DOG LEAPS FOR AN OPEN WINDOW SILL....
..AND OUT INTO SPACE!
LITTLE PAL TO THE RESCUE!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF! ARF! ARF!
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO



A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
IN ROOM 902 OF DAVIS HOSPITAL, EDITH BRAUN IS STILL DELIRIOUS FROM HER RECENT SUICIDE TRY.
IN THIS SEMI-CONSCIOUS STATE, HER MIND WANDERS BACK.
TO A CHILDHOOD INCIDENT MANY YEARS BEFORE
DUTTON VIRGINIA, 1950
HERE'S YOURS MISTER DOLL.
LITTLE EDIE BRAUN PLAYS IN THE GARAGE THAT ONCE FUNCTIONED AS HER FATHER'S DEN. HER BROTHERS AND SISTER ARE STILL TOO SPOOKED TO GO NEAR IT,
BLADA AM
SINCE THEIR FATHER'S NEAR FATAL ACCIDENT THERE NEARLY A YEAR BEFORE
BUSTER CAUGHT IN HIS OWN SHOT GUN BOOBY TRAP IN "MRS HOLLA AND THE MAGIC * RING!
* AS SEEN IN WEIRDO # 24
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
WHILE PLAYING WITH TWO STRANGE DOLLS IN HER FATHER'S OLD GARAGE,
SOON SHE FINDS HER-SELF IDLY UNWRAPPING IT.
EDITH BRAUN NOTICES THAT THE WRAPPING ON ONE HAS COME UNDONE.
BABOOM!
SECONDS LATER, THE GARAGE IS ROCKED BY A MASSIVE EXPLOSION!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, BUSTER BRAUN, NOW HIMSELF AN INVALID, CONFERS WITH THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.
MR. BRAUN, I'M AFRAID I'VE DONE ALL THAT MEDICAL SCIENCE CAN DO FOR YOUR DAUGHTER.
THE OUTCOME IS NOW IN THE HANDS OF A HIGHER POWER.
GET OUT OF HERE! YOU SANCTIMONIOUS BLUNDERER!
Kim Deitch

SHROUD FOR WALDO
WORRIED SICK OVER HIS DAUGHTER, BUSTER BRAUN HAS A TROUBLED NIGHT.
BY THE WAY WHERE IS THE OLD BOY?
HIS WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN SPENT IN THOUGHTLESS SELF INDULGENCE.
AND HE'S REAPED ALL THE EMPTINESS THAT SUCH A LIFE SURELY BRINGS
NOW EDIE, THE SINGLE BRIGHT LIGHT OF HIS WRETCHED EXISTENCE, HOVERS ON THE EDGE OF EXTINCTION
WITH TROUBLE ON HIS MIND, BUSTER DRIFTS INTO UNEASY SLEEP
IN HIS DREAM, HE FINDS HIMSELF WALKING ALONG A STRANGE RIVER BANK.
THERE, HE ENCOUNTERS A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE.
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
BUSTER BRAUN HAS A DREAM IN WHICH HE MEETS A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE ALONG A STRANGE RIVER BANK.
SILENTLY, HE POINTS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER
THERE, ON A LITTLE HILL, IS EDIE.
LOOKING GOOD AS NEW TOO!
YOUR DAUGHTER WILL BE FINE,
IF YOU DO EXACTLY AS I INSTRUCT.
THE NEXT MORNING, BUSTER IS OUT OF BED FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HIS ACCIDENT.
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
KEEP THOSE CARDS AND LETTERS COMING GANG!
LAST WEEK WE LEFT BUSTER FEVERISHLY AT WORK ON A MYSTERIOUS PROJECT!
I'M SORRY MR BRAUN, SHE STILL HASN'T COME OUT OF HER COMA.
A WEEK LATER
I'M AFRAID IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF HOURS NOW
BAH!
DADDY!
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO
EDIE HAS MIRACULOUSLY EMERGED FROM A SEEMINGLY FATAL COMA!
DADDY!
I HAD THE MOST WONDERFUL DREAM! I WAS STANDING BY A RIVER AND JESUS WAS THERE!
AND SO WERE YOU!
YES.
I KNOW.
LOOK, I BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT!
IT'S YOURS; ON ONE CONDITION.
YOU MUST NEVER FOR A MOMENT LET IT OUT OF YOUR SIGHT.
I PROMISE!
AND THAT NIGHT BUSTER BRAUN PASSES AWAY.
Kim Deitch

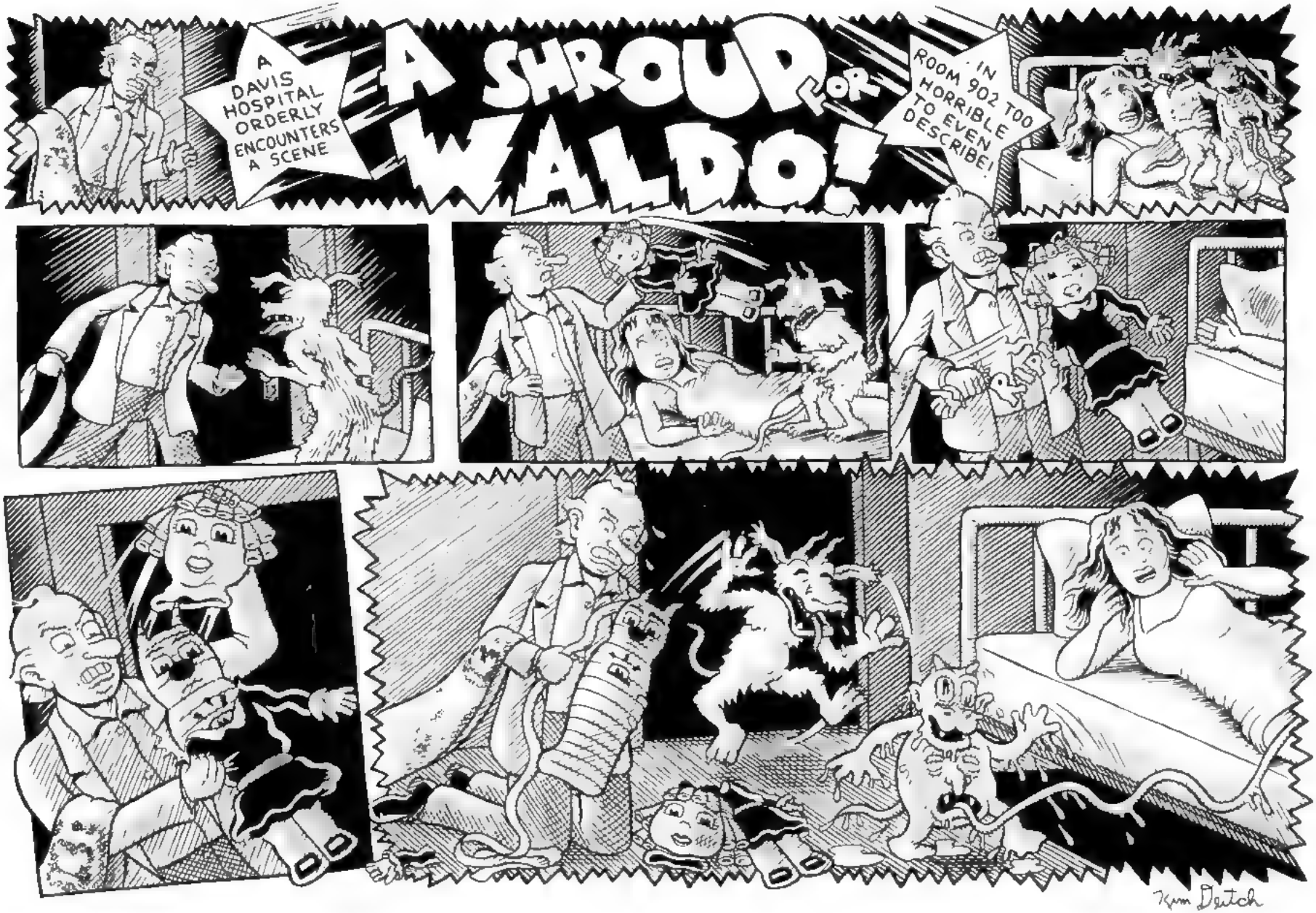
A SHROUD FOR WALRO
LAST WEEK WE SAW BUSTER BRAUN QUIETLY LEAVE THIS WORLD.
SO WHERE THE HELL AM I IN THIS LOUSY COMIC STRIP?
ON THE OTHER HAND, EDIE SURVIVED.
THE LITTLE GUY TURNED UP THE SAME WEEK BUSTER DIED.
...AND STOOD BY HER OVER THE YEARS, THROUGH THICK AND THIN.
THOUGH ONE CAN ONLY WONDER HOW SHE WOULD HAVE MANAGED WITHOUT LITTLE PAL.
ACTUALLY IT WAS QUITE THE REVERSE. SHE GAINED WEIGHT AT A STEADY RATE.
IN PARTICULAR, AS TIME PASSED, EDIE NOTICED A GRADUAL SWELLING IN HER ABDOMEN.
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO
EDIE PONDERS THE STRANGE EVENTS OF HER PAST. FOR--INSTANCE, THE STRANGE SWELLING IN HER ABDOMEN OVER THE YEARS!
IT WAS MORE GRADUAL THAN PREGNANCY, AND ANYWAY THAT SIMPLY WASN'T POSSIBLE!
GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, EDIE BECAME INCREASINGLY MORE RECLUSIVE.
TOO ASHAMED TO TELL A SOUL ABOUT IT, LITTLE PAL BECAME HER ONLY PAL!
HEY! WHAT'S WITH TH' MUTT!
WITH LITTLE PAL!
THE DEAR LITTLE FELLOW. WHY HE SAVED HER LIFE! AND JUST BECAUSE OF SOME SILLY HOSPITAL RULE, THEY WON'T LET HIM STAY WITH HER
JUST THEN,
OWOOOOH!
CAN IT BE?
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO
OWOOOH!
EDIE HEARS A FAMILIAR SOUND AT HER HOSPITAL WINDOW!
CAN IT BE?
YES!
LITTLE PAL!
LIKE AN ANSWERED PRAYER, THERE HE IS!
BUT THEN, GLANCING DOWN AT THE FIFTEEN STORY VIEW,
THE URGE FOR SELF DESTRUCTION AGAIN SEEMS TO TAKE HOLD.
G-R-R-R!
Kim Deitch

G-R-R-R!
A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
SCENE: DAVIS HOSPITAL
EDIE'S RECURRING URGE FOR SELF DESTRUCTION IS NIPPED IN THE BUD BY LITTLE PAL!
OH VERY WELL MY LITTLE GUARDIAN ANGEL,
SINCE YOU CARE, I'LL HANG ON.
THOUGH GOD ONLY KNOWS HOW!
THAT NIGHT
Ken Deitch

A Shroud for WALDO
NIGHT-TIME AT DAVIS HOSPITAL!
EEEEEEE!
EEEEEEE!
CLICK!
Kim Deitch


A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
A DAVIS HOSPITAL ORDERLY ENCOUNTERS A SCENE
IN ROOM 902 TOO HORRIBLE TO EVEN DESCRIBE!
Kim Deitch

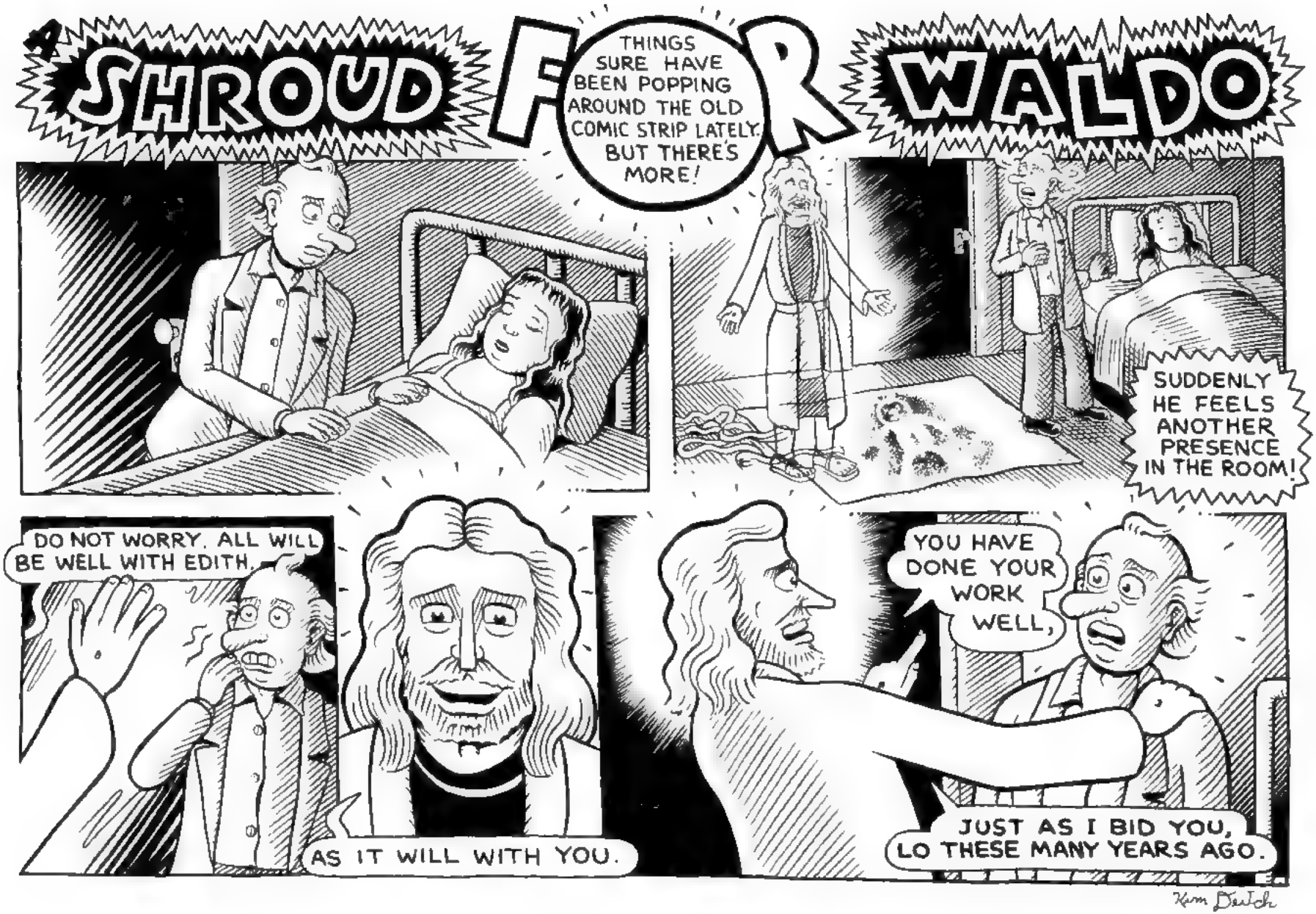
A SHROUD FOR WALDO
IN THE MIDST OF INDESCRIBABLE CHAOS, A HOSPITAL ORDERLY UNWRAPS A RATHER FAMILIAR LOOKING MUMMY!
CAN IT BE?
NEXT HE PLACES THE STRANGE SOILED SHEET OVER THE CORPSE
AND SECONDS LATER
PRESTO!
IT'S OUR BOY! GOOD OLD WALDO!
THEN THE ORDERLY BEGINS A STRANGE CHANT,
WHICH TRANSFORMS WALDO
INTO A BAD ASS DEMON!
Ken Dutch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO
LAST TIME, WALDO NOT ONLY CAME BACK, BUT WAS IMMEDIATELY TRANS--FORMED INTO A BAD ASS DEMON!
NOW, BIGGER THAN EVER, HE GRABS THE HIDEOUS, STRANGE SPAWN OF EDITH'S WOMB AND DEVOURS IT!
NEXT HE GRABS THE OTHER LITTLE FIEND...
SNAP!
EEEEEEE!
RACK
AND PITILESSLY BREAKS HIS BACK!
THEN, TOTALLY CRAZED, HE CHARGES TOWARD EDIE!
Kim Deitch

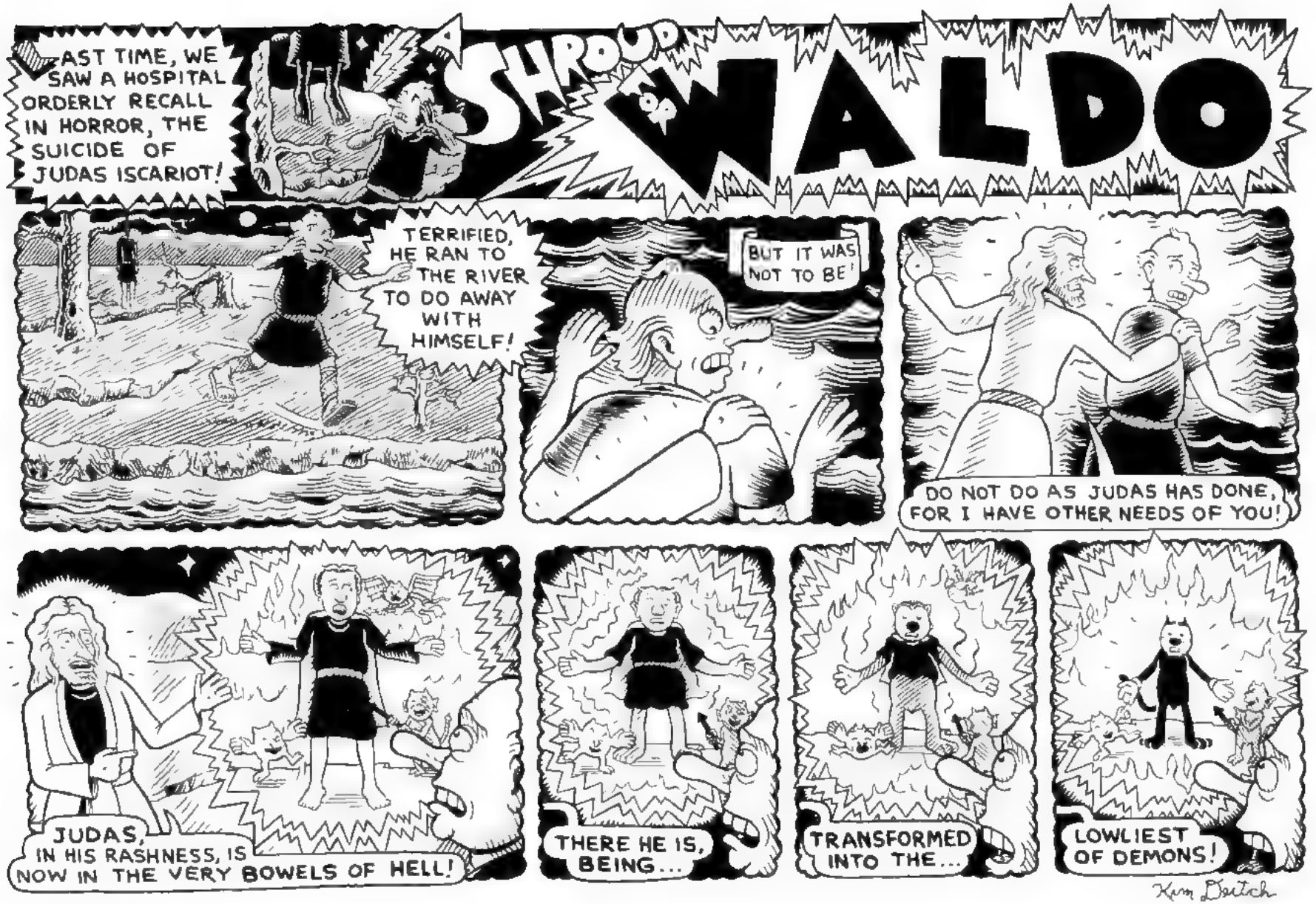
A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
LAST TIME WE HAD A SITUATION WHERE WALDO, NOW A KILLER DEMON, CHARGED MYSTERIOUSLY AT EDIE!
CROSS IN HAND, THE HOSPITAL ORDERLY GETS BETWEEN THEM!
FOR A MOMENT HE HESITATES;
EVEN SHRINKS A BIT.
BUT NOT FOR LONG!
AT FIRST WALDO SEEMS TO BE WINNING AN EASY VICTORY...
BUT WHEN THE ORDERLY ONCE MORE BEGINS CHANTING, THE TABLES START TO TURN!
Tom Deitch

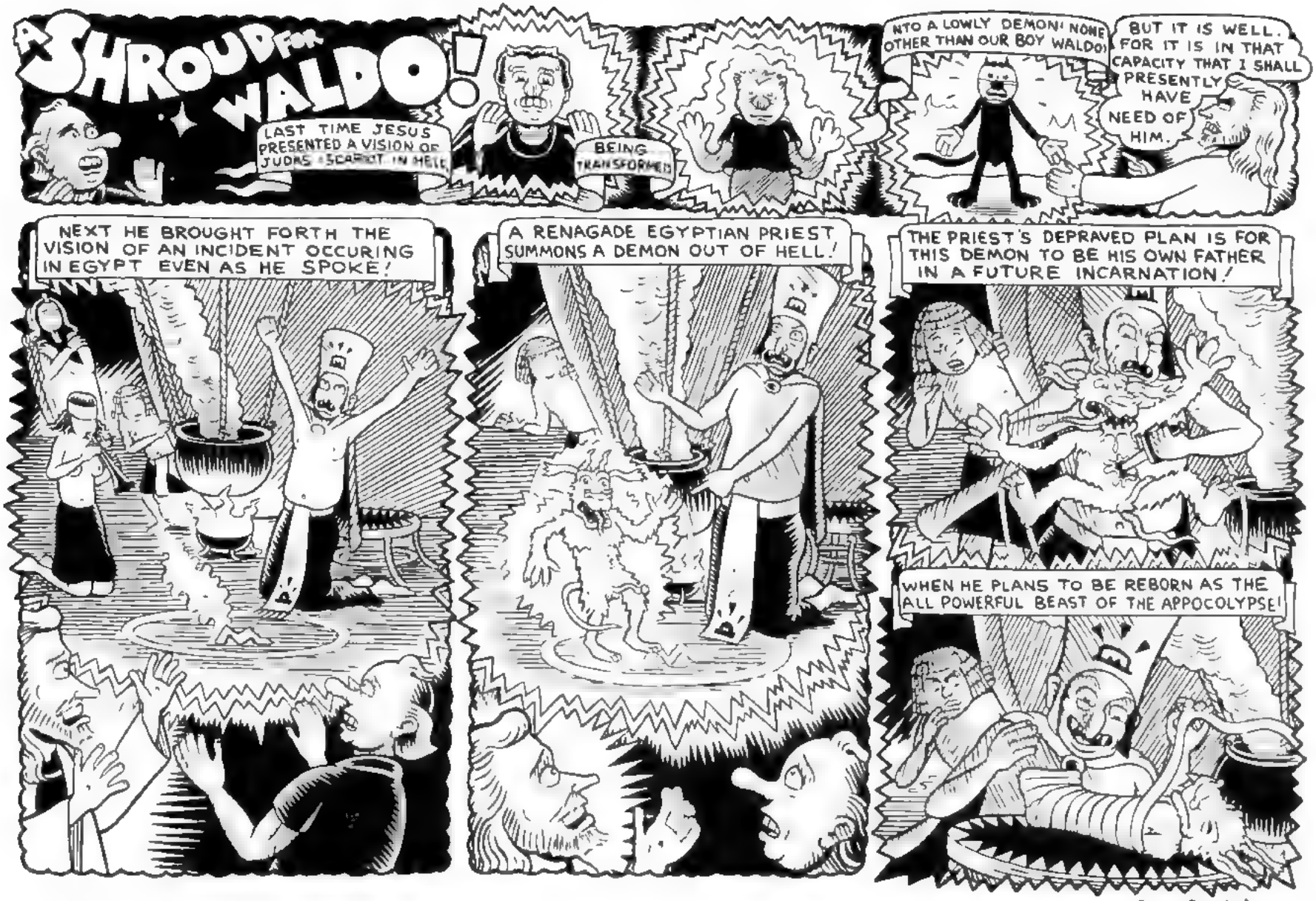
A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
WITH THE AID OF A STRANGE CHANT, THE HOSPITAL ORDERLY MAKES A STUNNING RALLY IN HIS COMBAT WITH THE WALDO DEMON!
WALDO LOSES POTENCY MOMENT BY MOMENT
THE COMBAT FINALLY ENDS WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH!
HE PLUMMETS FIFTEEN STORIES,
CHANGING THE REST OF THE WAY BACK INTO HIMSELF AS HE GOES,
THUMP!
THEN CATLIKE, HE LANDS ON HIS FEET,
UGH!
AND PROMPTLY FALLS ON HIS BUTT!
WUMP!

A SHROUD FOR
IN HER HOSPITAL ROOM, EDIE AND THE HEROIC ORDERLY STARE IN MORBID FASCINATION,
AS THE BROKEN DEMON EVOLVES INTO THE DEAD BODY,
OF LITTLE PAL!
EDIE IS SO UTTERLY SHOCKED,
SHE PROMPTLY FAINTS IN THE ORDERLY'S ARMS
WHAT A DAY! AND IT'S NOT OVER YET!
Ken Dewitch


SHROUD FOR WALDO
THINGS SURE HAVE BEEN POPPING AROUND THE OLD COMIC STRIP LATELY. BUT THERE'S MORE!
SUDDENLY HE FEELS ANOTHER PRESENCE IN THE ROOM!
DO NOT WORRY. ALL WILL BE WELL WITH EDITH.
AS IT WILL WITH YOU.
YOU HAVE DONE YOUR WORK WELL,
JUST AS I BID YOU, LO THESE MANY YEARS AGO.
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO
YOU HAVE DONE YOUR WORK WELL!
LAST TIME THE ORDERLY WAS SURPRISED BY A VISION OF JESUS IN EDITH'S HOSPITAL ROOM.
JUST AS I BID YOU LO THESE MANY YEARS AGO.
AS JESUS SPEAKS, THE YEARS SEEM TO ROLL AWAY!
HE RECALLS ANOTHER DAY NEARLY TWO THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE.
AND WHAT A DAY!
IT STARTED WITH THE CRUCIFIXION OF JESUS!
MARK MY WORDS. WE THREE SHALL MEET AGAIN!
HE TRIED TO LAUGH IT OFF
THEN CAME AN OMINOUS DARKNESS, AND A TURBULENCE UPON THE LAND!
AND LATER HE SAW JUDAS, DEAD BY HIS OWN HAND!
Kim Deitch


LAST TIME, WE SAW A HOSPITAL ORDERLY RECALL IN HORROR, THE SUICIDE OF JUDAS ISCARIOT!
SHROUD OF WALDO
TERRIFIED, HE RAN TO THE RIVER TO DO AWAY WITH HIMSELF!
BUT IT WAS NOT TO BE!
DO NOT DO AS JUDAS HAS DONE, FOR I HAVE OTHER NEEDS OF YOU!
JUDAS, IN HIS RASHNESS, IS NOW IN THE VERY BOWELS OF HELL!
THERE HE IS, BEING...
TRANSFORMED INTO THE...
LOWLIEST OF DEMONS!
Kim Deitch


A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
LAST TIME JESUS PRESENTED A VISION OF JUDAS ISCARIOT IN HELL
BEING TRANSFORMED
INTO A LOWLY DEMON! NONE OTHER THAN OUR BOY WALDO!
BUT IT IS WELL. FOR IT IS IN THAT CAPACITY THAT I SHALL PRESENTLY HAVE NEED OF HIM.
NEXT HE BROUGHT FORTH THE VISION OF AN INCIDENT OCCURING IN EGYPT EVEN AS HE SPOKE!
A RENAGADE EGYPTIAN PRIEST SUMMONS A DEMON OUT OF HELL!
THE PRIEST'S DEPRAVED PLAN IS FOR THIS DEMON TO BE HIS OWN FATHER IN A FUTURE INCARNATION!
WHEN HE PLANS TO BE REBORN AS THE ALL POWERFUL BEAST OF THE APPOCOLYPSE!
Kim Deitch

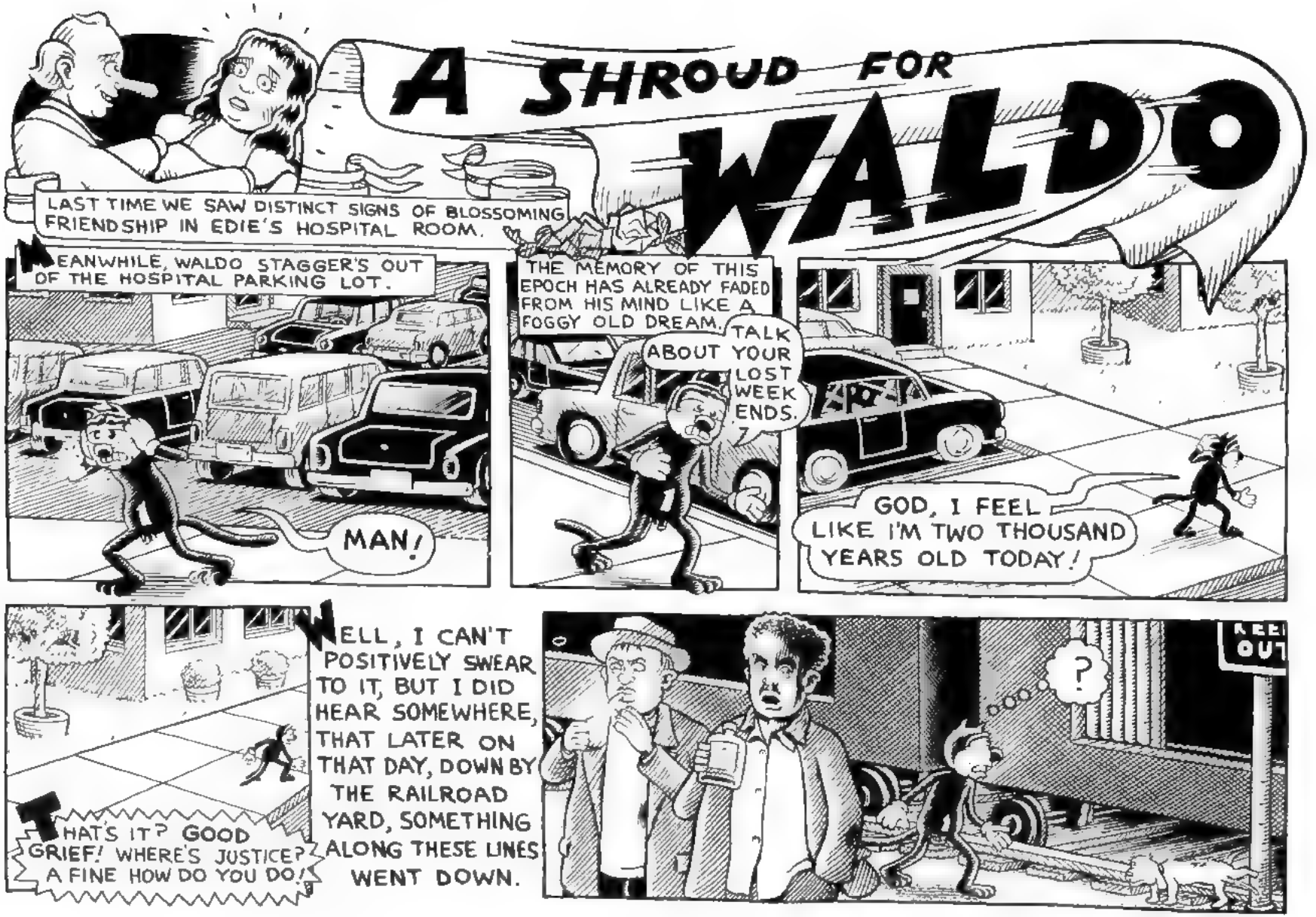
A SHROUD FOR WALDO
BY A RIVER BANK, NEARLY TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO, JESUS SHOWS VISIONS OF THINGS TO COME!
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO
THEN GLIMPSES OF THE VERY DISTANT FUTURE WERE SEEN.
BABOM!
Ken Dietch

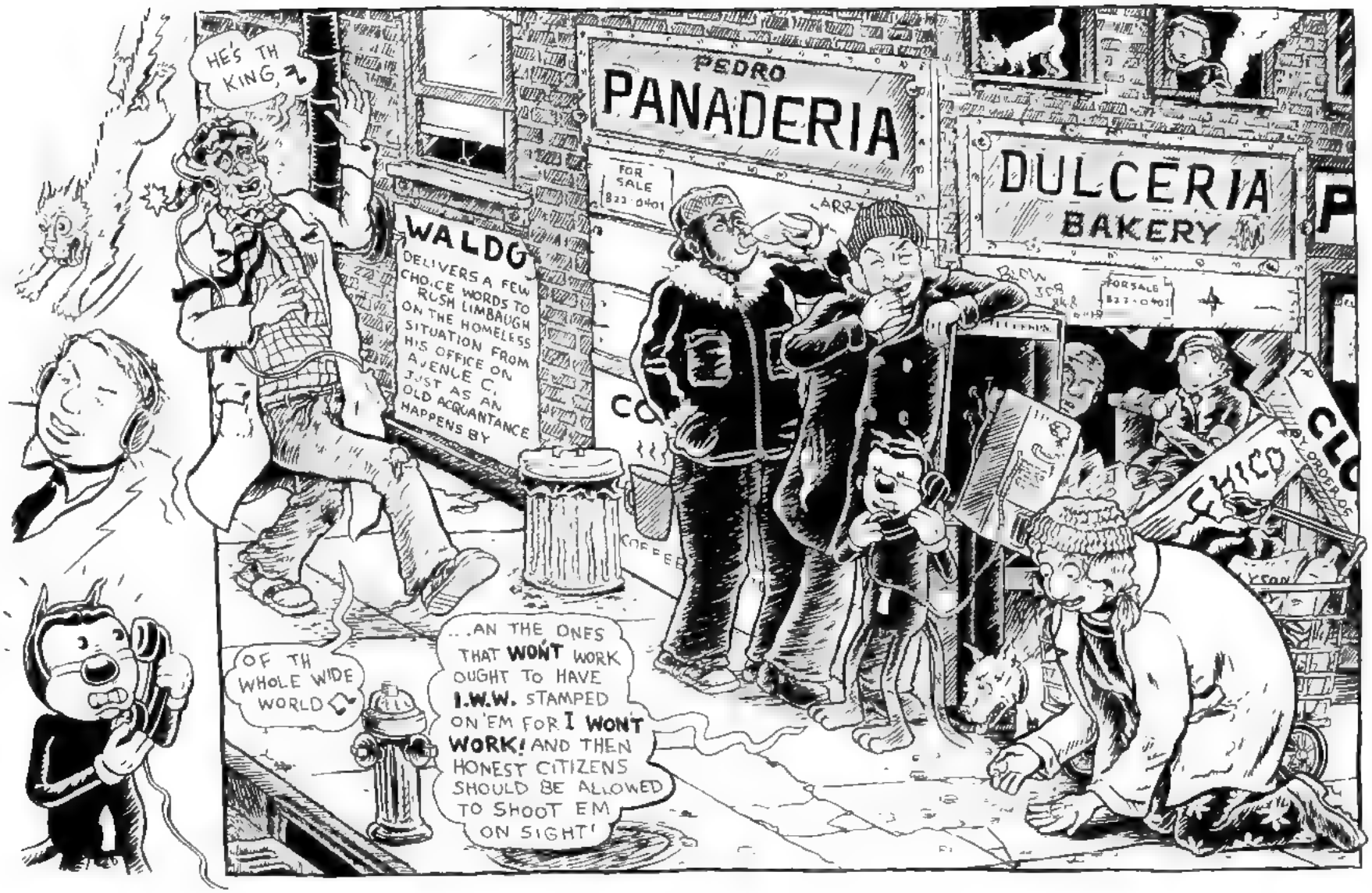
A SHROUD FOR WALDO
HAVING GIVEN HIS COMPANION A GLIMPSE OF THINGS TO COME, JESUS NOW ADDRESSES HIM DIRECTLY.
AS FOR YOURSELF, YOU WILL WANDER THE EARTH, UNTIL THE TIME WHEN I AGAIN HAVE NEED OF YOU
THIS SHALL BE THE SIGN OF THAT TIME.
AND SO IT HAS BEEN.
YOU HAVE DONE YOUR WORK WELL.
HENCEFORTH YOU SHALL BE AS OTHER MEN.
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
YOU HAVE DONE YOUR WORK WELL.
HENCEFORTH YOU SHALL BE AS OTHER MEN.
JESUS PRAISES THE MYSTERIOUS HOSPITAL ORDERLY,
AND VANISHES BEFORE HIS EYES!
WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHO ARE YOU?
EASY THERE. YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A HARD TIME.
BUT THAT'S ALL OVER NOW.
BETTER TIMES ARE COMING. MY WORD ON IT.
Kim Deitch

A SHROUD FOR WALDO



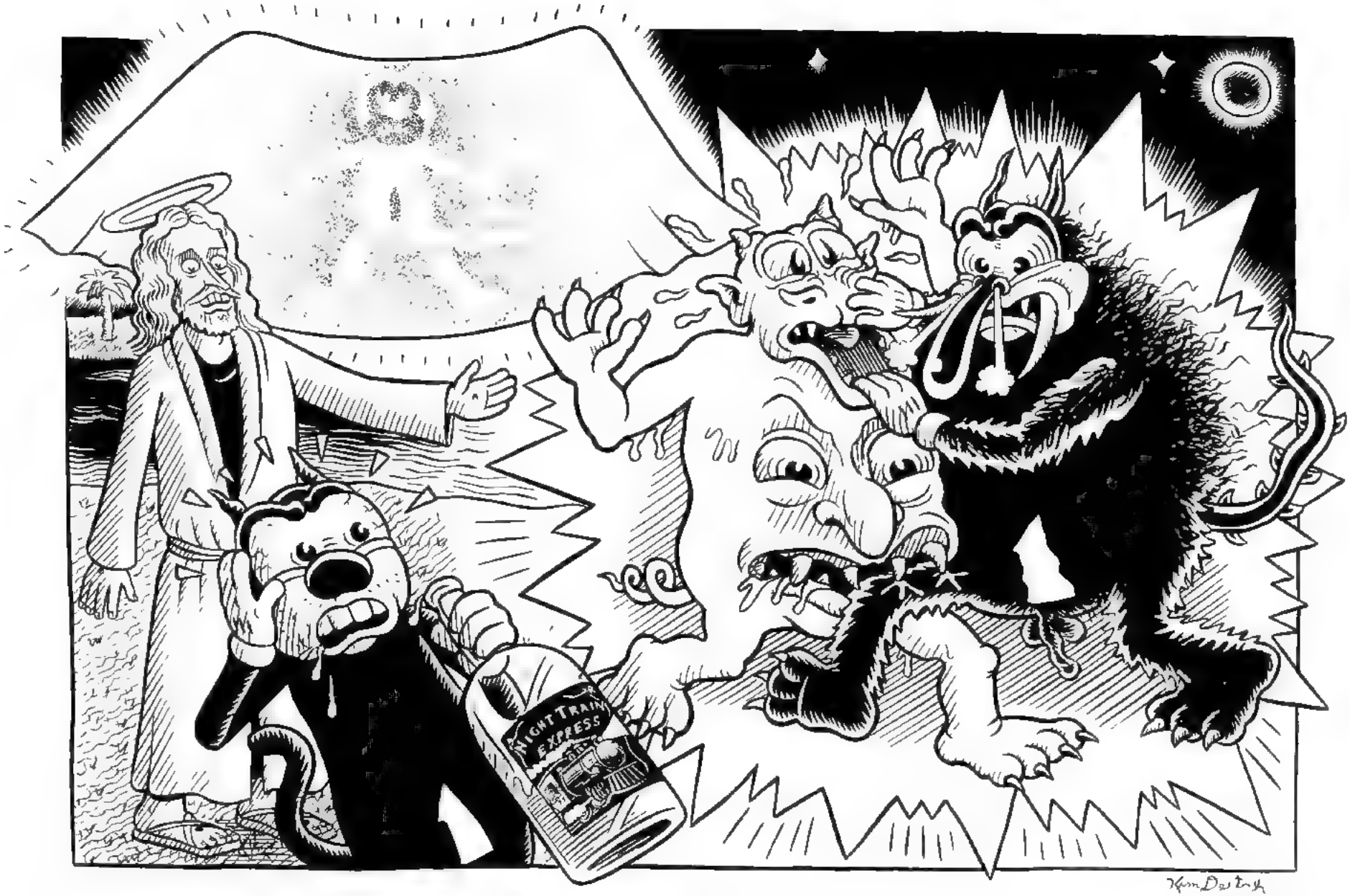
A SHROUD FOR WALDO!
KEEP OUT!
HMM!
WEARY AND CONFUSED, WALDO EYES AN OPEN FREIGHT CAR.
I THINK I'LL JUST CRAWL IN HERE AND SNOOZE FOR A COUPLE A HUNDRED YEARS.
JESUS CHRIST!
THE S.S WALDO JUST CAME IN!
AND NOT A COP IN SIGHT!
AND SO
♪ LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES, SO LIVE AND LAUGH AT IT ALL!
FINIS
Kurtzman


HE'S TH KING,
WALDO
DELIVERS A FEW CHOICE WORDS TO RUSH LIMBAUGH ON THE HOMELESS SITUATION FROM HIS OFFICE ON AVENUE C, JUST AS AN OLD ACQUANTANCE HAPPENS BY
PEDRO
PANADERIA
FOR SALE
DULCERIA
BAKERY
FOR SALE
CHICO
OF TH WHOLE WIDE WORLD
...AN THE ONES THAT WON'T WORK OUGHT TO HAVE I.W.W. STAMPED ON 'EM FOR I WON'T WORK! AND THEN HONEST CITIZENS SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO SHOOT EM ON SIGHT!

19
TRUMP PLAZA
JACK SCHICK, self PROCLAIMED KING of A MISERABLE AVENUE C Shanty TOWN, RECOILS IN FEAR AT The APPROACH of A VAGUEL FAMILIAR SPECTRAL FIGURE!
JACK BABY!

LOOKHERE! I KNOW YOU BOYS ARE UNDER ALOT OF PRESSURE. BUT WHEN I HEAR YOU PARROTING THE SICK DELUSIONS OF A TROUBLED YOUNG MAN, FRANKLY I'M APPALLED.
MISHKIN
A CARLOAD OF COMEDY! AND THRILLS! IS COMIN' AT YA! SOON! IN "THE MISHKIN FILE!"
WITH WALDO!
SEE YA SOON GANG
WALDO!

BIRD LAND!
WALDO'S SECRET PIGEON PRESERVE ON EAST 25th ST. AN UNDYING MONUMENT TO A LATE LAMENTED PIGEON PHILANTHROPIST
THEN AND NOW!
WHEN SHE DIED, HER HUSBAND COULDN'T BRING HIMSELF TO BURY HER. INSTEAD HE CREATED A PIGEON OPEN HOUSE WITH HER AS THE CENTER PIECE AFTER THE HUSBAND'S SUDDEN DEATH SEVERAL YEARS AGO, WALDO TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF TO KEEP IT GOING
TS RESEMBLANCE TO A WINTER WONDERLAND, EVEN IN SUMMER, IS AN UNCANNY ANOMALLY


NIGHT TRAIN
EXPRESS

FORGET ABOUT 3D! HERE'S THE **REAL** DEAL! IT'S **FANTASTIC!** IT'S **FANTABULOUS!**

IT'S 4D!

OOF!

WAY OUT IN THE CATLAND SUBURBS, **TAD** AND **SUZY** HELP **UNCLE BENNY** AND THEIR **GRANDMOTHER** WITH SPRING CLEANING!

BY Kim (COMIN' AT YA) Deitch

LOOK, **UNCLE BENNY!** AN OLD COMIC BOOK!

HOLY SMOKES! I THOUGHT SHE DESTROYED THIS!

KIDS, YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE **ONLY** COMIC EVER PRODUCED IN **4D!**

WHAT'S THAT?

4D WAS THE NEWEST ADVANCE IN COMIC BOOK REALISM BACK IN 1953!

BUT UNFORTUNATELY, A LOT OF GOVERNMENT BUSYBODIES DECIDED IT WAS **TOO** REALISTIC!

A PARENTAL WARNING WAS ISSUED TODAY CONCERNING A COMIC BOOK PRODUCED IN AN UNSTABLE NEW PROCESS CALLED **4D!**

AND **YOUR** GRANDMOTHER SNATCHED MINE AWAY BEFORE I EVER READ IT!

WHAT'S MORE, ALL THE CONFISCATED COMICS WERE BURNED IN BIG BONFIRES!
POLICE LINE
AFTER THAT, THEY WATERED THE PROCESS DOWN TO 3D. BUT SOMEHOW IT NEVER...
HEY!
NOW SEE HERE, YOUNGSTER!
I'VE HAD TO WAIT 52 YEARS TO SEE THIS COMIC!
AND I THINK IT'S ONLY FAIR
THAT I SHOULD BE THE FIRST ONE TO...
3 CHEERS FOR ROCKET RAT!
HOORAY!
SPLAT!
SUDDENLY, UP IN THE SKY!
HAVE SOME PIE!
HE SURE GOT HIS JUST DESSERTS!
HA HA!
SK DAD!
Rocket Rat
WOW! THAT 4D SURE PACKS A WALLOP!
BENNY! LOAFING AGAIN! AND EATING PIE, TOO!

AN UNUSUAL TALE FROM THE SECRET JOURNALS OF THE FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY!

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

FIT TO BE FRIED AND READY TO RHUMBA!

READ ABOUT THEIR AWE-INSPIRING ORIGINS!

LEGS

CHESTER

BOOM BOOM

WING NUT

AS A STORM RAGES OVER THE MYSTERIOUS OLD HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...

HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN

DR. COSMO IS UNEXPECTEDLY CALLED AWAY.

AT A CRUCIAL POINT IN A SINISTER EXPERIMENT GOING ON IN THE BASEMENT LABORATORY,

THE ARC OF LIFE CRACKLES ABOVE THE SILENT FORM, WAITING TO WORK ITS WONDERS

BUT FATE STEPS IN WITH IDEAS OF ITS OWN AS A SUDDEN FREAK ACCIDENT CAUSES THE ARC TO MISS ITS INTENDED TARGET...

SOUTHERN FRIED

© 1994 BY KIM AND SIMON DEITCH

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

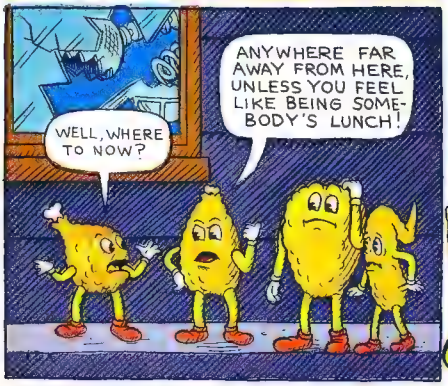
THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES

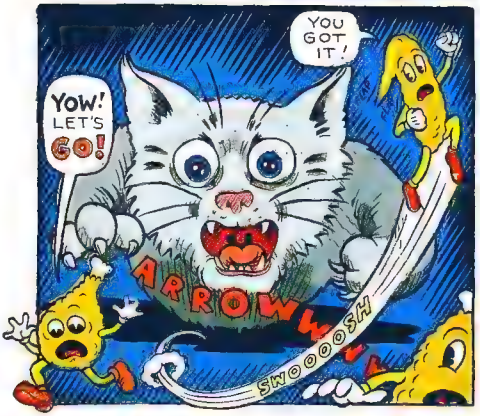
WING NUT CHESTER LEGS BOOM BOOM

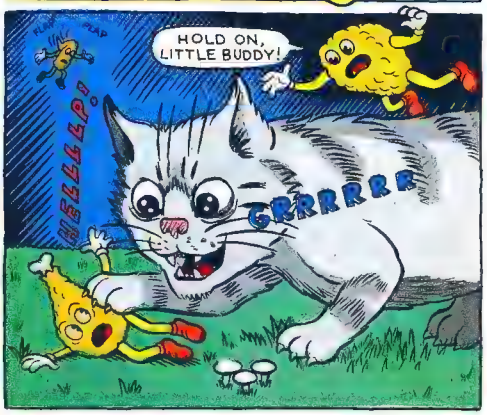
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

OUR STORY SO FAR

A LIGHTNING BOLT STRIKES DR. COSMO VON FRANKENSTEIN'S LABORATORY, WHICH ACCIDENTALLY BRINGS HIS FRIED CHICKEN LUNCH TO LIFE! DAZED AND CONFUSED, THE POULTRY PIECES ESCAPE INTO THE NIGHT....

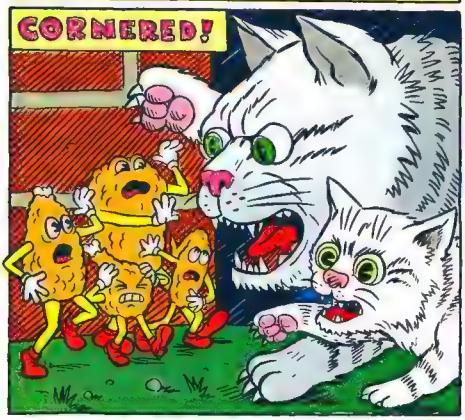


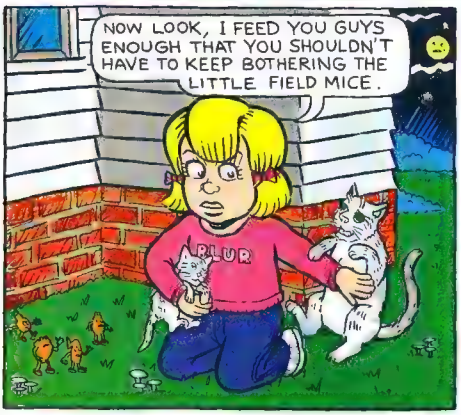


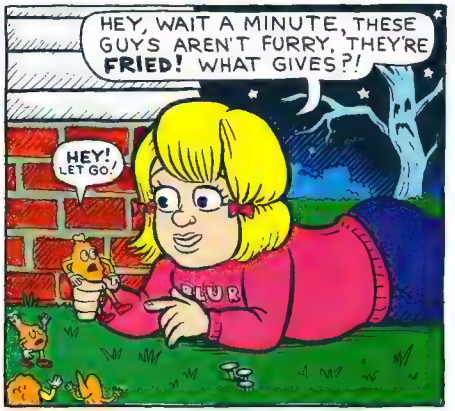


CHESTER DISPLAYS INCREDIBLE STRENGTH
ROWERR?
HEADS UP GUYS!
HOLY COW!
FLAP FLAP
...WITH ASTONISHING RESULTS!
YEOWRRRR
I THINK I HEAR YOUR MAMA CALLIN' HAIR BALL!
OUCH
HEY, BIG GUY, THAT WAS AMAZING! AND THIS HERE LITTLE FELLA WAS ACTUALLY FLYING!
YEAH! WHAT GIVES?
UH OH! I THINK WE'D ALL BETTER FLY OUTTA HERE. HERE COMES THAT CAT'S MAMA!
AND SHE DOESN'T LOOK NEARLY AS EASY TO DEAL WITH!
YOW!
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE LABORATORY, DR. COSMO STILL SEARCHES FOR HIS LUNCH.
WELL, WELL. WHAT HAVE WE HERE? TINY FOOTPRINTS!
SOUTHERN FIELD
HEY! THERE GOES MY LUNCH NOW!!!
HELP
HELP
YOW!
HOO BOY! ARE OUR GUYS IN THE SOUP NOW, OR WHAT?! BE WITH US NEXT TIME WHEN WE MEET A SURPRISING NEW CHARACTER AND LEARN MORE ABOUT OUR HEROES' STARTLING POWERS!
© 1994 KIM AND SIMON DEITCH

YOU THINK **YOU** HAVE TROUBLES? THINK AGAIN. IMAGINE YOU WERE A DELICIOUS-SMELLING PIECE OF FRIED CHICKEN AND EVERYWHERE YOU WENT SOMEBODY WANTED TO EAT YOU! WELL, THAT'S JUST THE PROBLEM OUR HEROES HAVE TO LIVE WITH EVERY DAY! YOU MAY REMEMBER, WHEN WE LEFT THE BOYS LAST TIME THEY WERE BEING CHASED BY A PAIR OF HUNGRY FELINES....







LEGS DELIVERS A BLAST OF SIZZLING ENERGY!

OUCH!

HEY, THAT HURT. JUST WHO ARE YOU GUYS ANYWAY ?!

BLUR

TO THE BEST OF THEIR ABILITY, THE BOYS RELATE THE TALE OF THEIR SUDDEN BIRTH IN THE LABORATORY, FROM THE CHANCE BOLT OF LIGHTNING, TO THEIR MAD DASH INTO THE NIGHT . . .

SO THAT'S ABOUT IT! WE DON'T REALLY KNOW **WHO** WE ARE . . .

HEY! I CAN FIX THAT! I'M REAL GOOD WITH NAMES!

YOU'RE A BREAST, SO I'LL CALL YOU "CHEST-ER!"

YOU'RE A THIGH, YOU CAN BE "LEGS."

YOU'RE EASY, A DRUMSTICK NAMED "BOOM BOOM."

AND YOU ARE A LITTLE "WING-NUT."

MY NAME IS **BINKY**, AND I'M GONNA BE YOUR **BEST FRIEND!**

BLUR

AND WAIT TILL YOU MEET BILL AND POLLY. YOU'LL LIKE THEM. THEY'RE JUST YOUR SIZE!

LATER . . .

WELL, IT **IS** SORT OF COMFY, AND I **DO** FEEL SAFER!

YEAH, BUT I CAN'T SAY MUCH FOR THE COMPANY. THEY AREN'T EXACTLY PARTY ANIMALS!

BILL

POL

ARE YOU ALL GETTING ALONG IN THERE ?!

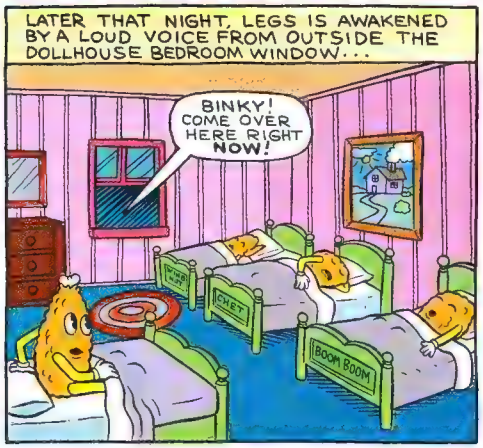
YES MA'AM!

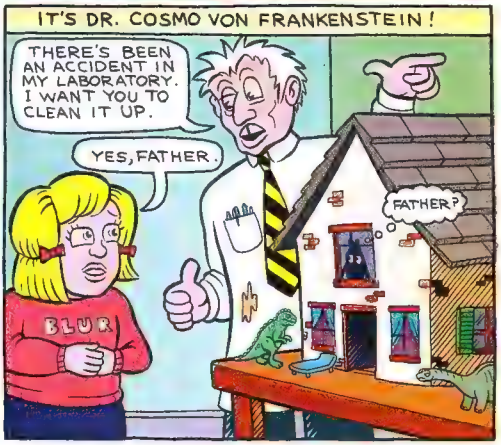
NO PROBLEM!

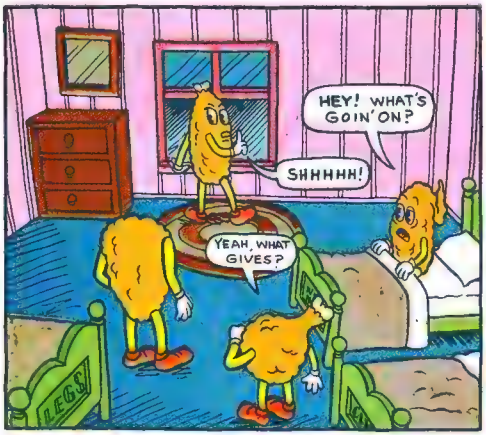
LIVING IN A DOLLHOUSE DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THE MOST THRILLING SITUATION FOR OUR HEROES TO FIND THEMSELVES IN, BUT LOOKS CAN BE DECEIVING. NEXT, AN UNEXPECTED TWIST!

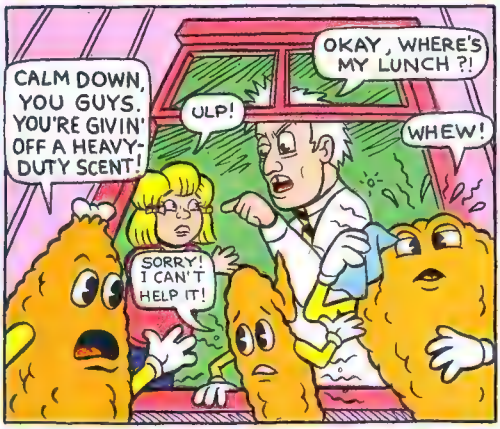
© 1994 KIM AND SIMON DEITCH

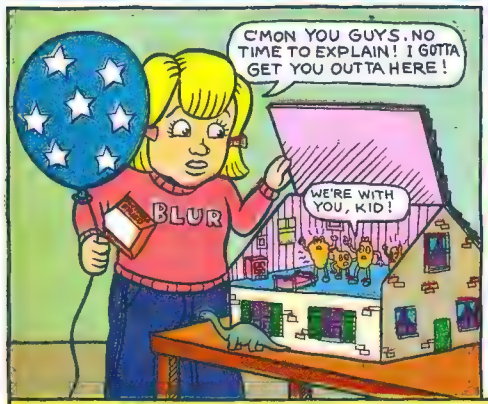
AFTER A DANGEROUS FIRST NIGHT ON EARTH AT THE MERCY OF A PAIR OF HOUSE CATS, THE BOYS HAVE SETTLED INTO AN ALL TOO COMFORTABLE EXISTENCE LIVING IN A LITTLE GIRL'S DOLLHOUSE. THE DAYS PASS SLOWLY AMONG BINKY'S DOLLS AND TOYS, HARDLY A FITTING LIFESTYLE FOR OUR NEWLY BORN ADVENTURE TEAM...

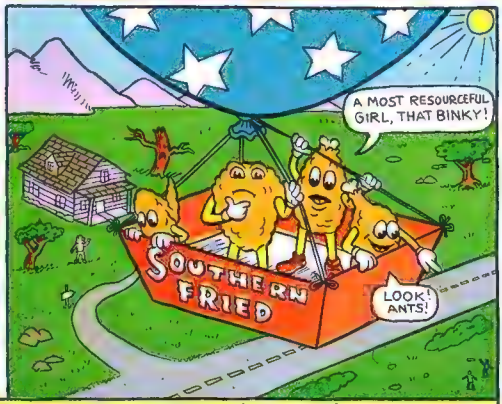












FINALLY OUR BOYS HAVE SEEN THE LAST OF THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN (WE HOPE), AS THEY ARE BORNE UPON THE WIND HEADED TOWARD NEW, EXCITING ADVENTURES. PERHAPS THEY'LL SHOW UP IN **YOUR** HOMETOWN!

©1994 KIM AND SIMON DEITCH

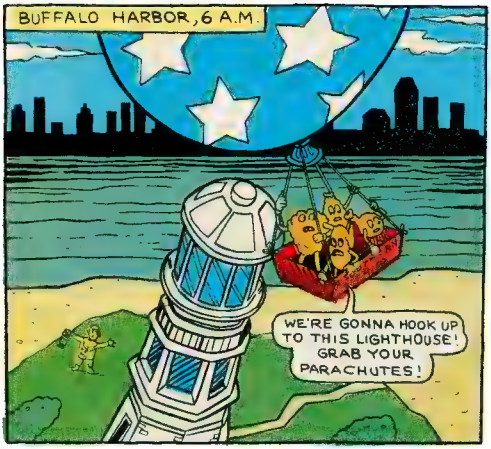
THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE

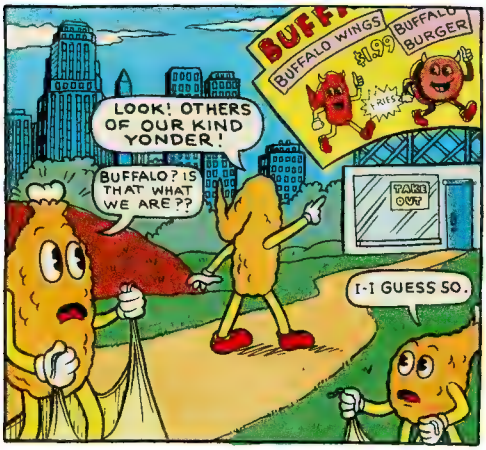
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

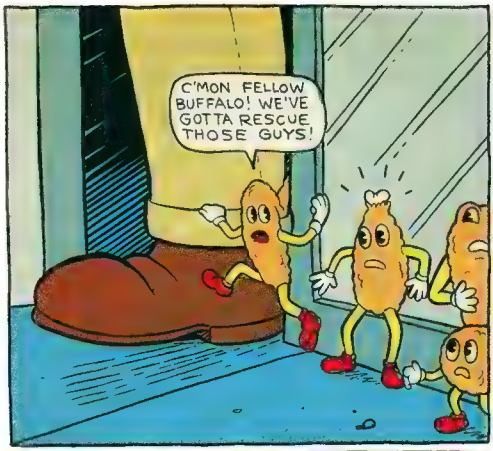
WING NUT CHESTER LEGS BOOM BOOM

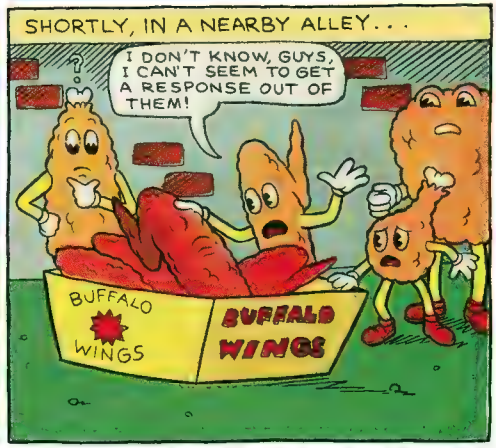
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

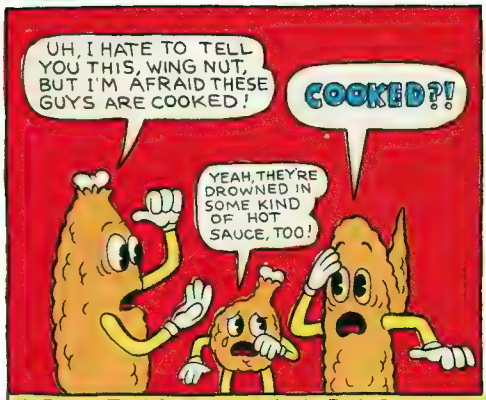
WITH THE AID OF THEIR YOUNG FRIEND BINKY, THE BOYS ESCAPE FROM DR. COSMO VON FRANKENSTEIN ONCE AND FOR ALL. AFTER SEVERAL DAYS AND NIGHTS OF AIMLESS DRIFTING, OUR ADVENTUROUS QUARTET FIND THEMSELVES FLOATING ABOVE THE BUFFALO, NEW YORK, HARBOR.

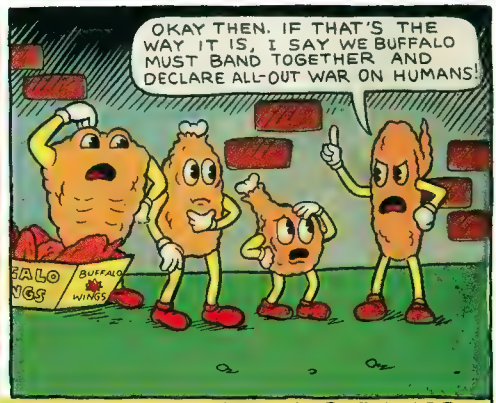






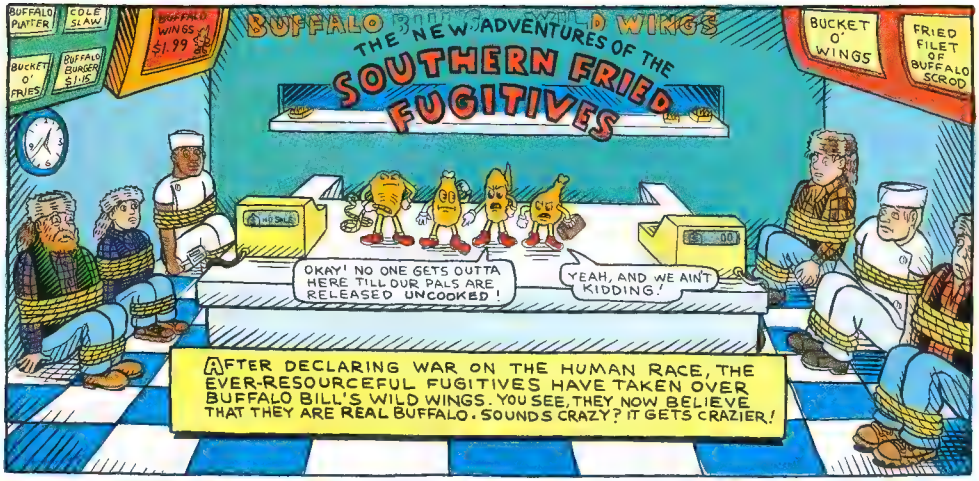


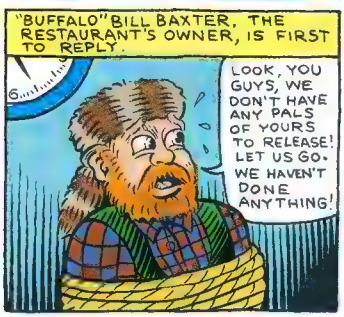




WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE OUR BOYS ARE CLEARLY CONFUSED - AND THINGS ARE BOUND TO GET WORSE BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO GET ANY BETTER. BE WITH US NEXT TIME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

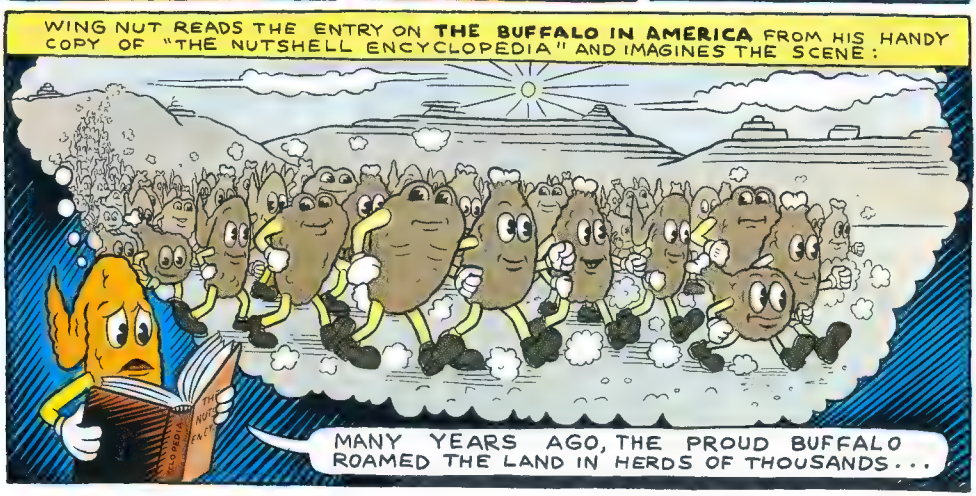
©1995 KIM AND SIMON DEITCH

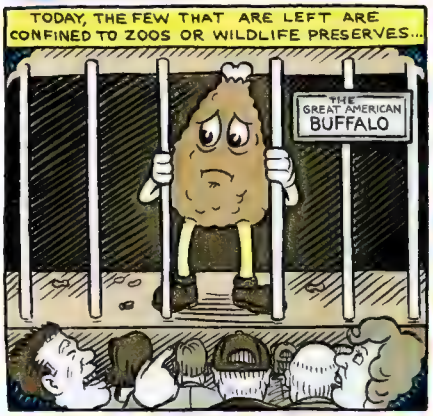

BUFFALO PLATTER
COLE SLAW
BUFFALO WINGS $1.99
BUCKET O' FRIES
BUFFALO BURGER $1.15
BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WINGS
THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
BUCKET O' WINGS
FRIED FILET OF BUFFALO SCROD
NO SALE
OKAY! NO ONE GETS OUTTA HERE TILL OUR PALS ARE RELEASED UNCOOKED!
YEAH, AND WE AIN'T KIDDING!
AFTER DECLARING WAR ON THE HUMAN RACE, THE EVER-RESOURCEFUL FUGITIVES HAVE TAKEN OVER BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WINGS. YOU SEE, THEY NOW BELIEVE THAT THEY ARE REAL BUFFALO. SOUNDS CRAZY? IT GETS CRAZIER!

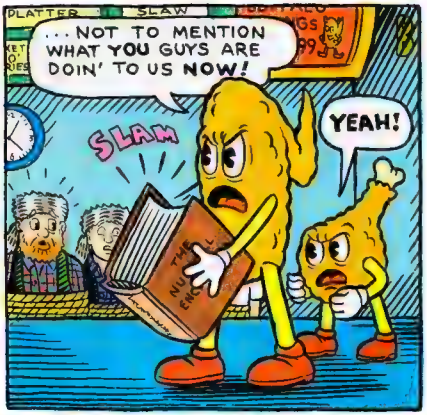

"BUFFALO" BILL BAXTER, THE RESTAURANT'S OWNER, IS FIRST TO REPLY.
LOOK, YOU GUYS, WE DON'T HAVE ANY PALS OF YOURS TO RELEASE! LET US GO. WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!

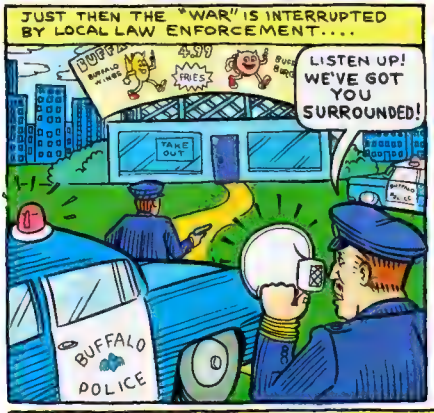
THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY! WE KNOW WHAT YOU DO TO OUR KIND. WE DIDN'T JUST FALL OFF THE TURNIP TRUCK YESTERDAY!

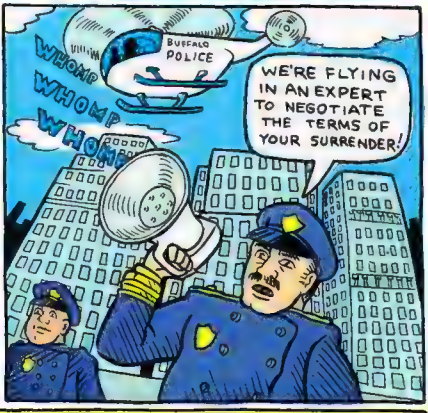
THE NUTSHELL ENCYCLOPEDIA
YEAH, WE'VE GOT THE PROOF RIGHT HERE. SHOW 'EM, WING NUT!


WING NUT READS THE ENTRY ON THE BUFFALO IN AMERICA FROM HIS HANDY COPY OF "THE NUTSHELL ENCYCLOPEDIA" AND IMAGINES THE SCENE:
MANY YEARS AGO, THE PROUD BUFFALO ROAMED THE LAND IN HERDS OF THOUSANDS...







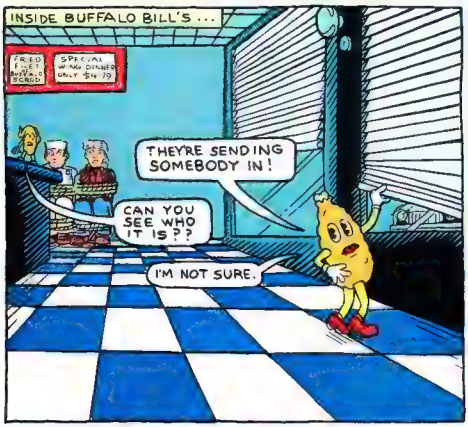


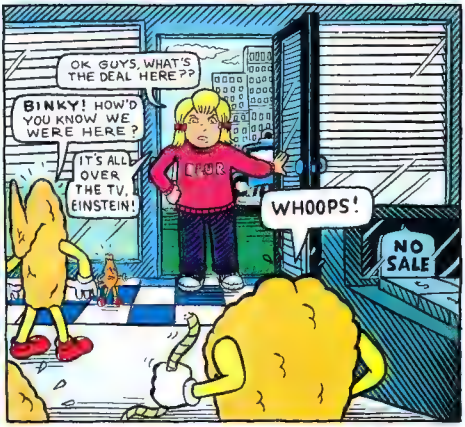
UH OH! LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS ARE IN FOR IT NOW! AND WHO COULD THE MYSTERIOUS "EXPERT" BE? JOIN US NEXT TIME FOR THE SURPRISING ANSWER!

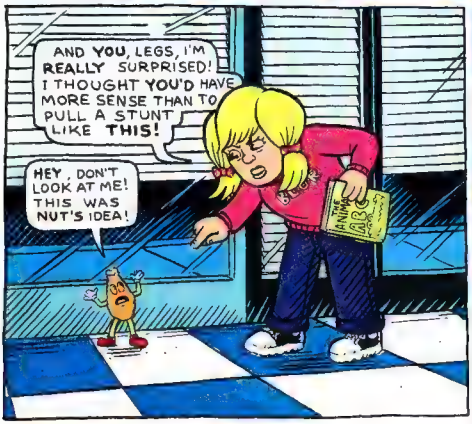
©1995 KIM + SIMON DEITCH

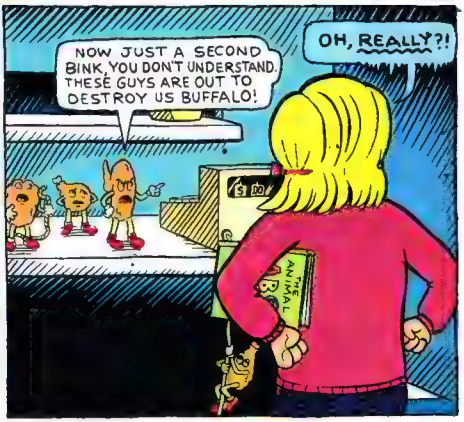
LAST EPISODE, OUR "HEROES" GOT INVOLVED IN A CONFUSING HOSTAGE SITUATION. MISTAKING THEMSELVES FOR THE "BUFFALO" USED TO COOK UP SERVINGS OF "BUFFALO WINGS," THEY HAVE TAKEN OVER A FAST FOOD RESTAURANT, HOPING TO FREE OTHERS OF THEIR KIND BEFORE THEY GET COOKED!

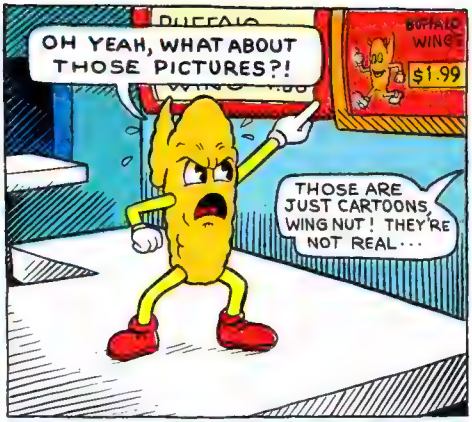
THE POLICE HAVE THE PLACE SURROUNDED AND ARE SENDING IN AN EXPERT IN HOSTAGE NEGOTIATION. WHO COULD IT BE?

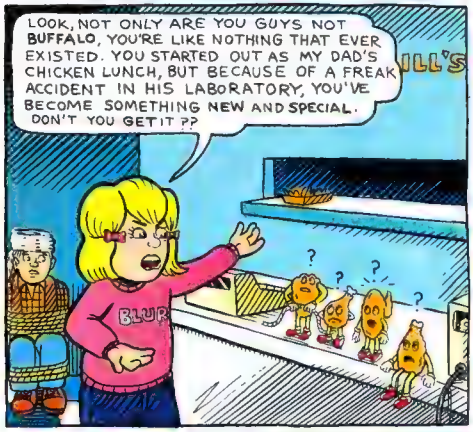


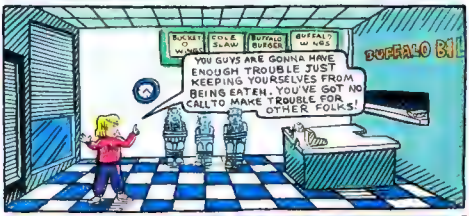


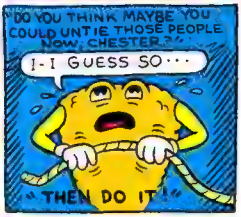


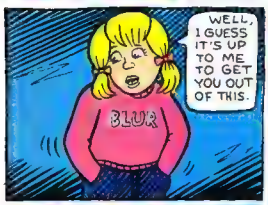


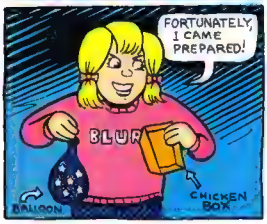


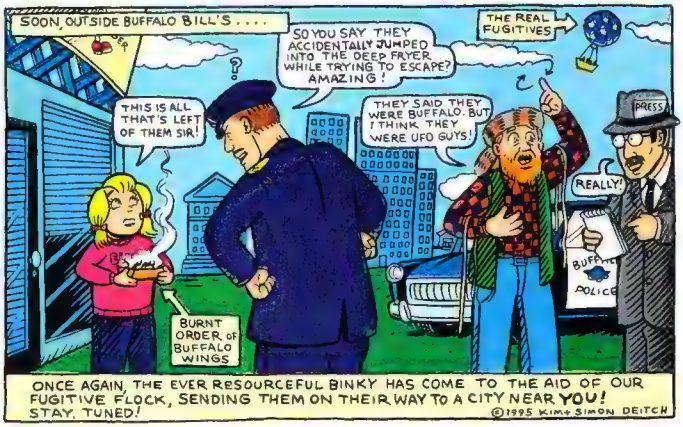








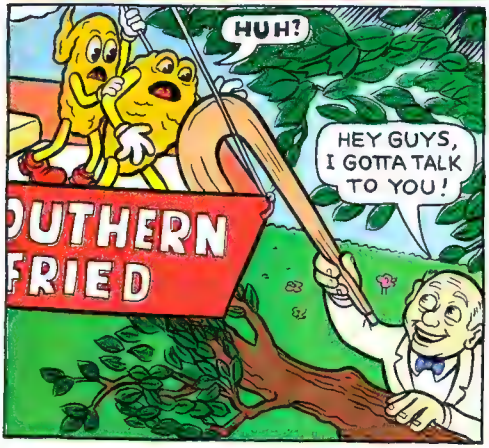


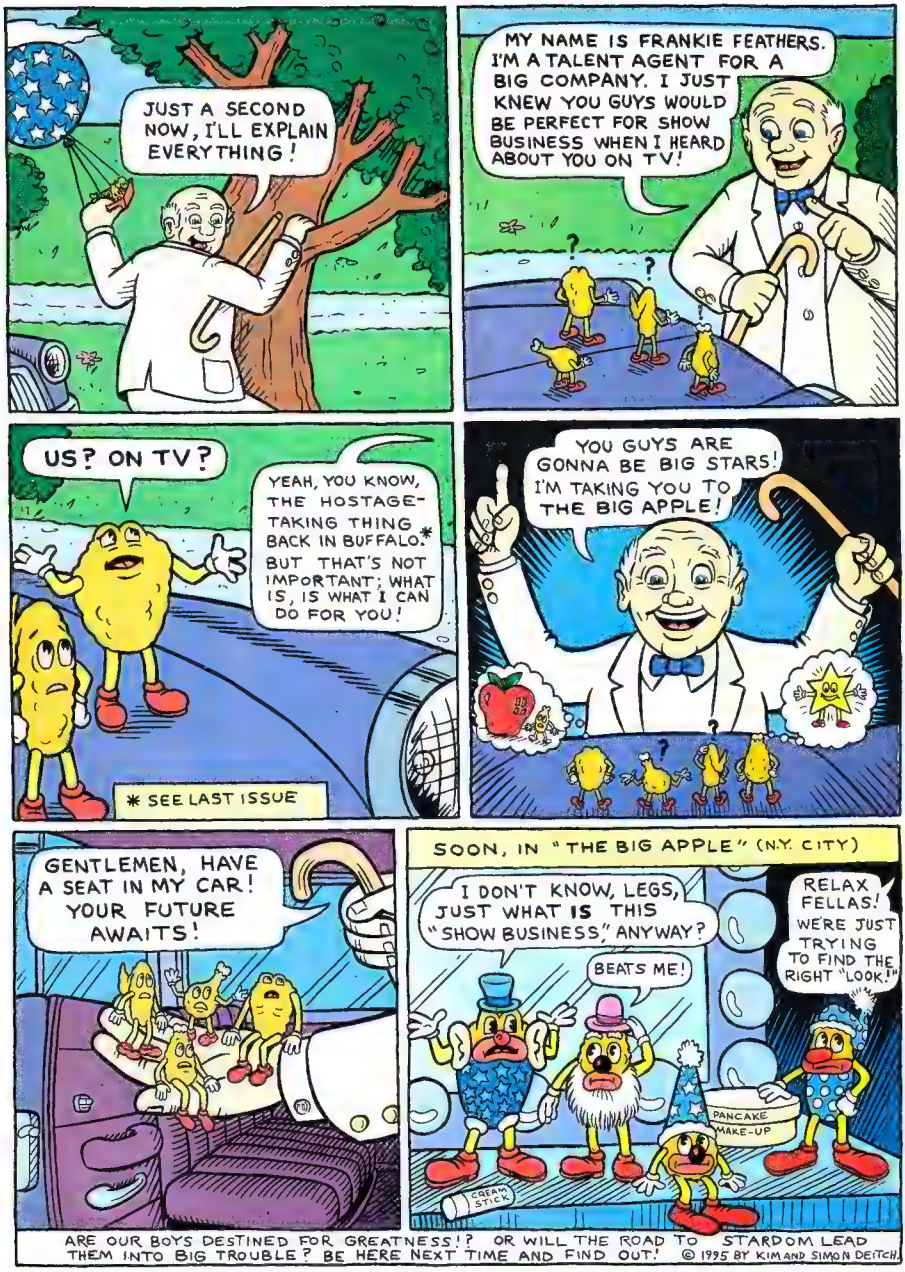


ONCE AGAIN, THE EVER RESOURCEFUL BINKY HAS COME TO THE AID OF OUR FUGITIVE FLOCK, SENDING THEM ON THEIR WAY TO A CITY NEAR YOU! STAY TUNED!

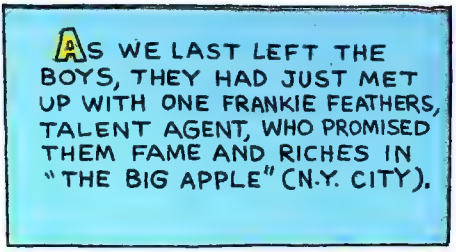
©1995 KIM+SIMON DEITCH

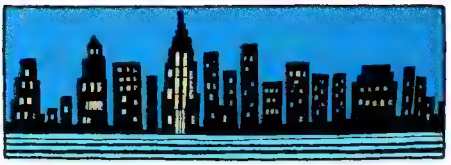
AFTER A CLOSE BRUSH WITH THE LAW IN BUFFALO, NY, THE BOYS ARE ONCE AGAIN RESCUED BY THEIR GOOD FRIEND, BINKY. AFTER BEING SENT ALOFT IN ONE OF BINKY'S MAKESHIFT BALLOONS, THEY FIND THEMSELVES LOSING ALTITUDE OVER UNKNOWN TERRITORY.




JUST A SECOND NOW, I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
MY NAME IS FRANKIE FEATHERS. I'M A TALENT AGENT FOR A BIG COMPANY. I JUST KNEW YOU GUYS WOULD BE PERFECT FOR SHOW BUSINESS WHEN I HEARD ABOUT YOU ON TV!
US? ON TV?
YEAH, YOU KNOW, THE HOSTAGE-TAKING THING BACK IN BUFFALO.* BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT; WHAT IS, IS WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU!
* SEE LAST ISSUE
YOU GUYS ARE GONNA BE BIG STARS! I'M TAKING YOU TO THE BIG APPLE!
GENTLEMEN, HAVE A SEAT IN MY CAR! YOUR FUTURE AWAITS!
SOON, IN "THE BIG APPLE" (N.Y. CITY)
I DON'T KNOW, LEGS, JUST WHAT IS THIS "SHOW BUSINESS," ANYWAY?
BEATS ME!
RELAX FELLAS! WE'RE JUST TRYING TO FIND THE RIGHT "LOOK!"
PANCAKE MAKE-UP
CREAM STICK
ARE OUR BOYS DESTINED FOR GREATNESS!? OR WILL THE ROAD TO STARDOM LEAD THEM INTO BIG TROUBLE? BE HERE NEXT TIME AND FIND OUT!
© 1995 BY KIM AND SIMON DEITCH

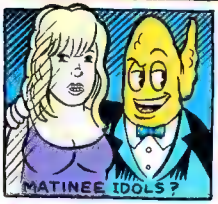
THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
WING NUT
CHESTER
LEGS
BOOM BOOM
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

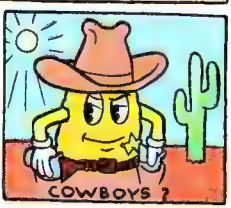

AS WE LAST LEFT THE BOYS, THEY HAD JUST MET UP WITH ONE FRANKIE FEATHERS, TALENT AGENT, WHO PROMISED THEM FAME AND RICHES IN "THE BIG APPLE" (N.Y. CITY).



AT THE PHOTO STUDIO, THE SEARCH FOR THEIR "NEW LOOK" BEGINS IN EARNEST...
THE FUGITIVE KIND
ROCK STARS?

SCI-FI SUPERHEROES?

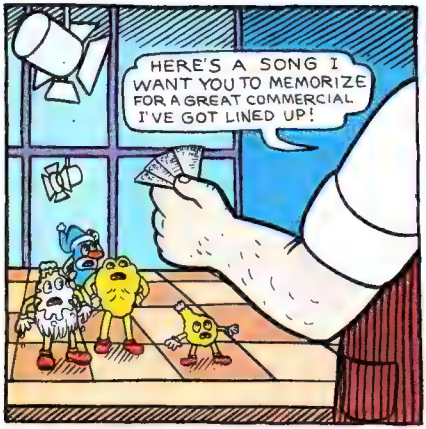

MATINEE IDOLS?

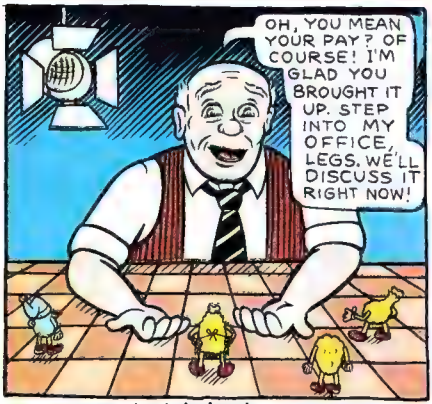

COWBOYS?

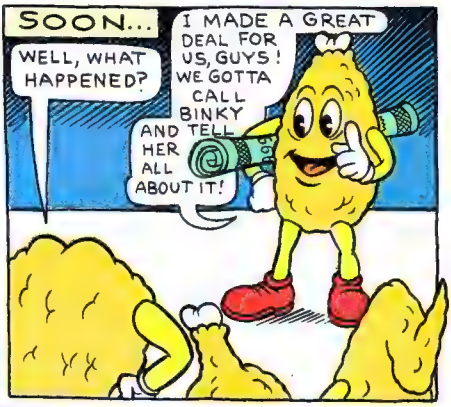
SONG AND DANCE MEN?

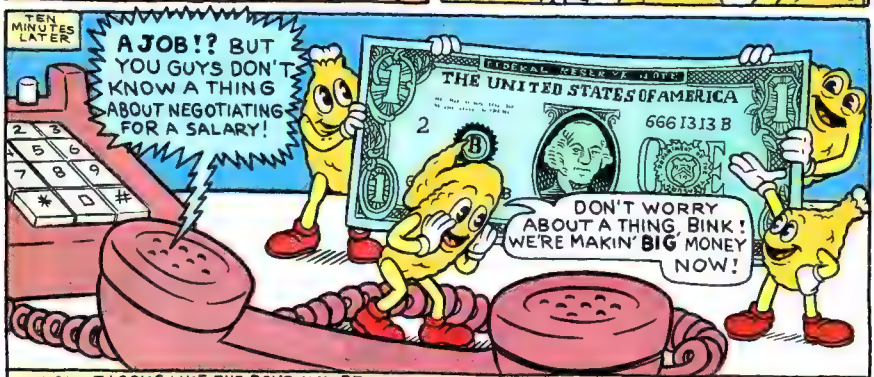
HIGH COMEDY?

GREAT STUFF, FELLAS! BUT LET'S SWITCH GEARS HERE. I WANNA TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT.



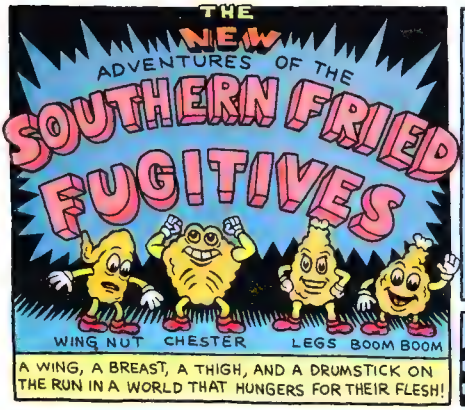




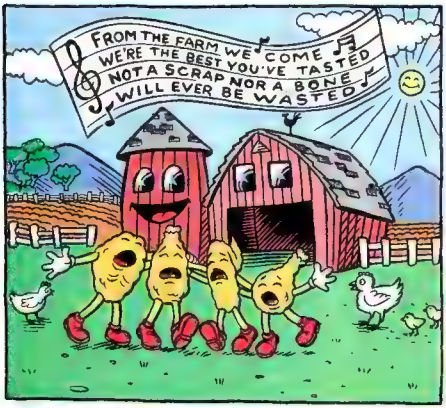


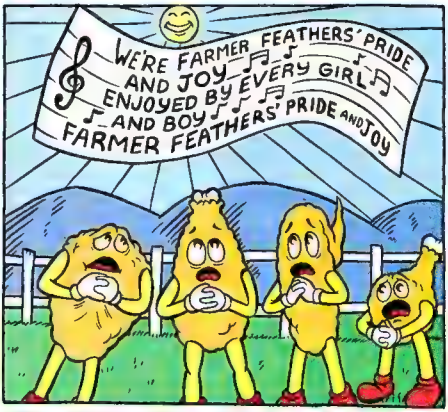
UH OH, IT LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS MAY BE GETTING IN OVER THEIR HEADS. BE HERE NEXT TIME AND SEE IF OUR CRISPY COHORTS GET BURNT ANY WORSE!

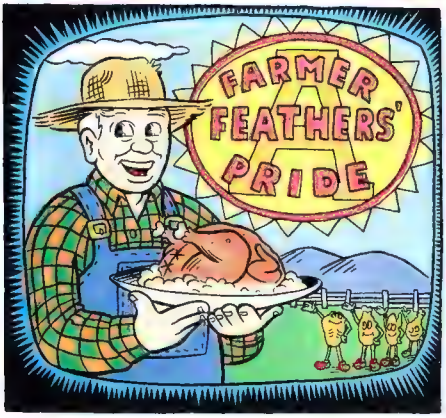
©1995, KIM AND SIMON DEITCH

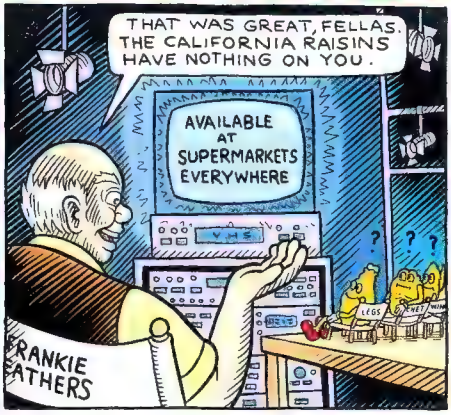


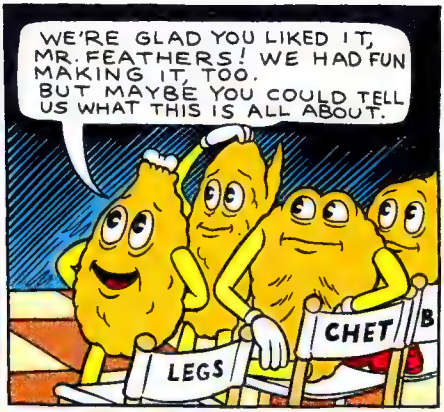
THE BOYS ARE NOW WORKING FOR FRANKIE FEATHERS, PART-TIME PRESS AGENT AND CHICKEN MOGUL. AS WE JOIN THEM, THEY ARE WATCHING THE FIRST OF THEIR COMMERCIALS FOR MR. FEATHERS' CHICKEN COMPANY...

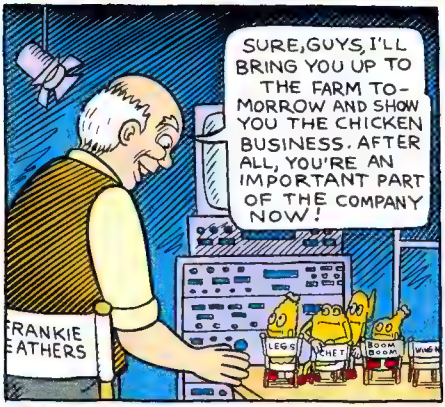


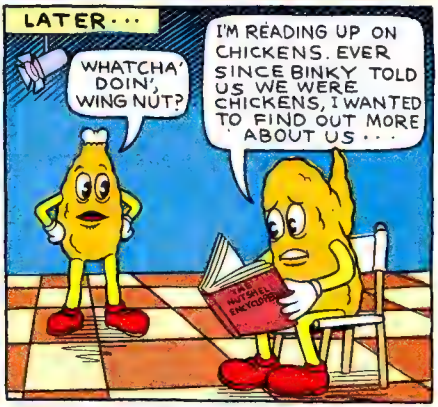


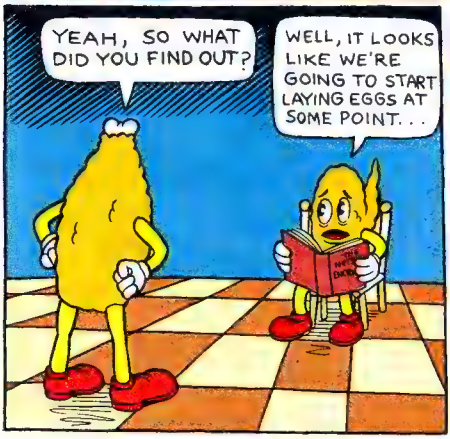


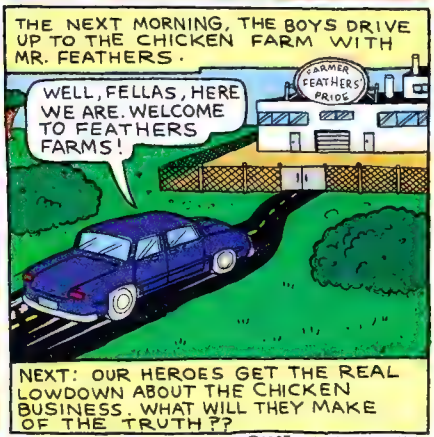




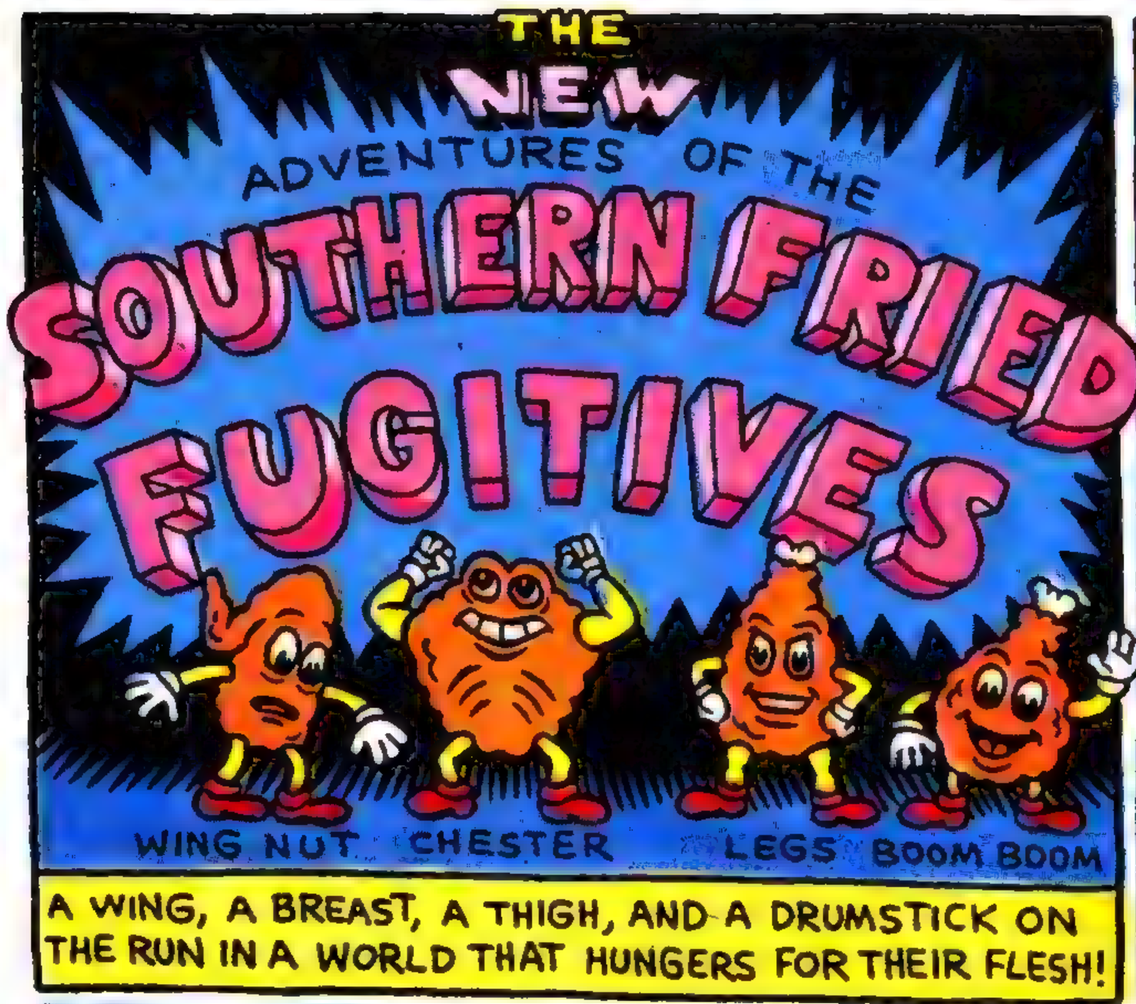


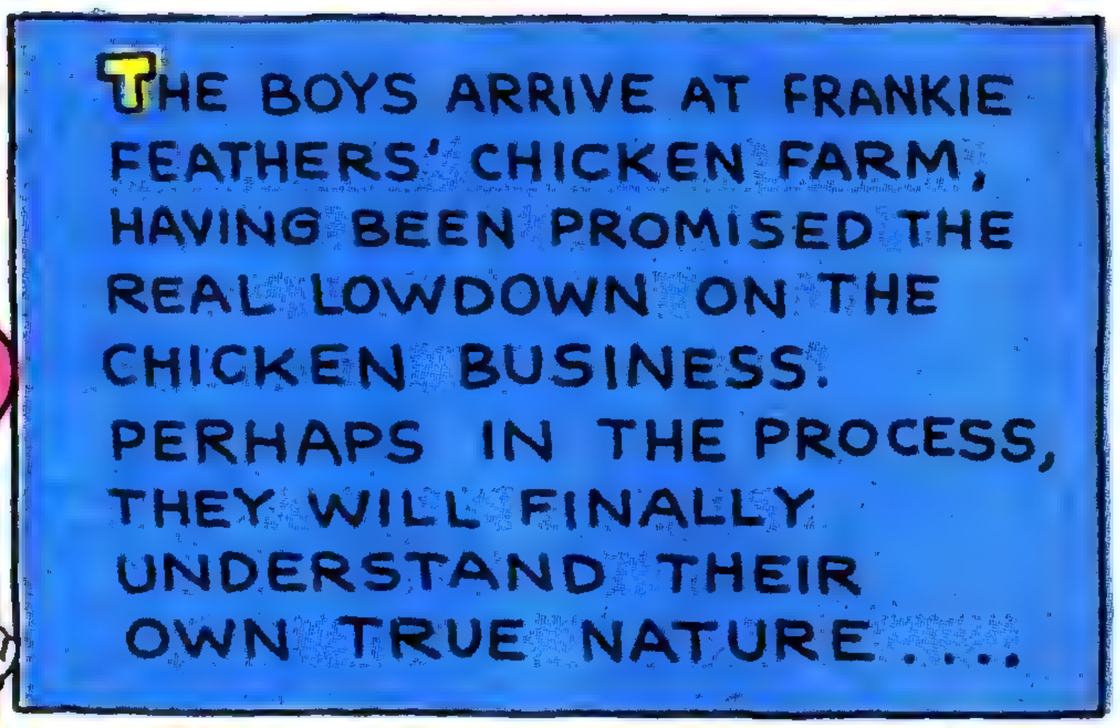


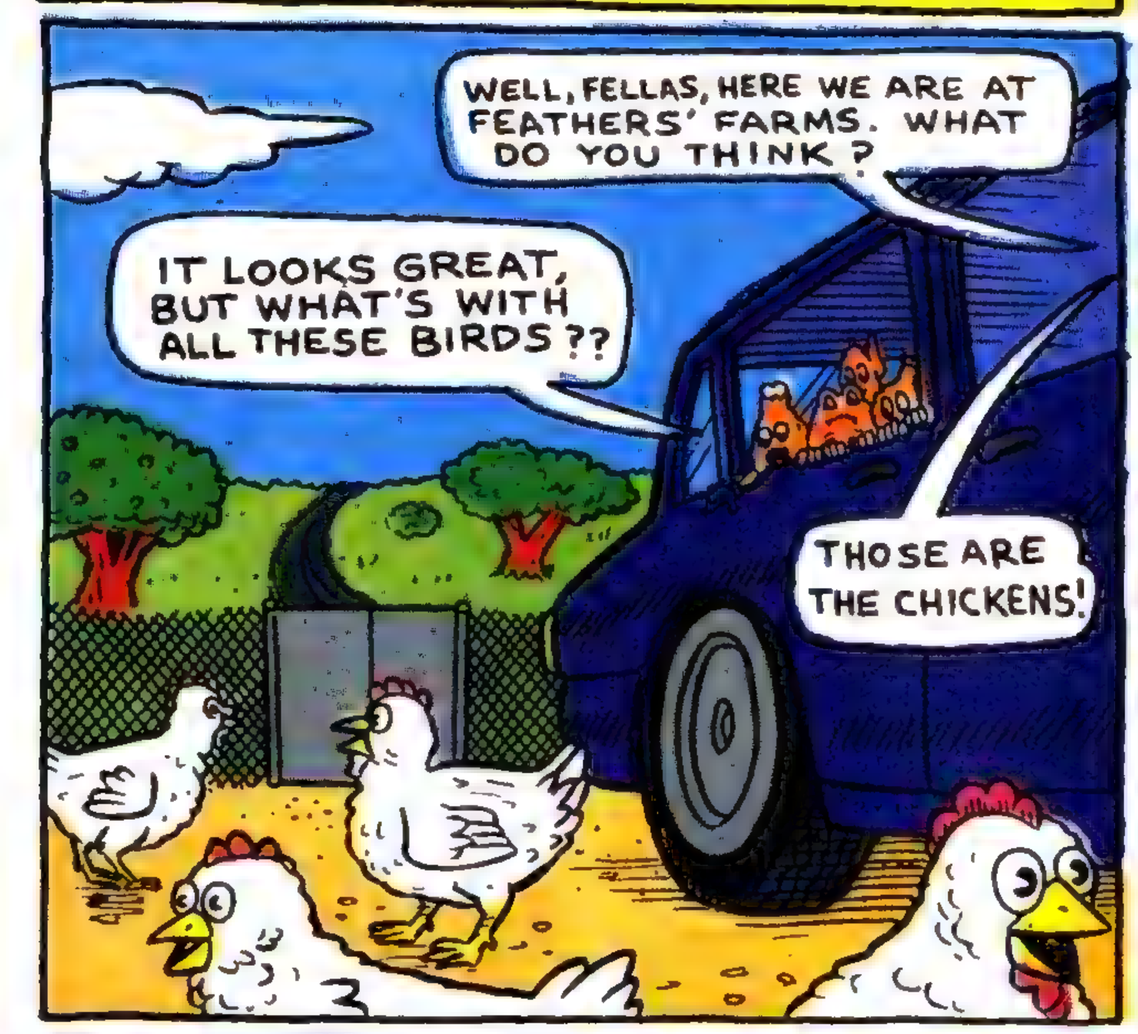


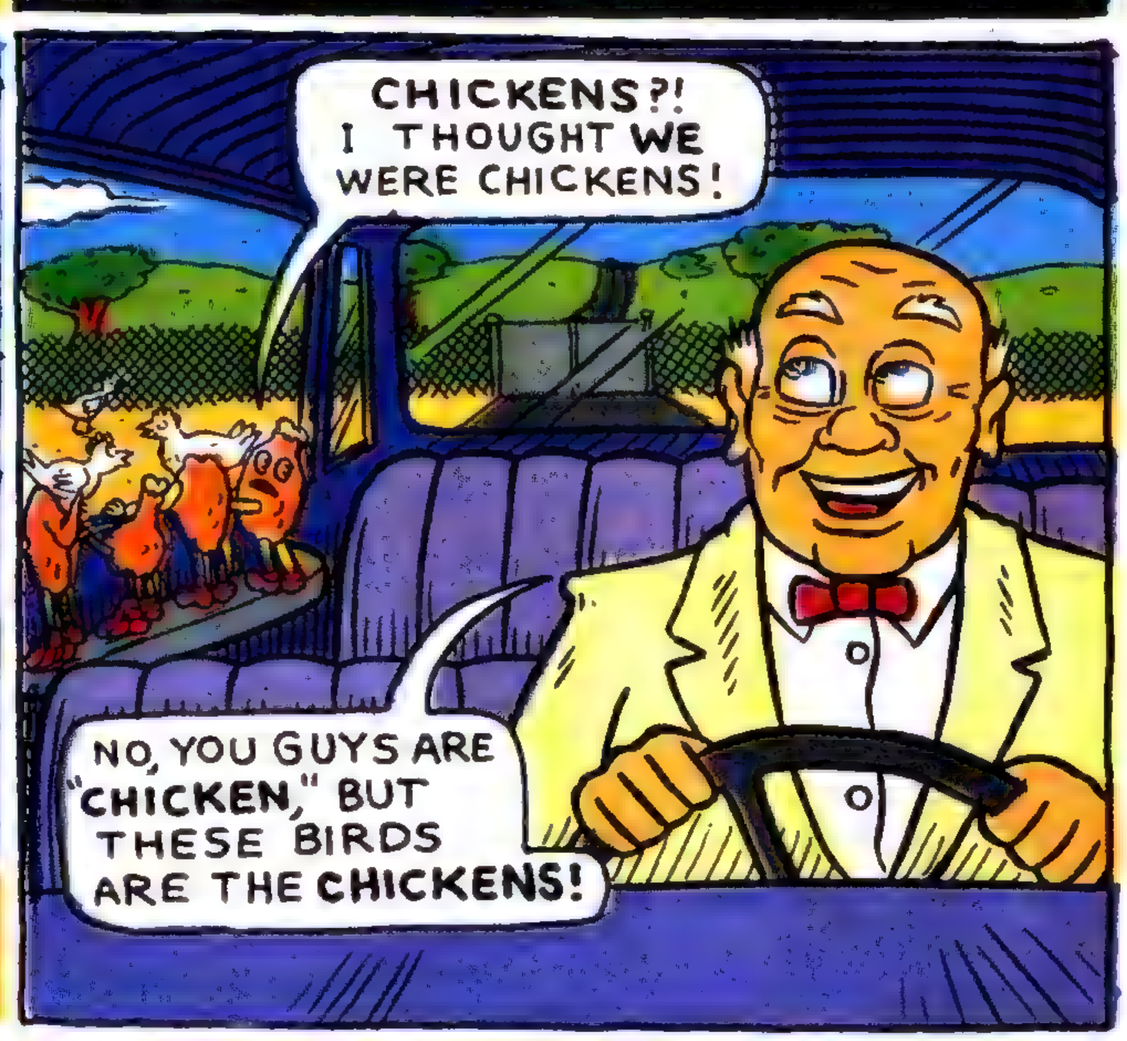


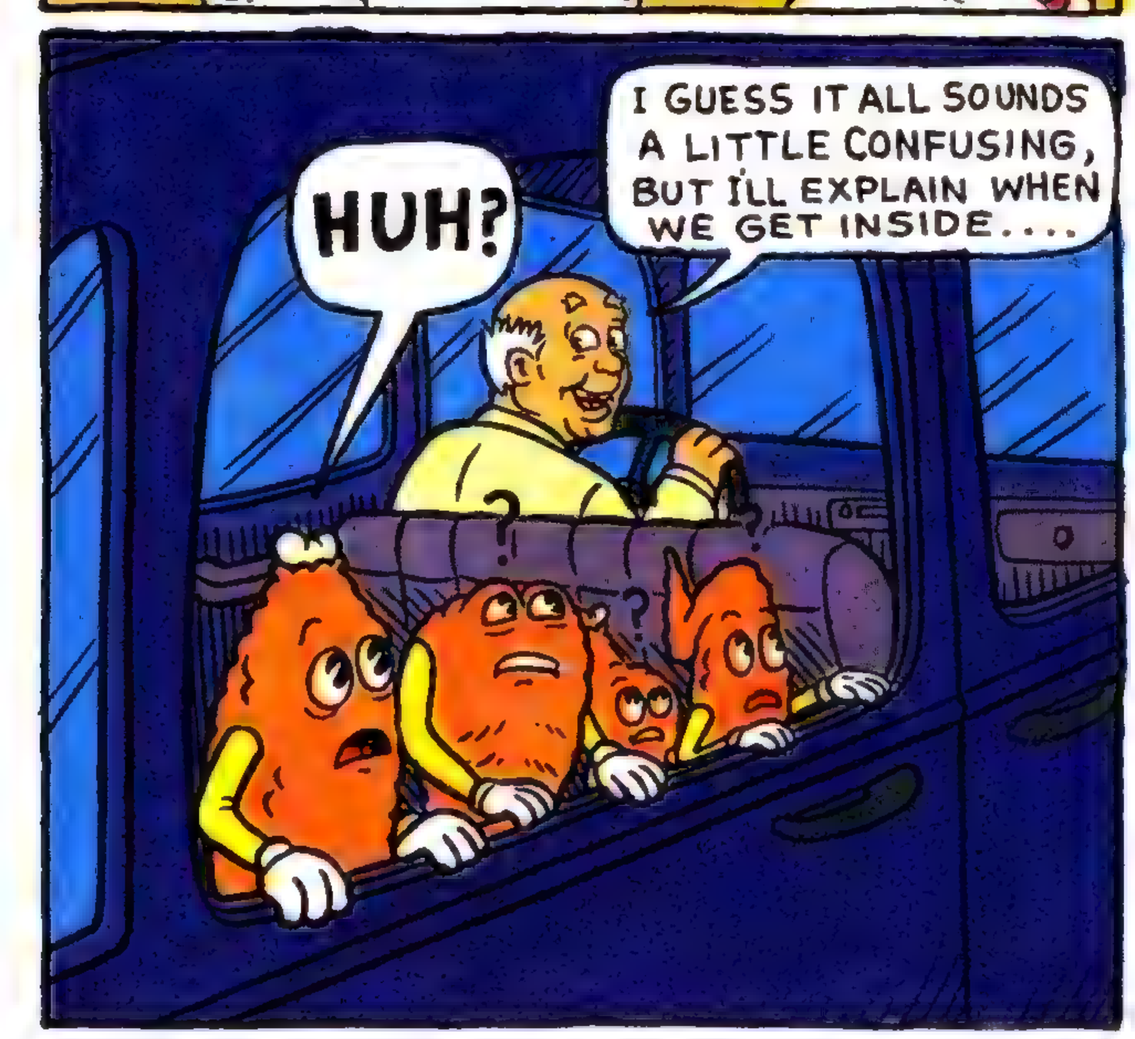
©1995 KIM+SIMON DEITCH

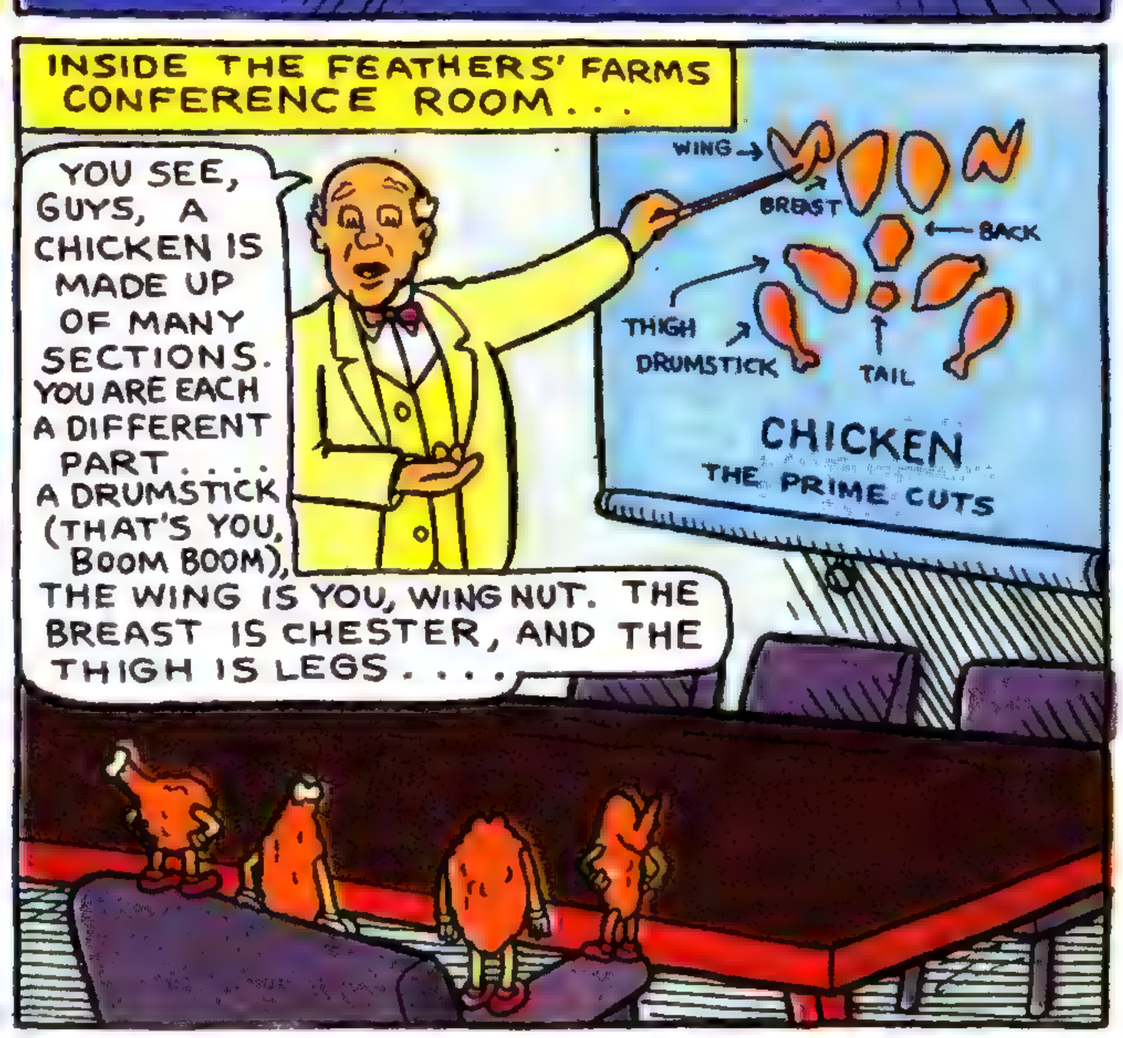

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
WING NUT
CHESTER
LEGS
BOOM BOOM
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

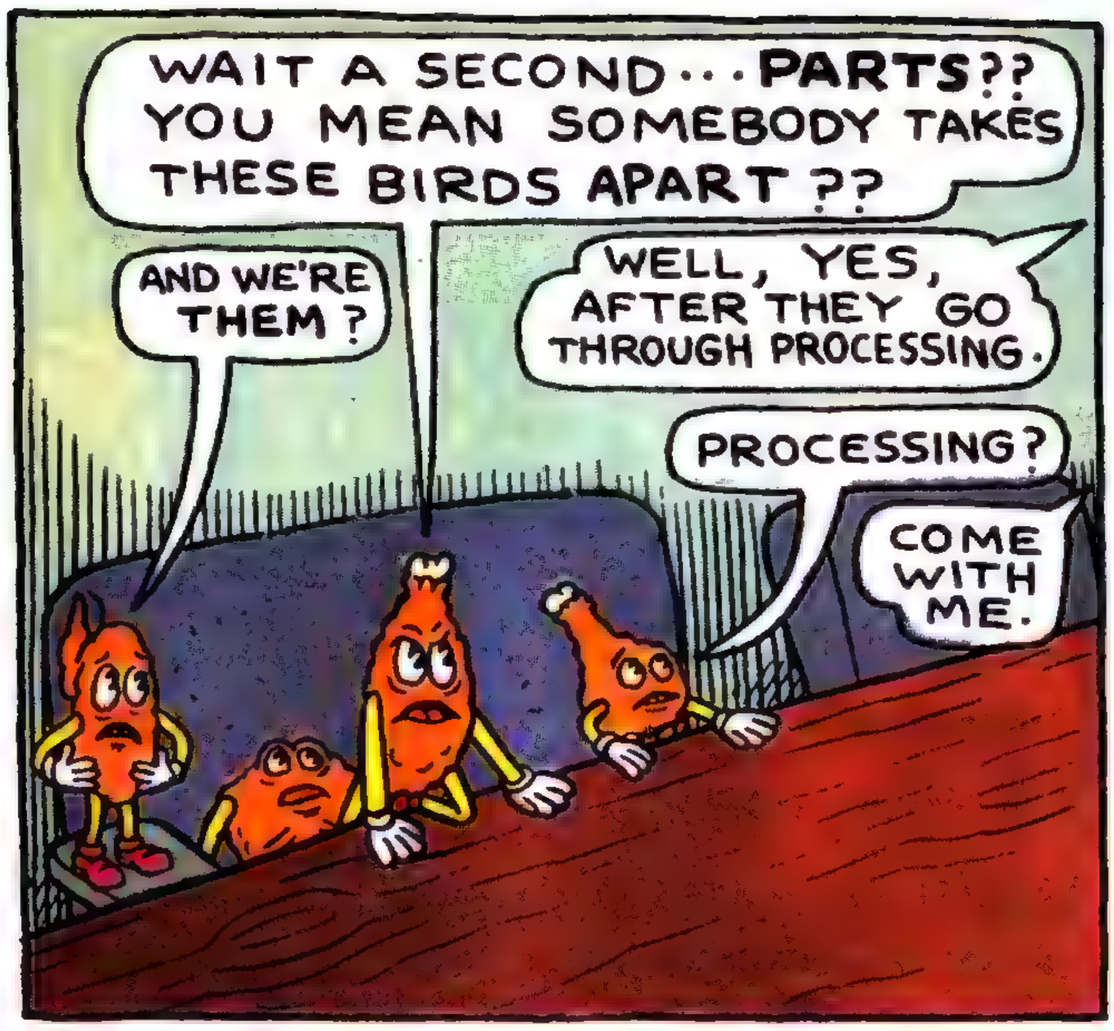

THE BOYS ARRIVE AT FRANKIE FEATHERS' CHICKEN FARM, HAVING BEEN PROMISED THE REAL LOWDOWN ON THE CHICKEN BUSINESS. PERHAPS IN THE PROCESS, THEY WILL FINALLY UNDERSTAND THEIR OWN TRUE NATURE....

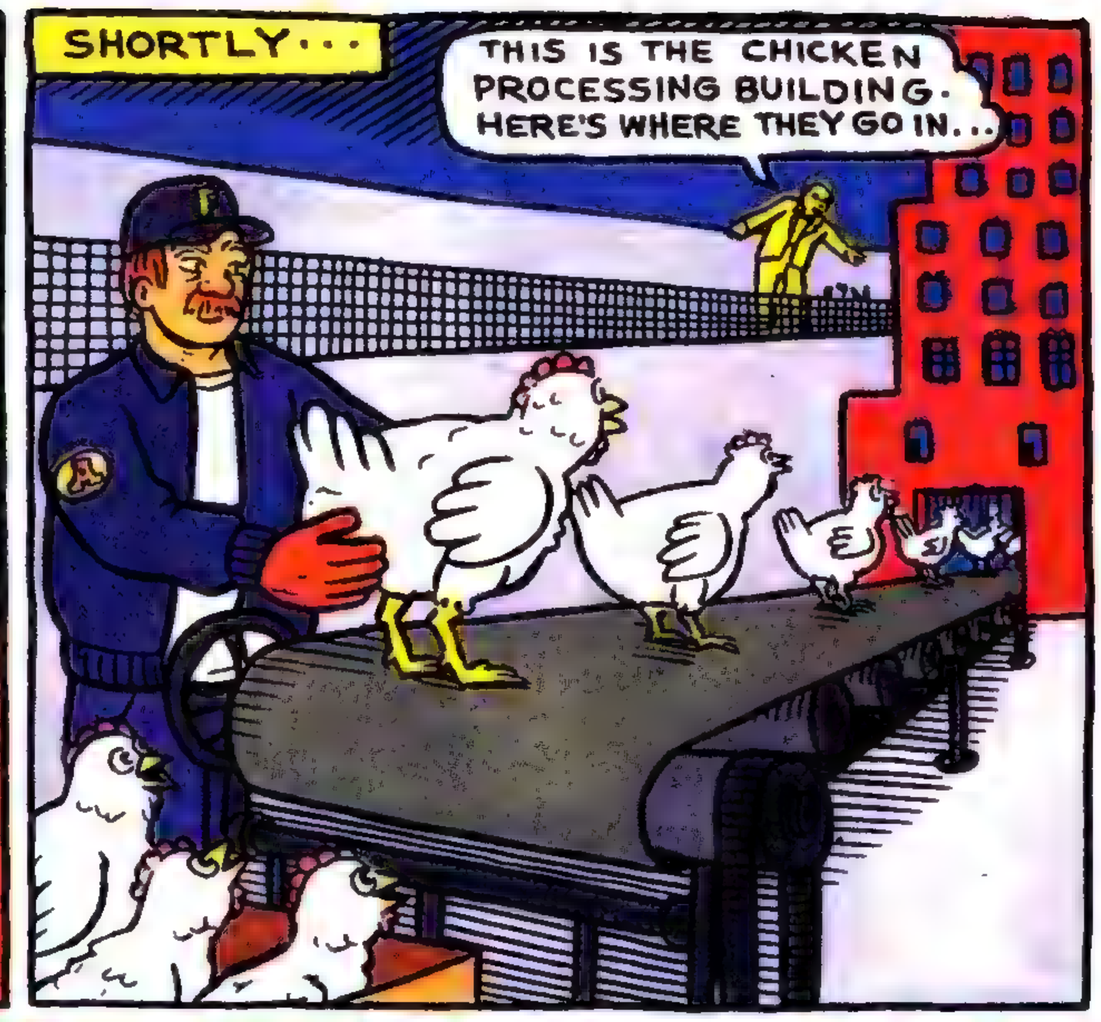

WELL, FELLAS, HERE WE ARE AT FEATHERS' FARMS. WHAT DO YOU THINK?
IT LOOKS GREAT, BUT WHAT'S WITH ALL THESE BIRDS??
THOSE ARE THE CHICKENS!

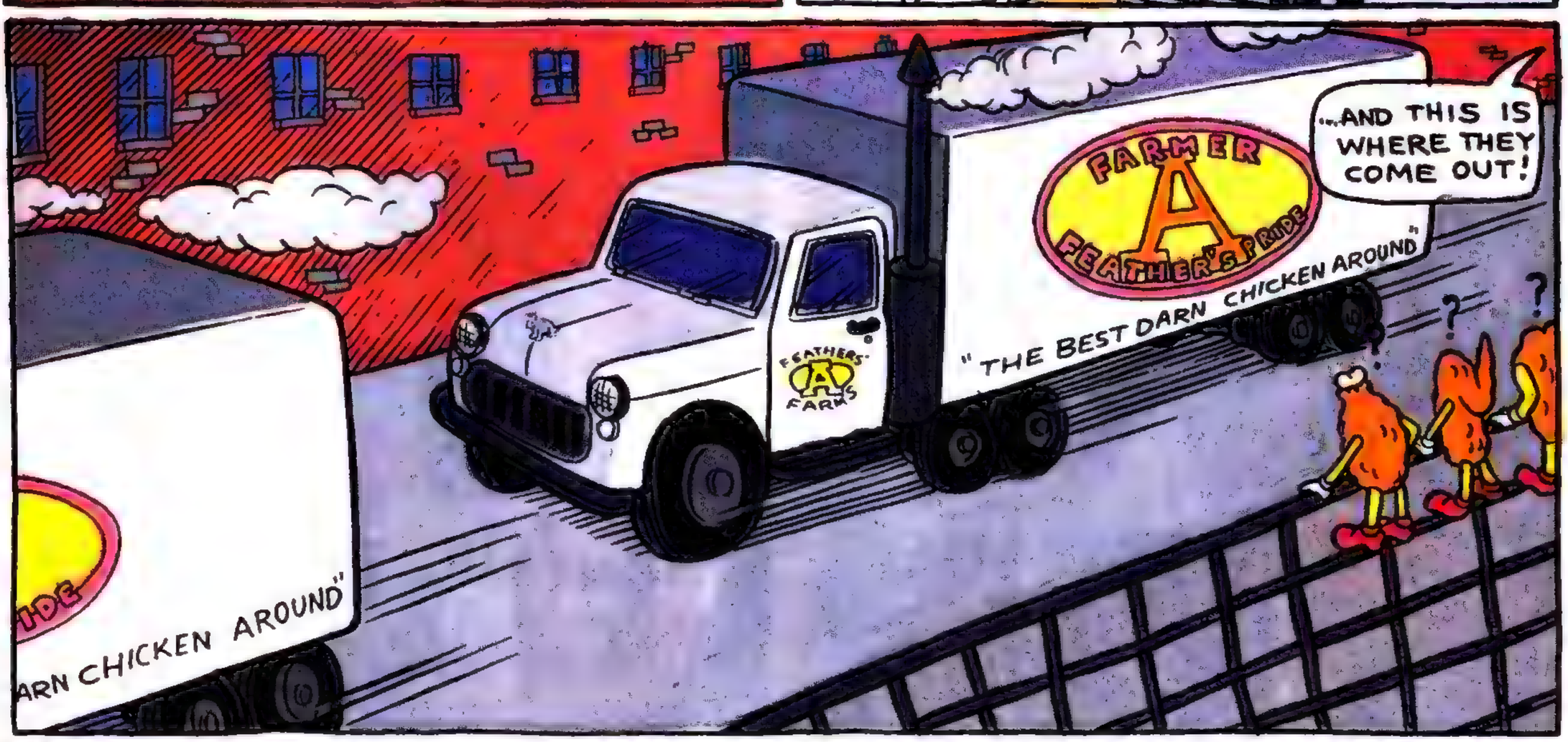

CHICKENS?! I THOUGHT WE WERE CHICKENS!
NO, YOU GUYS ARE "CHICKEN," BUT THESE BIRDS ARE THE CHICKENS!

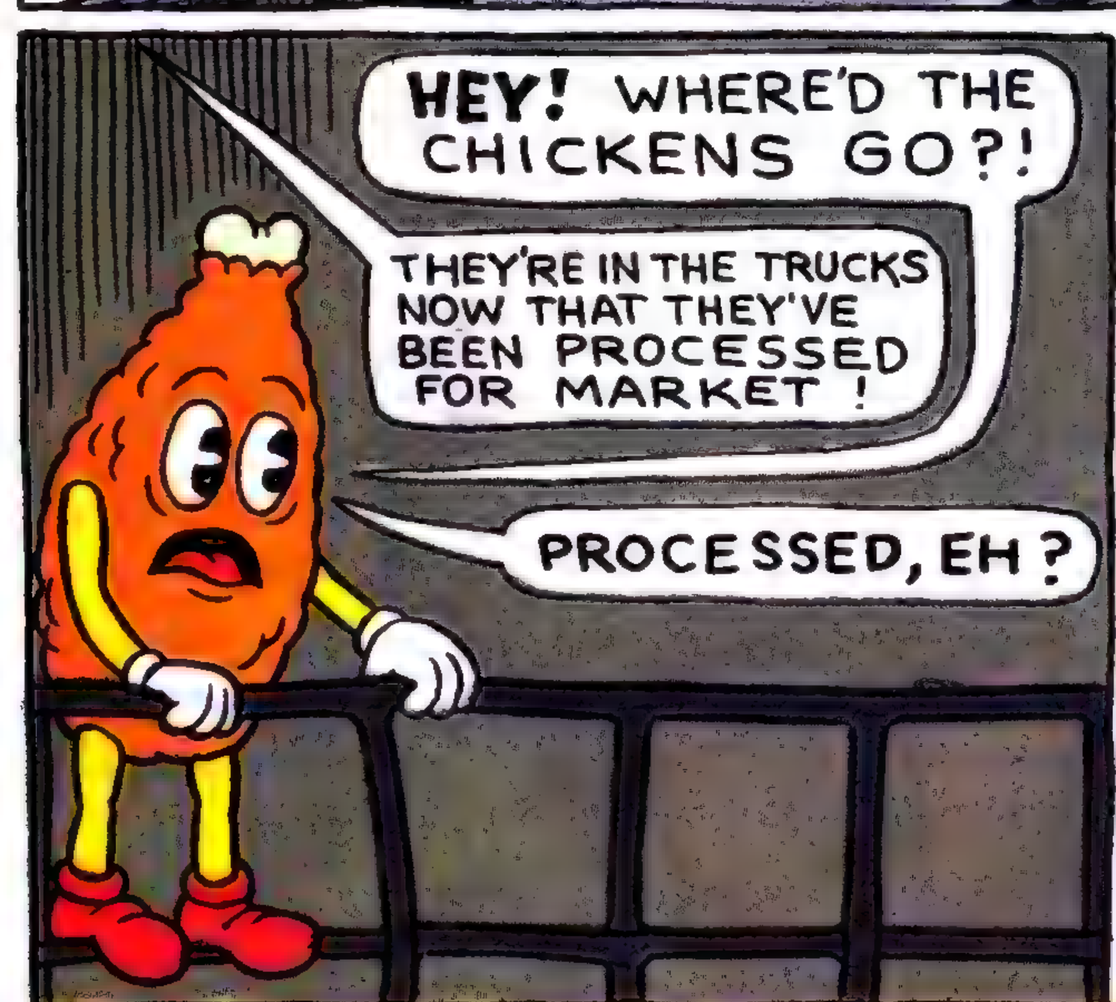

HUH?
I GUESS IT ALL SOUNDS A LITTLE CONFUSING, BUT I'LL EXPLAIN WHEN WE GET INSIDE....

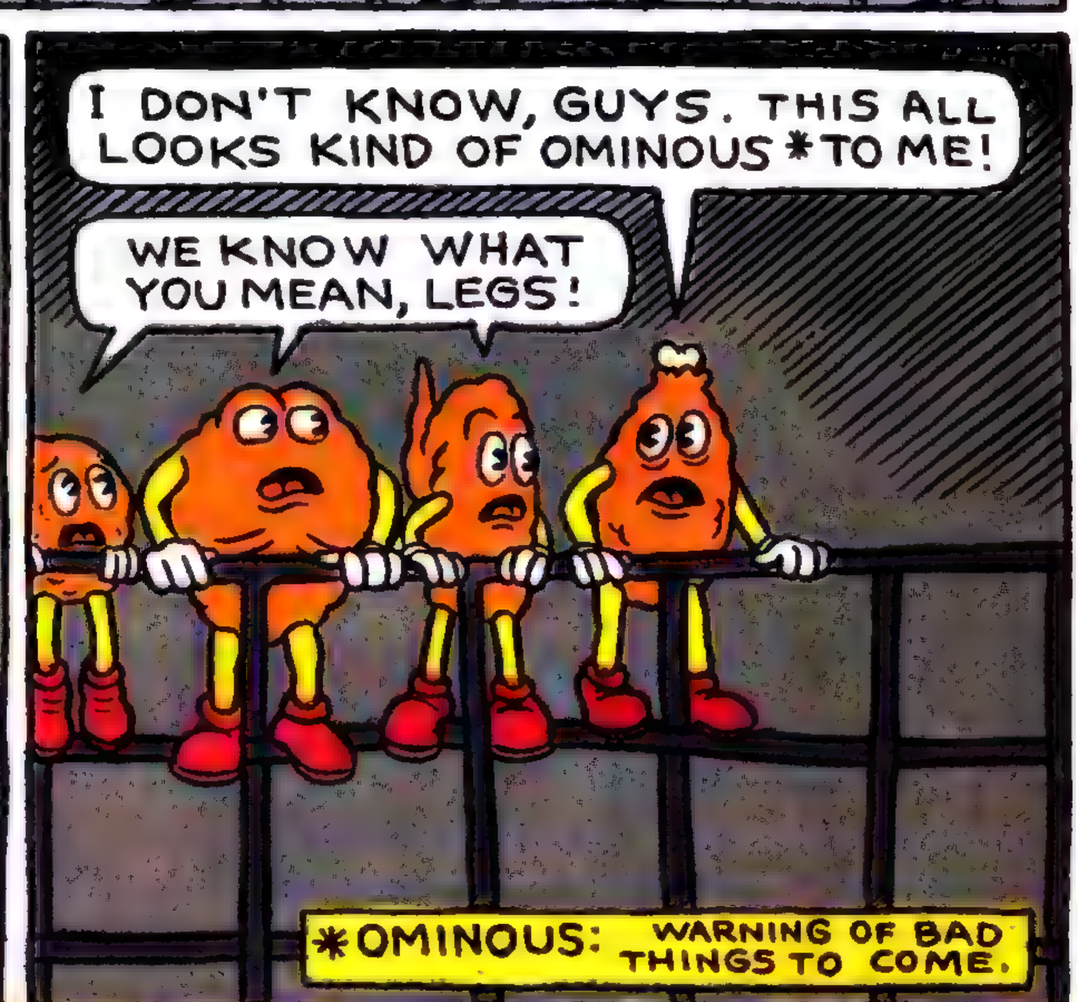

INSIDE THE FEATHERS' FARMS CONFERENCE ROOM...
YOU SEE, GUYS, A CHICKEN IS MADE UP OF MANY SECTIONS. YOU ARE EACH A DIFFERENT PART.... A DRUMSTICK (THAT'S YOU, BOOM BOOM), THE WING IS YOU, WING NUT. THE BREAST IS CHESTER, AND THE THIGH IS LEGS....
WING
BREAST
BACK
THIGH
DRUMSTICK
TAIL
CHICKEN
THE PRIME CUTS











OMINOUS INDEED! WILL THE BOYS LET THIS "PROCESS" CONTINUE TO HAPPEN TO THEIR NEWFOUND BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN? NEXT TIME, A THRILLING TURN OF EVENTS!

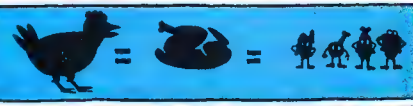
©1995 KIM AND SIMON DEITCH

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

AFTER LEARNING FIRSTHAND OF THEIR KINSHIP TO CHICKENS, AS WELL AS WHAT HAPPENS TO BIRDS IN THE CHICKEN INDUSTRY, THE BOYS HAVE SWORN TO DO EVERYTHING IN THEIR POWER TO SET THE CHICKENS FREE. BUT SO FAR, THIS HAS BEEN EASIER SAID THAN DONE....



AS WE JOIN THE BOYS IN THE CHICKEN YARD, THEY ARE HATCHING YET ANOTHER PLAN...

BERTHA'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE #1 BIRD AROUND HERE, SO I THOUGHT ALL THE CHICKENS WOULD FOLLOW HER OUT, BUT THEY DON'T SEEM INTERESTED.

I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING ELSE.

HEY, GUYS! I THINK MAYBE CHET AND I CAN GET THINGS ROLLING WITH THIS PAPER BAG BACK HERE!

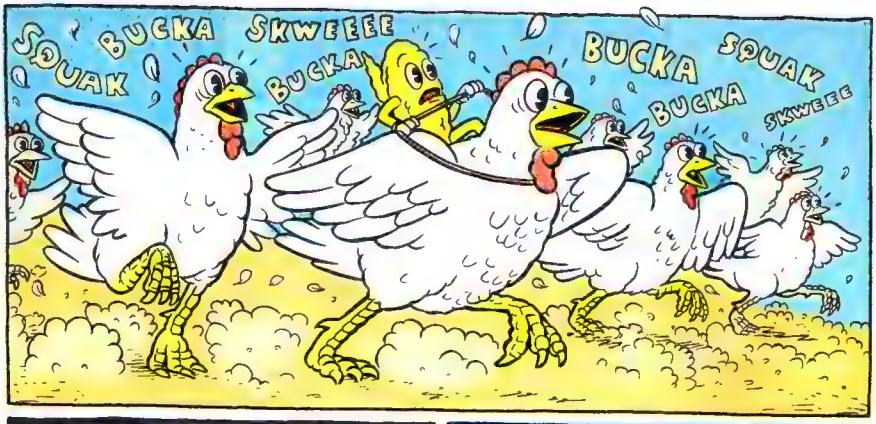
LET'S GIVE IT A SHOT!

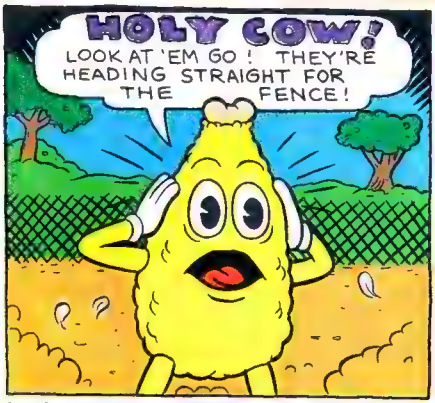
ALLEY...

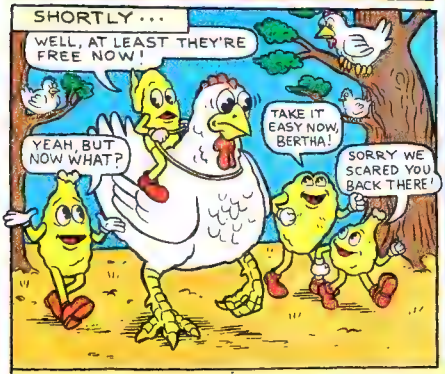
PHUW!

OOOPS!

POW





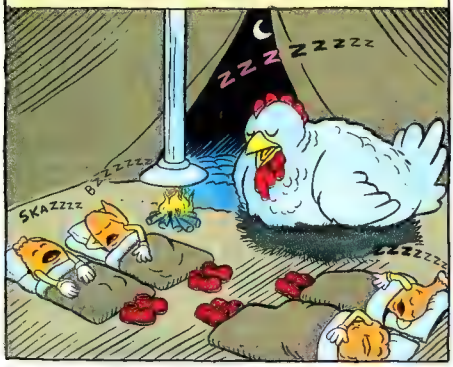


OH WELL, I GUESS YOU CAN'T MAKE **EVERYBODY** HAPPY NO MATTER **WHAT** YOU DO... BE WITH US NEXT TIME FOR **MORE** ROLLICKING ADVENTURES!

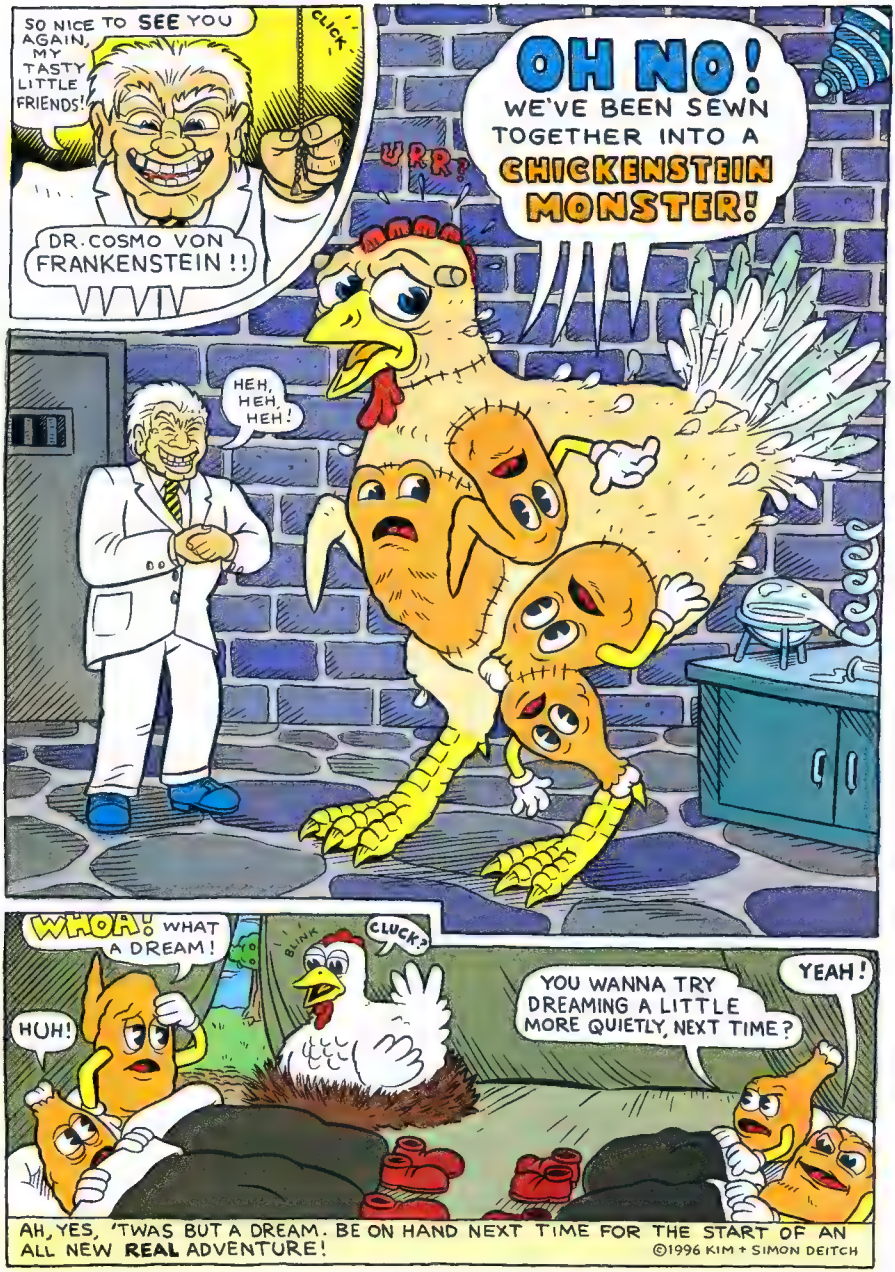
©1996 KIM AND SIMON DEITCH

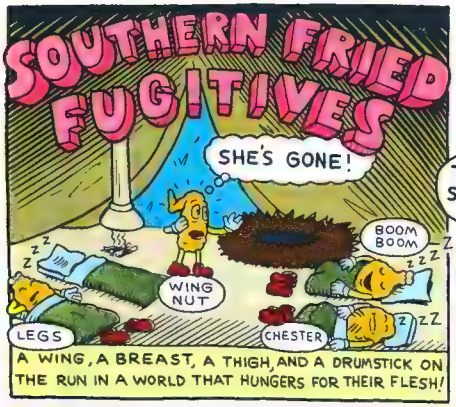
AFTER STAGING AN EXPLOSIVE ESCAPE FROM FARMER FEATHERS' CHICKEN YARD, THE BOYS SETTLE INTO A QUIET EXISTENCE, CAMPING OUT ALONG COUNTRY BACK ROADS WITH THEIR NEWFOUND FRIEND, A PRIZED CHICKEN NAMED BERTHA.

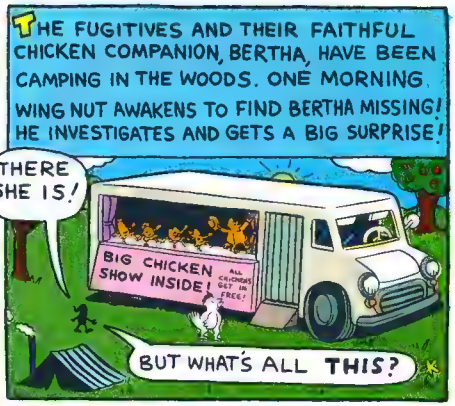
BERTHA AND THE BOYS SETTLE IN FOR A WELL-EARNED SLEEP....

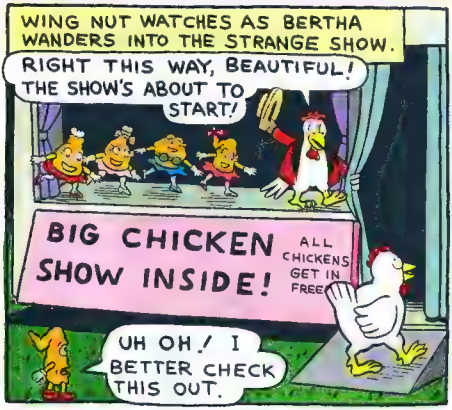


LATER IN THE EVENING, WING NUT AWAKENS SUDDENLY....

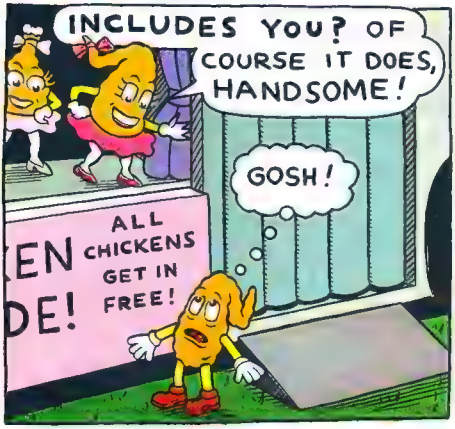

SO NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MY TASTY LITTLE FRIENDS!
CLICK
DR. COSMO VON FRANKENSTEIN!!
OH NO! WE'VE BEEN SEWN TOGETHER INTO A CHICKENSTEIN MONSTER!
URR?
HEH, HEH, HEH!
WHOA! WHAT A DREAM!
HUH!
BLINK
CLUCK?
YOU WANNA TRY DREAMING A LITTLE MORE QUIETLY, NEXT TIME?
YEAH!
AH, YES, 'TWAS BUT A DREAM. BE ON HAND NEXT TIME FOR THE START OF AN ALL NEW REAL ADVENTURE!
©1996 KIM + SIMON DEITCH

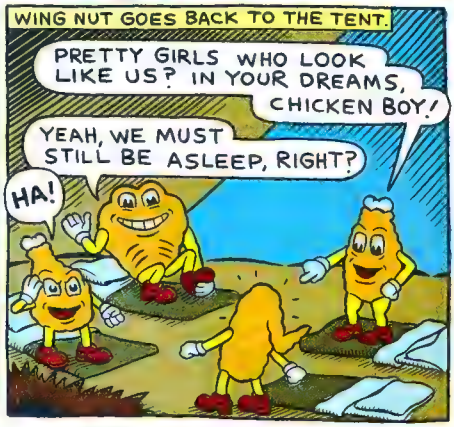

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
SHE'S GONE!
BOOM BOOM
WING NUT
LEGS
CHESTER
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

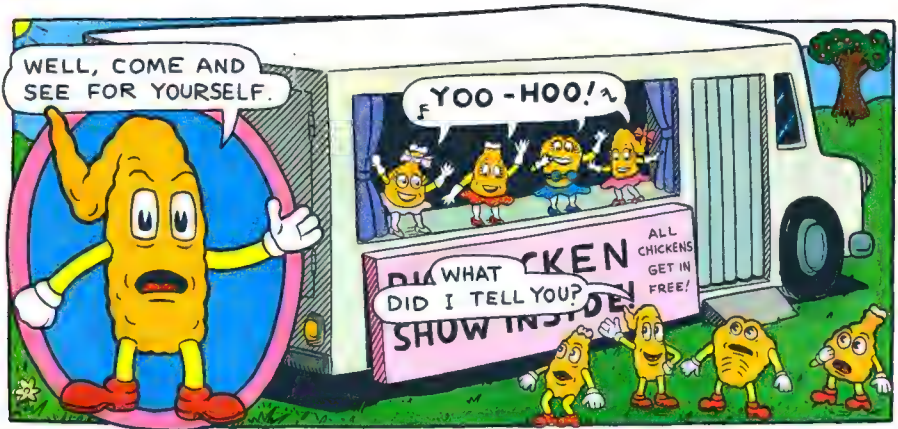

THE FUGITIVES AND THEIR FAITHFUL CHICKEN COMPANION, BERTHA, HAVE BEEN CAMPING IN THE WOODS. ONE MORNING, WING NUT AWAKENS TO FIND BERTHA MISSING! HE INVESTIGATES AND GETS A BIG SURPRISE!
THERE SHE IS!
BIG CHICKEN SHOW INSIDE!
ALL CHICKENS GET IN FREE!
BUT WHAT'S ALL THIS?

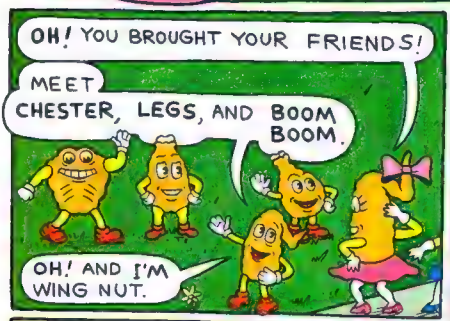

WING NUT WATCHES AS BERTHA WANDERS INTO THE STRANGE SHOW.
RIGHT THIS WAY, BEAUTIFUL! THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO START!
BIG CHICKEN SHOW INSIDE!
ALL CHICKENS GET IN FREE!
UH OH! I BETTER CHECK THIS OUT.

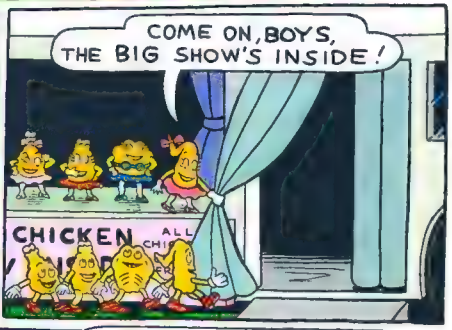
ALL CHICKENS GET IN FREE. GEE, I WONDER IF THAT INCLUDES...
ALL CHICKENS GET IN FREE!

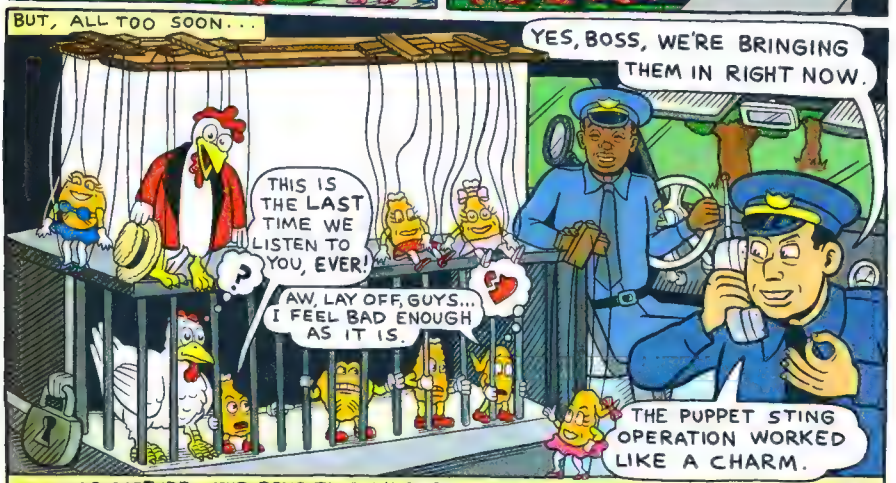

INCLUDES YOU? OF COURSE IT DOES, HANDSOME!
GOSH!
ALL CHICKENS GET IN FREE!


WING NUT GOES BACK TO THE TENT.
PRETTY GIRLS WHO LOOK LIKE US? IN YOUR DREAMS, CHICKEN BOY!
YEAH, WE MUST STILL BE ASLEEP, RIGHT?
HA!

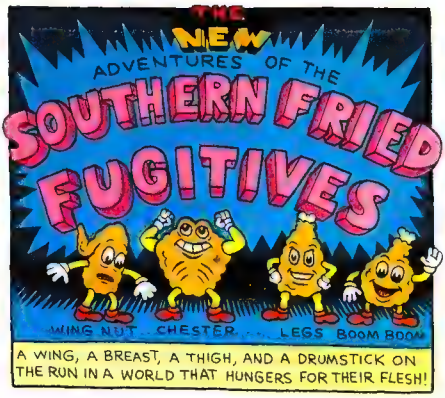








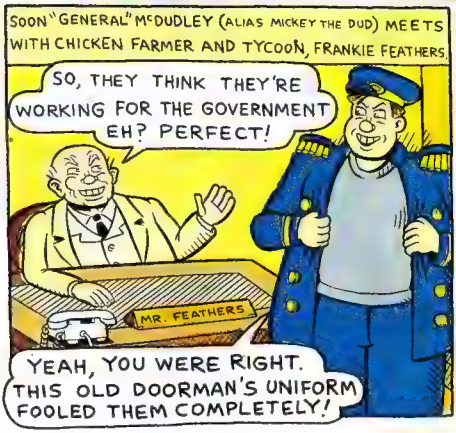
WHO HAS CAPTURED THE BOYS THIS TIME AND WHERE ARE THEY TAKING THEM? WHO'S PULLING THE STRINGS BEHIND THE SCENES? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT EPISODE! ©1996 DEITCH BROS.


THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
WING NUT
CHESTER
LEGS
BOOM BOOM
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

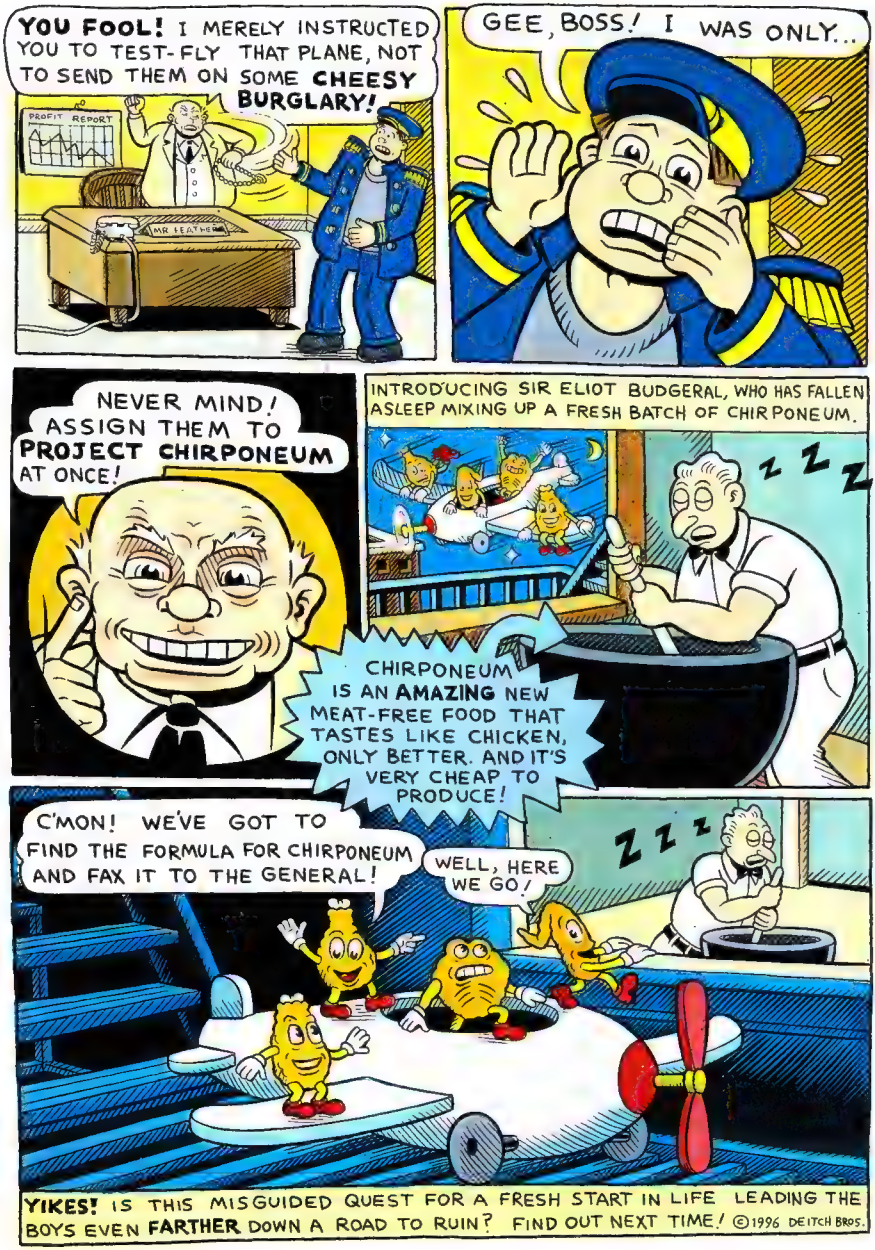
IN THE LAST EPISODE, OUR BOYS WERE CAPTURED—TRAPPED IN WHAT APPEARED TO BE A MILITARY STING OPERATION. AH, BUT THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.... READ ON!
BIG CHICKEN SHOW INSIDE!
ALL CHICKENS GET IN FREE!

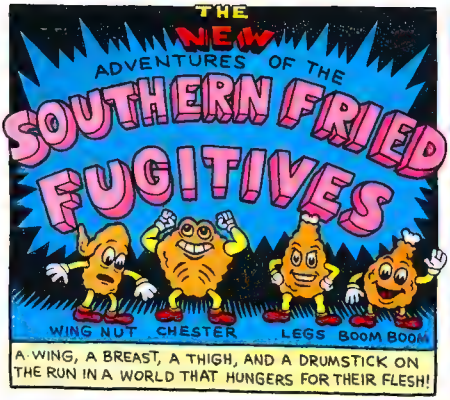
A FEW DAYS LATER, A RADIO-CONTROLLED TOY AIRPLANE FLIES INTO A CITY APARTMENT.
GOOD WORK!

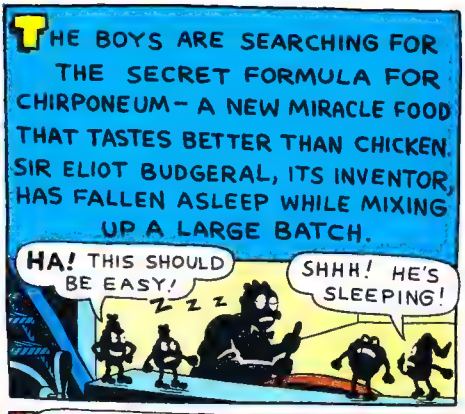
WOW! KEEP THIS UP, BOYS, AND YOU'LL GET A FULL PARDON FOR ALL THE CRIMES YOU'RE WANTED FOR!
YOU'RE ON, GENERAL!
YES!
DEAL!

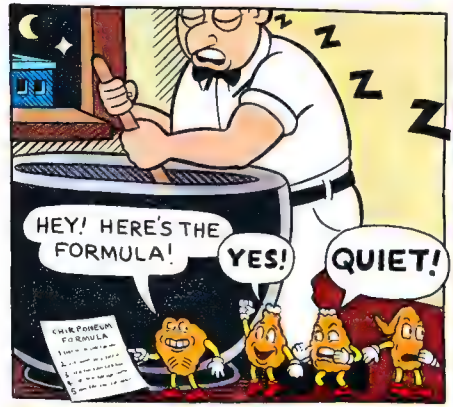

SOON "GENERAL" McDUDLEY (ALIAS MICKEY THE DUD) MEETS WITH CHICKEN FARMER AND TYCOON, FRANKIE FEATHERS.
SO, THEY THINK THEY'RE WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT EH? PERFECT!
MR. FEATHERS
YEAH, YOU WERE RIGHT. THIS OLD DOORMAN'S UNIFORM FOOLED THEM COMPLETELY!

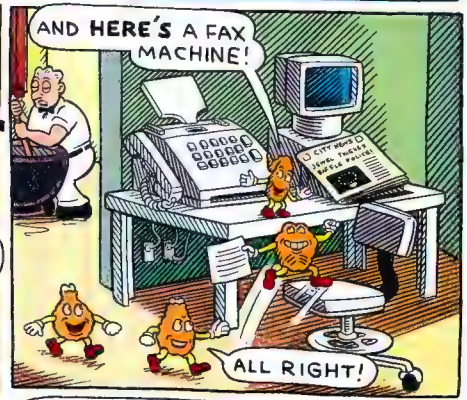
AND CHECK OUT THIS PEARL PENDANT THEY SWIPED! THEY'RE THE GREATEST NATURAL BURGLARS I EVER WORKED WITH!
WHAT?


YOU FOOL! I MERELY INSTRUCTED YOU TO TEST-FLY THAT PLANE, NOT TO SEND THEM ON SOME CHEESY BURGLARY!
PROFIT REPORT
MR. LEATHER
GEE, BOSS! I WAS ONLY...
NEVER MIND! ASSIGN THEM TO PROJECT CHIRPONEUM AT ONCE!
INTRODUCING SIR ELIOT BUDGERAL, WHO HAS FALLEN ASLEEP MIXING UP A FRESH BATCH OF CHIRPONEUM.
Z Z Z
CHIRPONEUM IS AN AMAZING NEW MEAT-FREE FOOD THAT TASTES LIKE CHICKEN, ONLY BETTER. AND IT'S VERY CHEAP TO PRODUCE!
C'MON! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE FORMULA FOR CHIRPONEUM AND FAX IT TO THE GENERAL!
WELL, HERE WE GO!
Z Z Z
YIKES! IS THIS MISGUIDED QUEST FOR A FRESH START IN LIFE LEADING THE BOYS EVEN FARTHER DOWN A ROAD TO RUIN? FIND OUT NEXT TIME! ©1996 DEITCH BROS.


THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
WING NUT
CHESTER
LEGS
BOOM BOOM
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

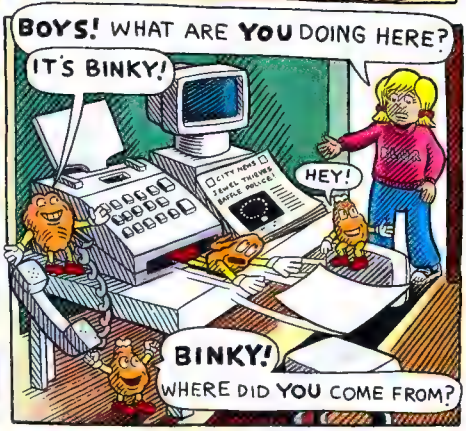

THE BOYS ARE SEARCHING FOR THE SECRET FORMULA FOR CHIRPONEUM – A NEW MIRACLE FOOD THAT TASTES BETTER THAN CHICKEN. SIR ELIOT BUDGERAL, ITS INVENTOR, HAS FALLEN ASLEEP WHILE MIXING UP A LARGE BATCH.
HA! THIS SHOULD BE EASY!
SHHH! HE'S SLEEPING!
Z Z Z

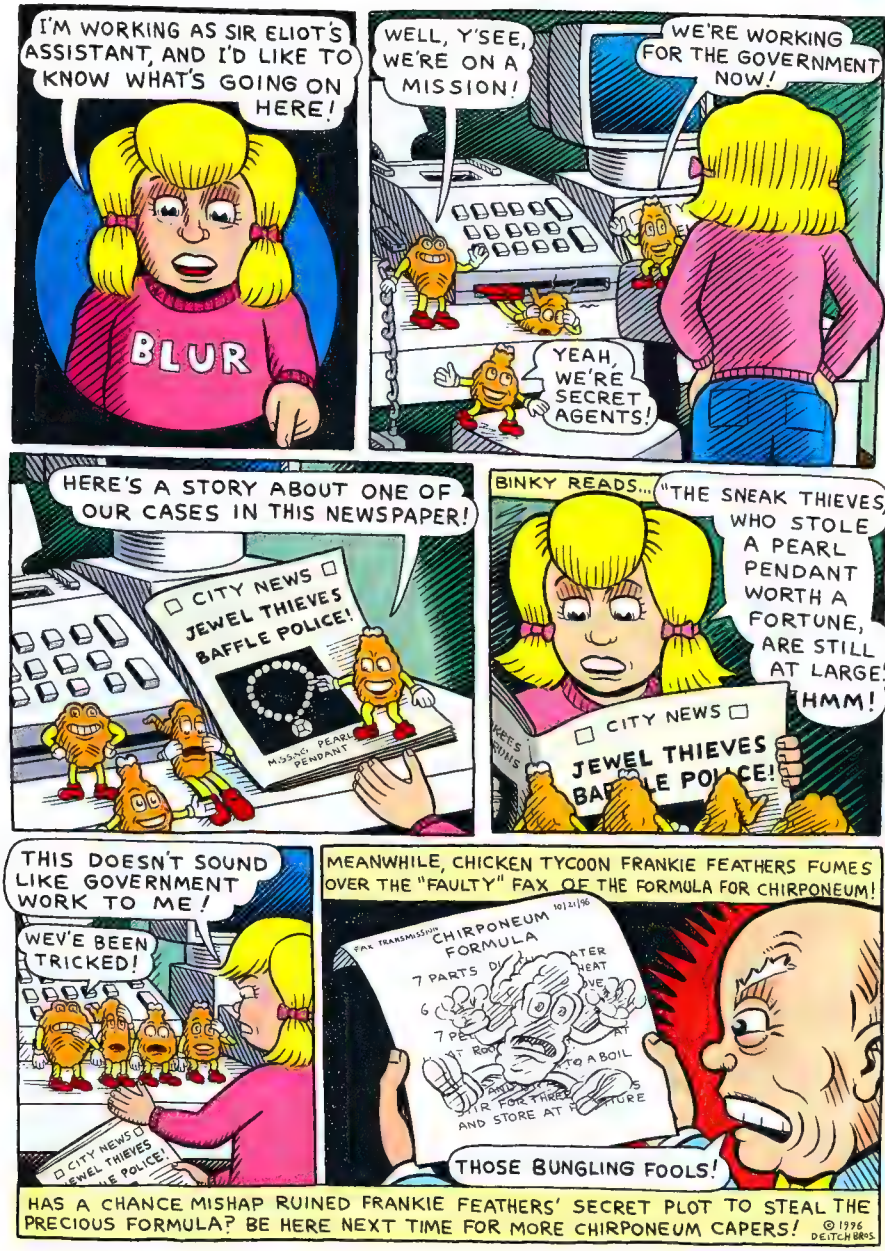

Z Z Z Z
HEY! HERE'S THE FORMULA!
YES!
QUIET!
CHIRPONEUM FORMULA

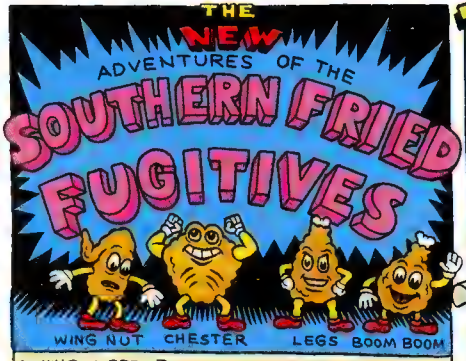

AND HERE'S A FAX MACHINE!
CITY NEWS
ZEKEL THURM
BATTLE POLICE!
ALL RIGHT!

WING NUT FEEDS IN THE FORMULA...
OKAY...
EEEE!
IN SHE GOES.

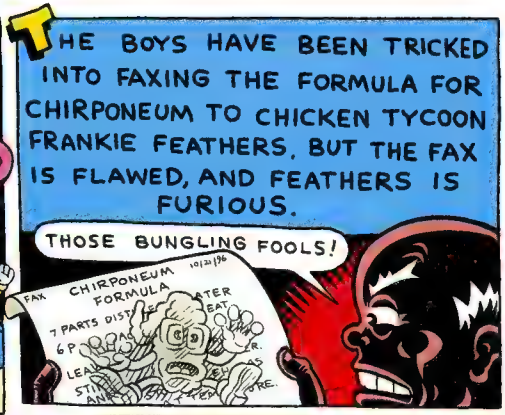
WHEN SUDDENLY...
YOW!
OH NO!

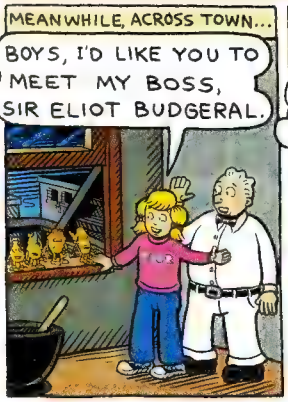

BOYS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
IT'S BINKY!
CITY NEWS
ZEKEL THURM
BATTLE POLICE!
HEY!
BINKY!
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

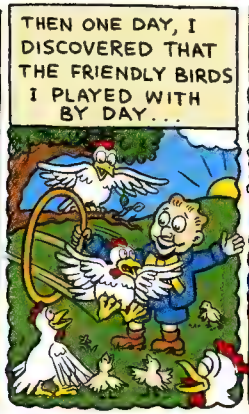

I'M WORKING AS SIR ELIOT'S ASSISTANT, AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!
BLUR
WELL, Y'SEE, WE'RE ON A MISSION!
WE'RE WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT NOW!
YEAH, WE'RE SECRET AGENTS!
HERE'S A STORY ABOUT ONE OF OUR CASES IN THIS NEWSPAPER!
CITY NEWS
JEWEL THIEVES BAFFLE POLICE!
MISSING PEARL PENDANT
BINKY READS...
"THE SNEAK THIEVES, WHO STOLE A PEARL PENDANT WORTH A FORTUNE, ARE STILL AT LARGE"
HMM!
CITY NEWS
JEWEL THIEVES
THIS DOESN'T SOUND LIKE GOVERNMENT WORK TO ME!
WEV'E BEEN TRICKED!
CITY NEWS
JEWEL THIEVES
MEANWHILE, CHICKEN TYCOON FRANKIE FEATHERS FUMES OVER THE "FAULTY" FAX OF THE FORMULA FOR CHIRPONEUM!
FAX TRANSMISSION
10/21/96
CHIRPONEUM FORMULA
7 PARTS
TO A BOIL
AND STORE AT
THOSE BUNGLING FOOLS!
HAS A CHANCE MISHAP RUINED FRANKIE FEATHERS' SECRET PLOT TO STEAL THE PRECIOUS FORMULA? BE HERE NEXT TIME FOR MORE CHIRPONEUM CAPERS!
© 1996 DEITCH BROS.

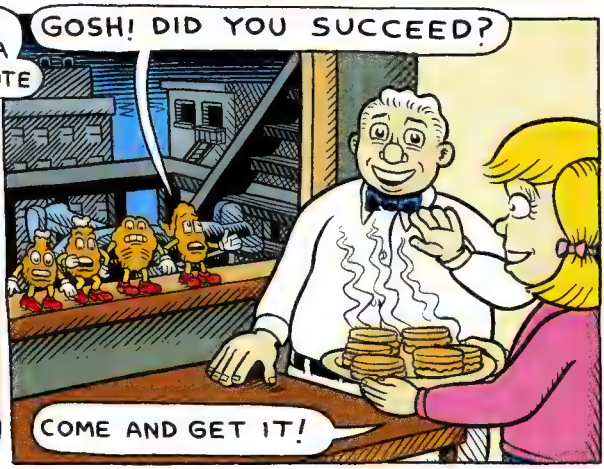


A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

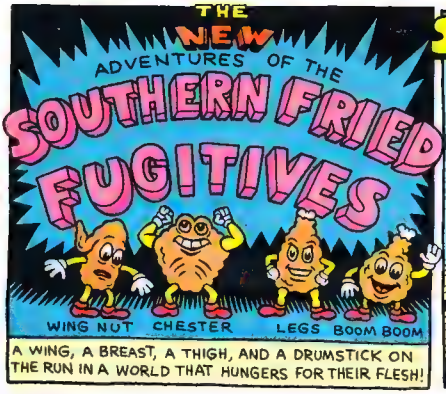


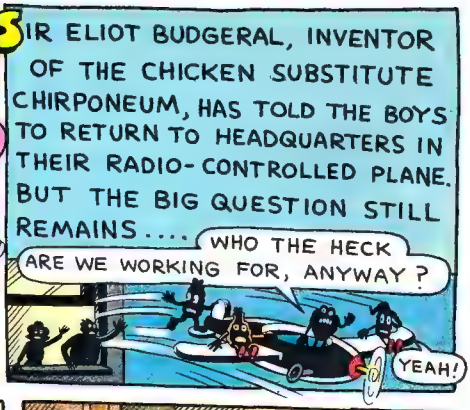


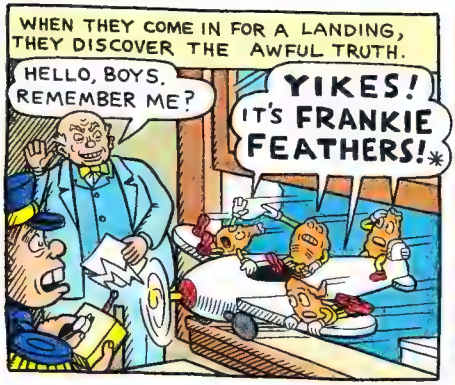


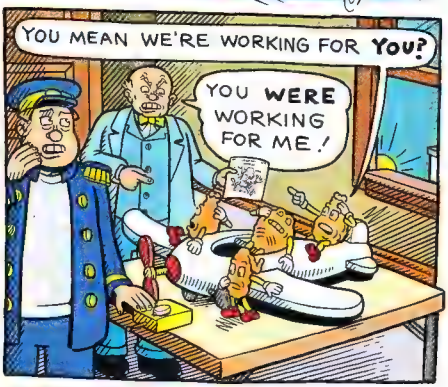


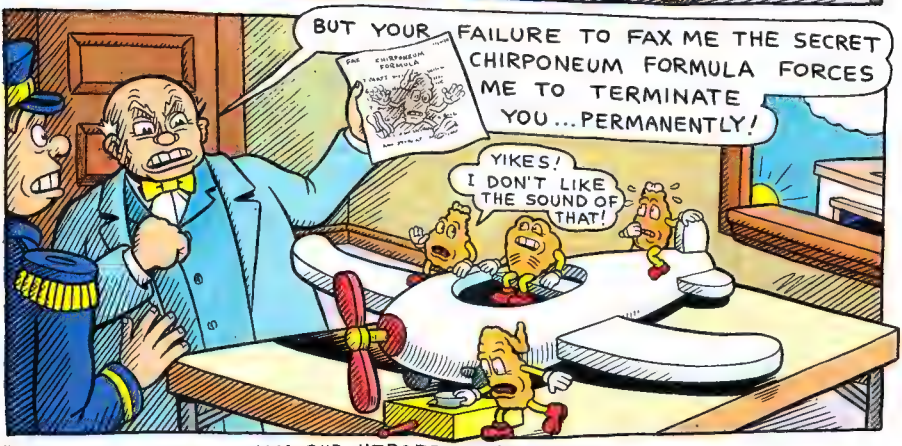
WELL, BOYS, I'LL LET YOU BE THE JUDGE OF THAT.
UH...
NO THANKS.
MAYBE LATER.
WELL, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING. THESE CHIRPONEUM SANDWICHES TASTE GREAT!
YES, AND WHEN CHIRPONEUM CATCHES ON, MILLIONS OF CHICKENS WILL BE SAVED!
GEE... THAT'S GREAT!
UH OH, OUR PLANE'S STARTING UP AGAIN!
WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
YEAH.
WRRRRR
JUMP IN AND RETURN TO THE CROOKS. FIND OUT ALL YOU CAN.
OK, BOYS, WE'RE ON A MISSION!
BUT WHO'S BEHIND IT ALL?
MUST BE SOMEONE REALLY EVIL.
WAKE ME WHEN IT'S OVER.
WHAT WILL THE BOYS DO WHEN THEY FIND OUT THAT FRANKIE FEATHERS IS RUNNING THIS POULTRY PLOT? TUNE IN NEXT TIME.
© 1996 DEITCH BROS.



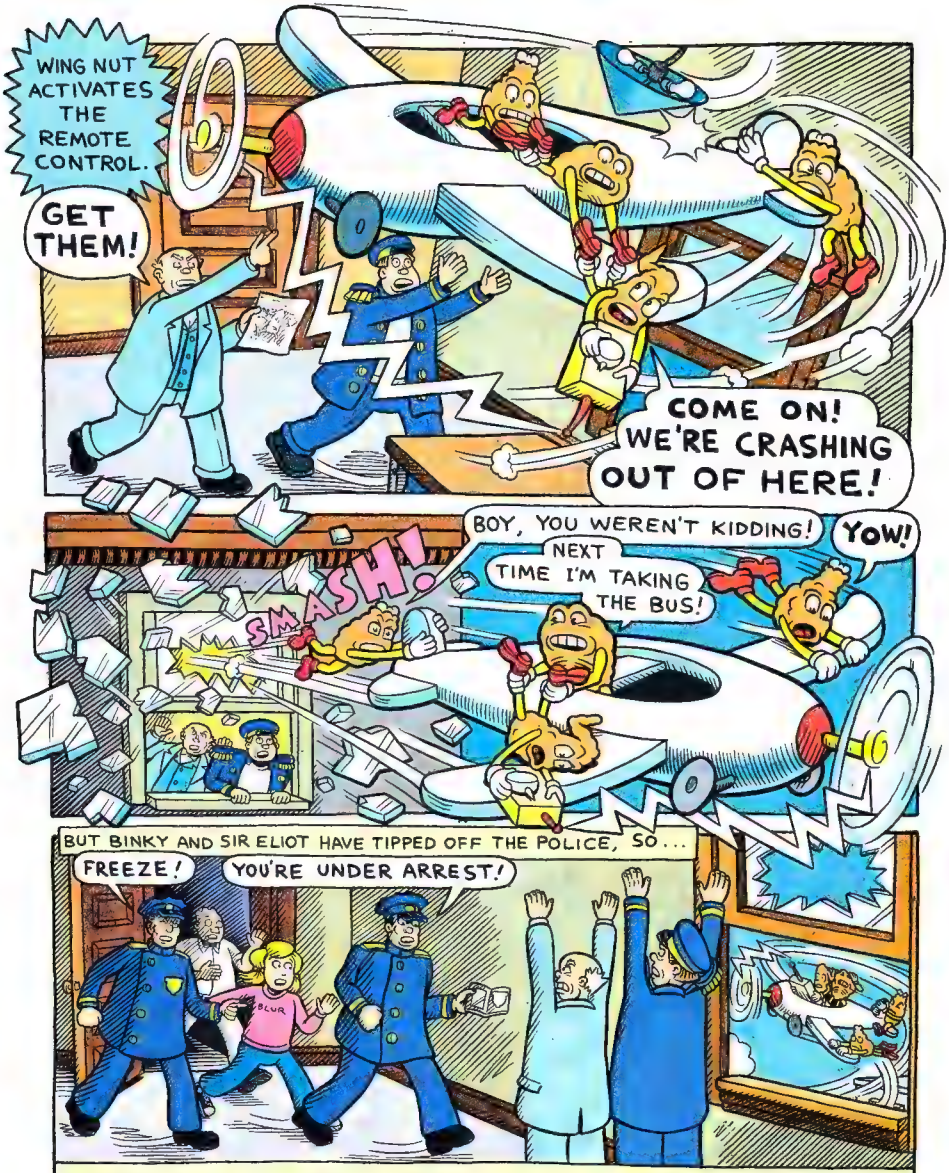




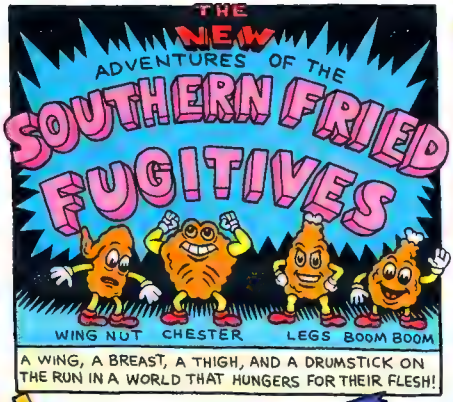


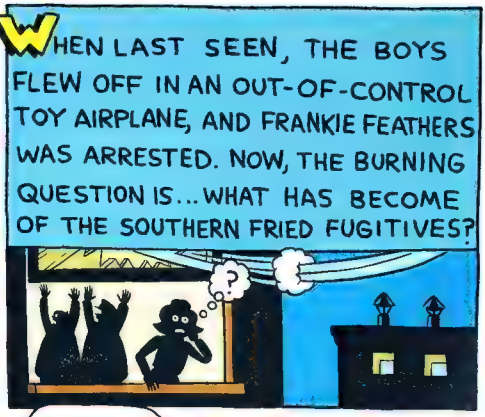


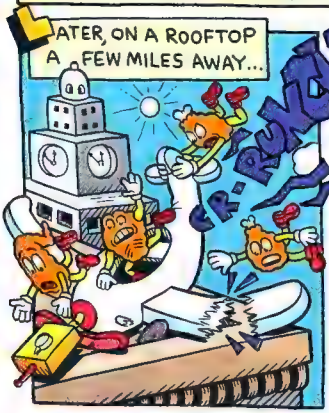
*CHICKEN TYCOON, WHOM OUR HEROES ESCAPED FROM

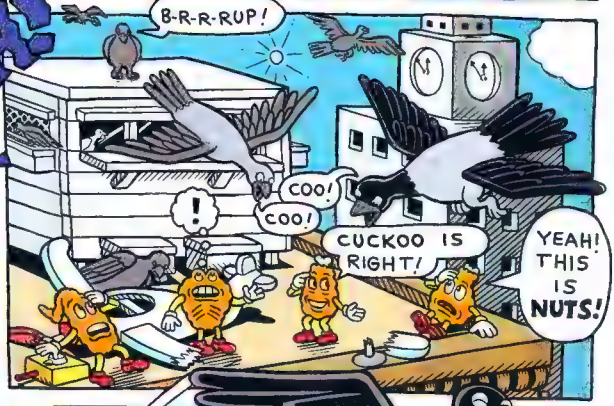


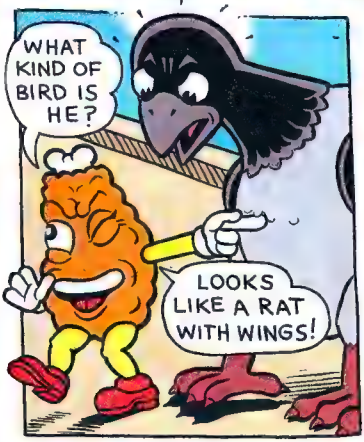
© 1996 DEITCH BROS.


THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
WING NUT
CHESTER
LEGS
BOOM BOOM
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

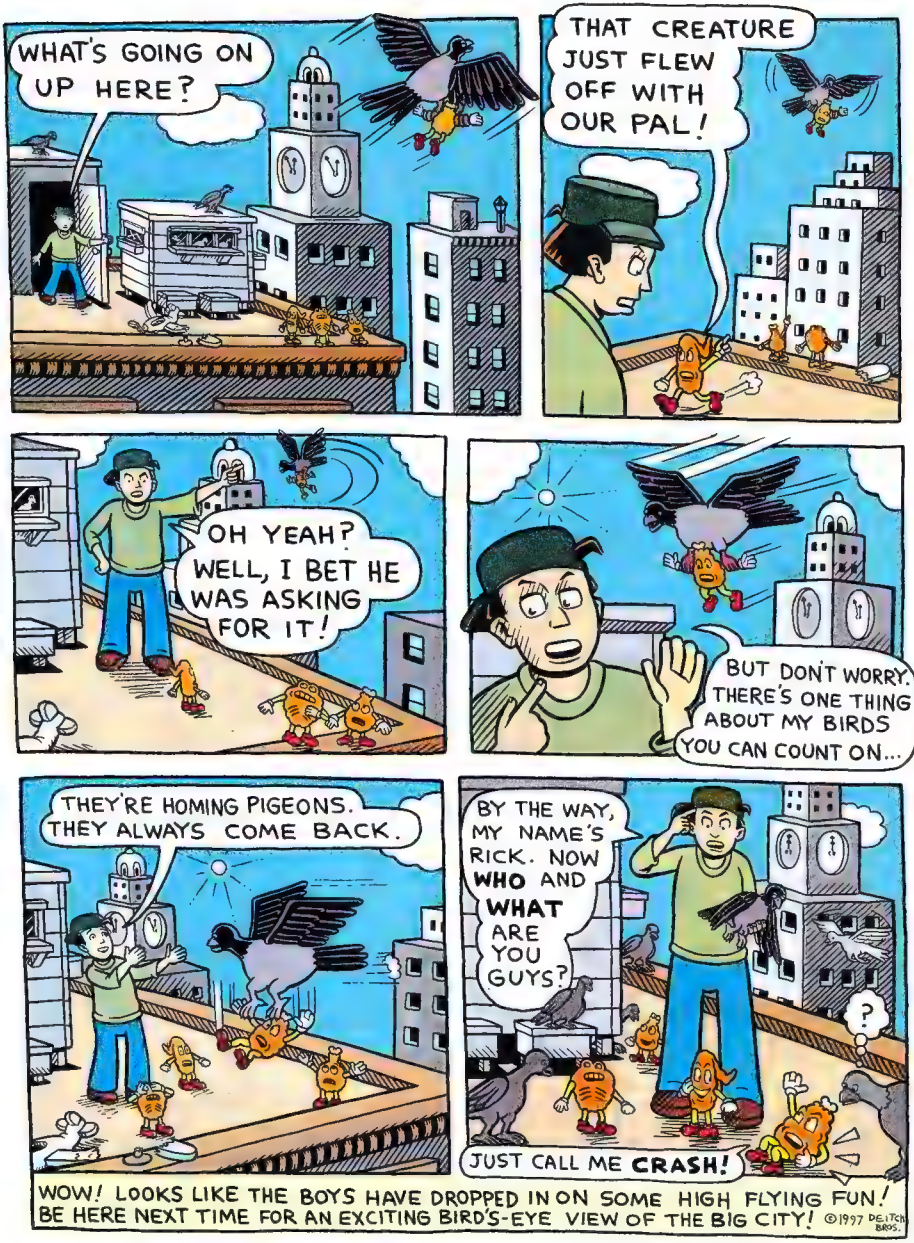

WHEN LAST SEEN, THE BOYS FLEW OFF IN AN OUT-OF-CONTROL TOY AIRPLANE, AND FRANKIE FEATHERS WAS ARRESTED. NOW, THE BURNING QUESTION IS... WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES?
?


LATER, ON A ROOFTOP A FEW MILES AWAY...
CR-RUNCH!

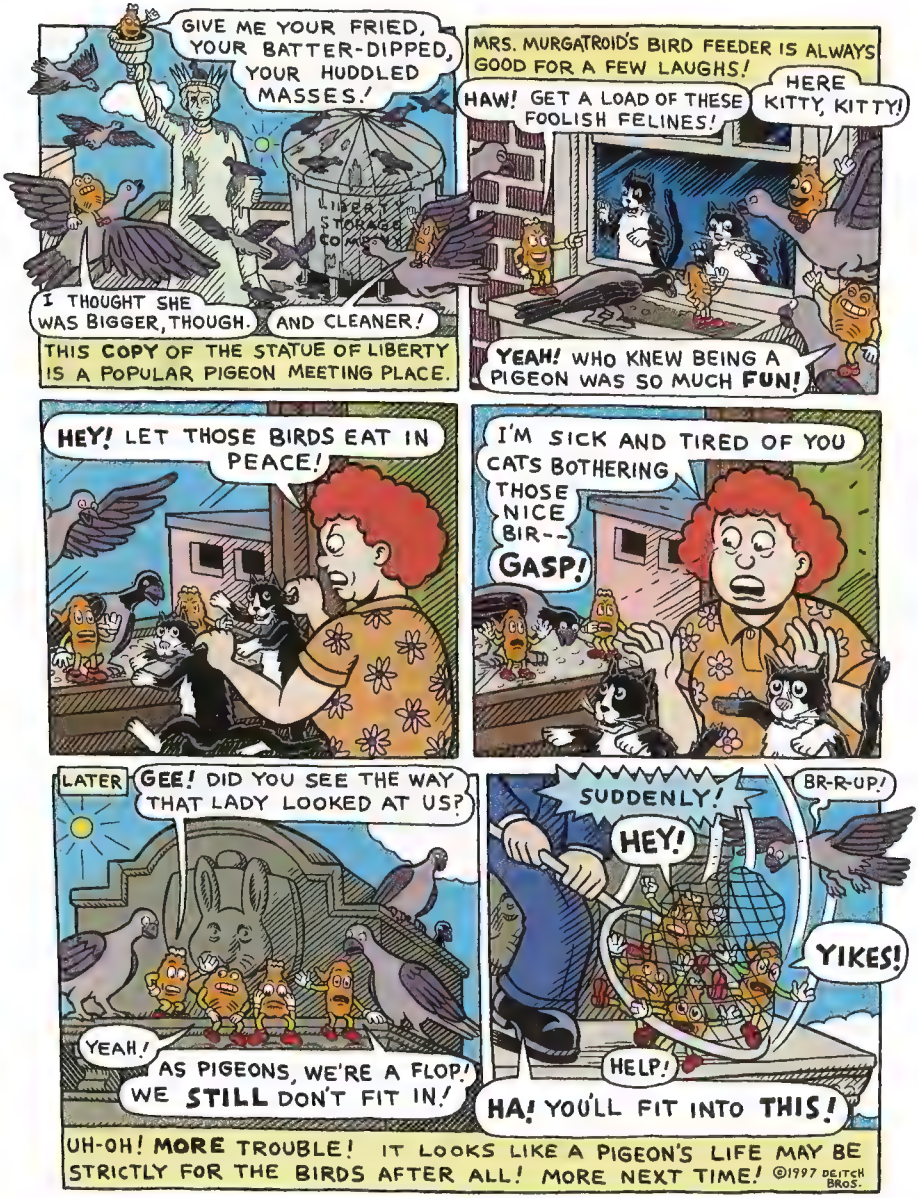

B-R-R-RUP!
!
COO!
COO!
CUCKOO IS RIGHT!
YEAH! THIS IS NUTS!


WHAT KIND OF BIRD IS HE?
LOOKS LIKE A RAT WITH WINGS!

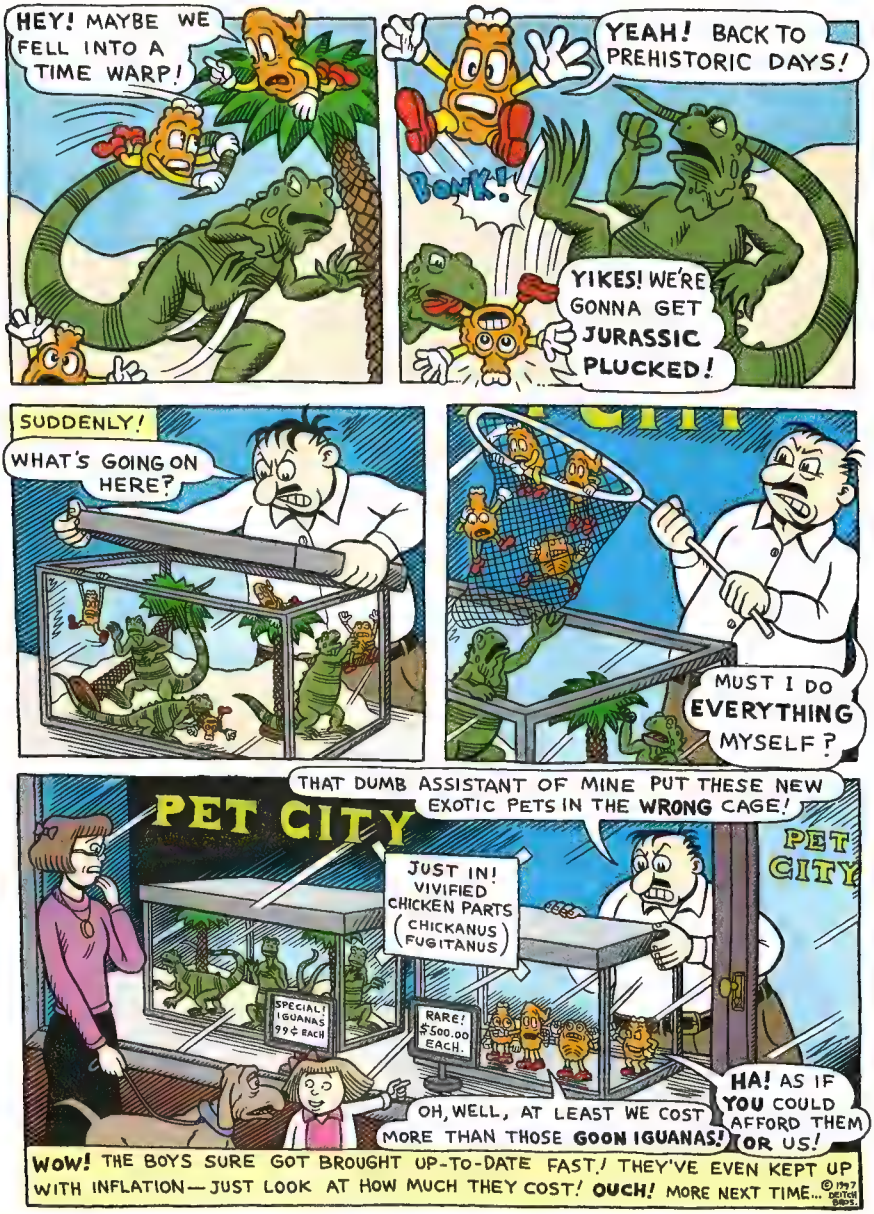
HEY!
LET GO OF ME!


WHAT'S GOING ON UP HERE?
THAT CREATURE JUST FLEW OFF WITH OUR PAL!
OH YEAH? WELL, I BET HE WAS ASKING FOR IT!
BUT DON'T WORRY. THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT MY BIRDS YOU CAN COUNT ON...
THEY'RE HOMING PIGEONS. THEY ALWAYS COME BACK.
BY THE WAY, MY NAME'S RICK. NOW WHO AND WHAT ARE YOU GUYS?
?
JUST CALL ME CRASH!
WOW! LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS HAVE DROPPED IN ON SOME HIGH FLYING FUN! BE HERE NEXT TIME FOR AN EXCITING BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BIG CITY!
©1997 DEITCH BROS.

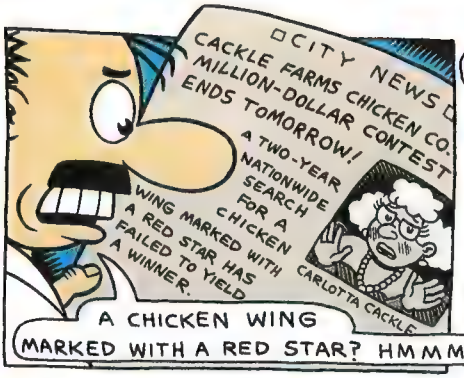
THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
WING NUT
CHESTER
LEGS
BOOM BOOM
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!
LAST TIME, THE BOYS CRASH-LANDED ON A CITY ROOF WHERE THEY MET AND BECAME FRIENDS WITH RICK AND HIS COOPFUL OF PIGEONS!
SOON, THEY'RE OFF ON A GRAND TOUR OF SOME OF THE CITY'S MORE INTERESTING ATTRACTIONS—FROM A PIGEON'S POINT OF VIEW, THAT IS.
LATER, GUYS!
YIPPEE!
YOW! LOOK AT ALL THOSE SPIKES! WE CAN'T LAND HERE!
YEAH! THIS PLACE IS POSITIVELY PIGEON-PROOF!
LATER
HEY LOOK!
I COULD SWEAR I'VE SEEN HER BEFORE!

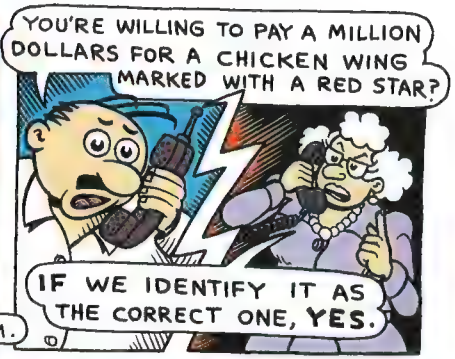

GIVE ME YOUR FRIED, YOUR BATTER-DIPPED, YOUR HUDDLED MASSES!
LIBERTY STORAGE COMPANY
I THOUGHT SHE WAS BIGGER, THOUGH.
AND CLEANER!
THIS COPY OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY IS A POPULAR PIGEON MEETING PLACE.
MRS. MURGATROID'S BIRD FEEDER IS ALWAYS GOOD FOR A FEW LAUGHS!
HAW! GET A LOAD OF THESE FOOLISH FELINES!
HERE KITTY, KITTY!
YEAH! WHO KNEW BEING A PIGEON WAS SO MUCH FUN!
HEY! LET THOSE BIRDS EAT IN PEACE!
I'M SICK AND TIRED OF YOU CATS BOTHERING THOSE NICE BIR--
GASP!
LATER
GEE! DID YOU SEE THE WAY THAT LADY LOOKED AT US?
YEAH!
AS PIGEONS, WE'RE A FLOP! WE STILL DON'T FIT IN!
SUDDENLY!
HEY!
BR-R-UP!
YIKES!
HELP!
HA! YOU'LL FIT INTO THIS!
UH-OH! MORE TROUBLE! IT LOOKS LIKE A PIGEON'S LIFE MAY BE STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS AFTER ALL! MORE NEXT TIME!
©1997 DEITCH BROS.

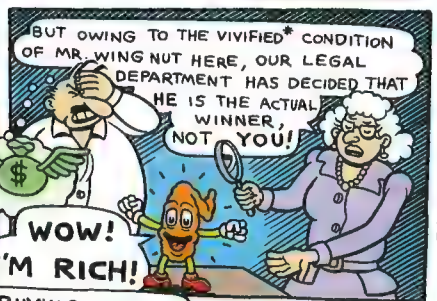
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
LAST TIME, THE BOYS WERE CAPTURED BY AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT!
WING NUT
CHESTER
LEGS
BOOM BOOM
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK, SWEPT AWAY ON THEIR WILDEST ADVENTURE EVER!
YAWN!
BUT, HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
LOOKS LIKE DAYBREAK . . .
HEY, FELLAS! WAKE UP!
. . . AT THE DAWN OF TIME!
YOW! DINOSAURS!?
?
SNORT!
HELP!
IS THIS A DREAM OR WHAT?


HEY! MAYBE WE FELL INTO A TIME WARP!
YEAH! BACK TO PREHISTORIC DAYS!
BONK!
YIKES! WE'RE GONNA GET JURASSIC PLUCKED!
SUDDENLY!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
MUST I DO EVERYTHING MYSELF?
THAT DUMB ASSISTANT OF MINE PUT THESE NEW EXOTIC PETS IN THE WRONG CAGE!
PET CITY
JUST IN! VIVIFIED CHICKEN PARTS (CHICKANUS FUGITANUS)
SPECIAL! IGUANAS 99¢ EACH
RARE! $500.00 EACH.
PET CITY
OH, WELL, AT LEAST WE COST MORE THAN THOSE GOON IGUANAS!
HA! AS IF YOU COULD AFFORD THEM OR US!
WOW! THE BOYS SURE GOT BROUGHT UP-TO-DATE FAST! THEY'VE EVEN KEPT UP WITH INFLATION—JUST LOOK AT HOW MUCH THEY COST! OUCH! MORE NEXT TIME...
©1997 DEITCH BROS.

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!
LEGS!
WING NUT!
CHESTER!
LAST TIME, THE BOYS ENDED UP IN A PET STORE AND GOT ROUGHED UP BY SOME IGUANAS!
Boom! Boom!
PET CITY
JUST IN! VIVIFIED CHICKEN PARTS (CHICKANUS FUGITANUS)
WANT TO BUY A FUGITIVE? ONLY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH AT PET CITY!
BOY! FIGHTING THOSE IGUANAS SURE KNOCKED THE STUFFING OUT OF ME!
YOU SAID IT...
...ONE OF THEM BIT THE FRIED BATTER OFF MY BUTT!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT?
LOOKS LIKE A RED STAR!
WING NUT'S GOT A TATTOO!
GOSH! I DON'T REMEMBER GETTING ONE.
YEAH, SURE!
?
SPORTS
DOUBLEHEADER RAINED OUT
CITY NEWS
MILLION-DOLLAR CONTEST TO END!
HAVE YOU SEEN THE MILLION-DOLLAR CHICKEN WING?

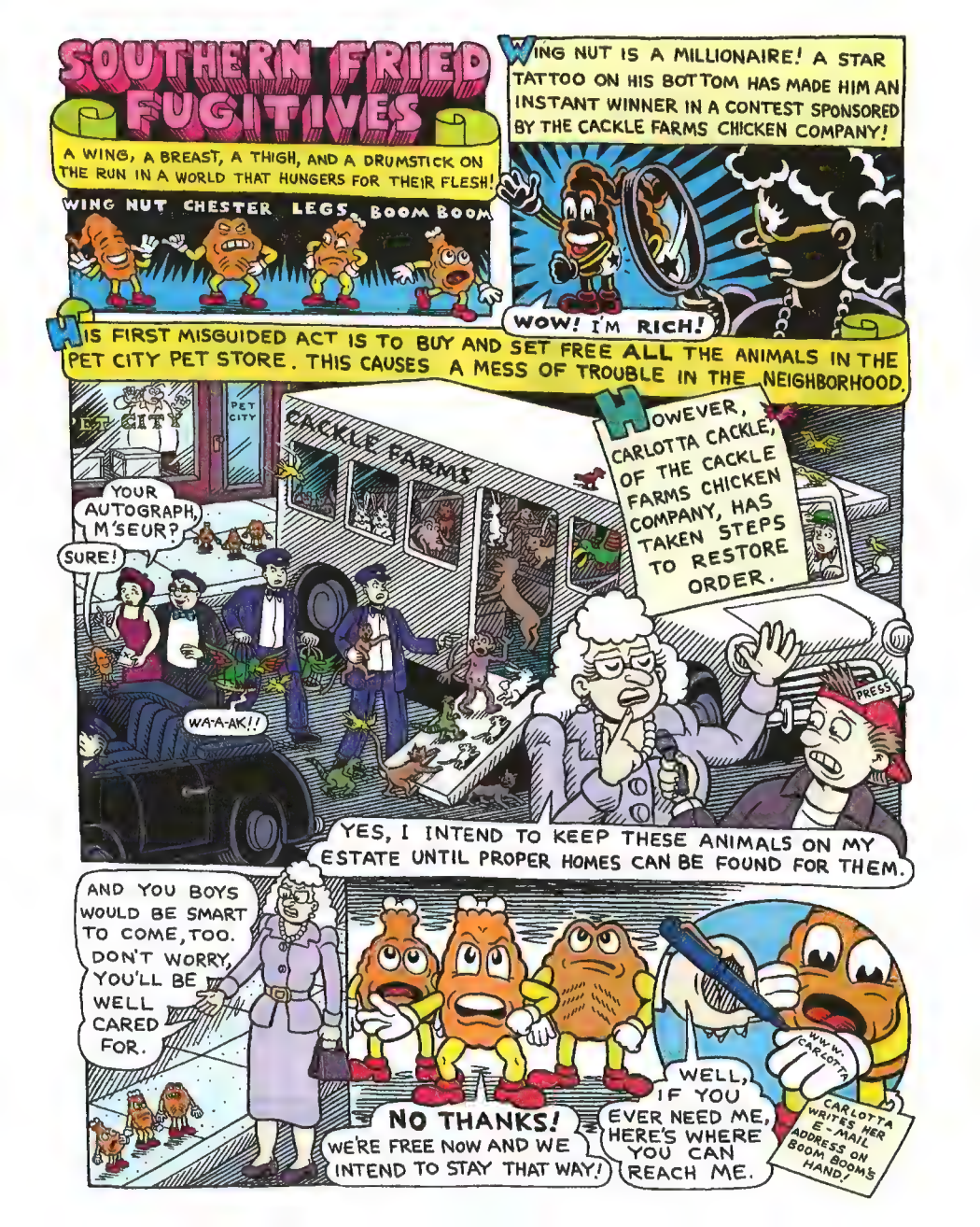




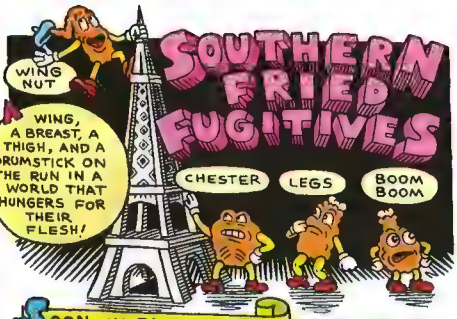


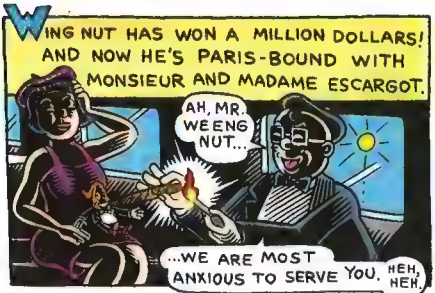
*VIVIFIED: BROUGHT TO LIFE.

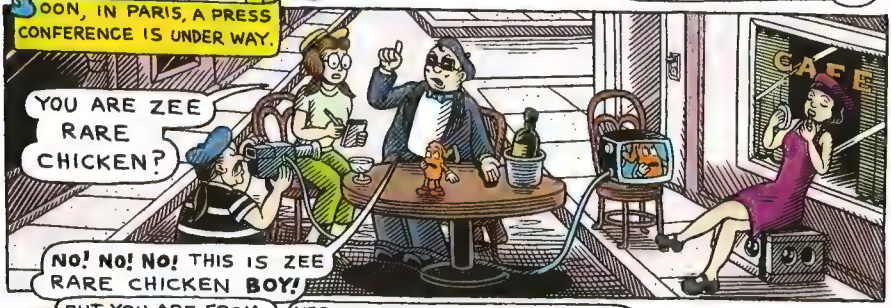
GOOD GRIEF! THE BOYS ARE FREE, BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE PET PANDEMONIUM! WING NUT MAY BE RICH NOW, BUT HE SEEMS TO BE LOSING IT! WHAT'S NEXT? © 1997 DEITCH BROS.

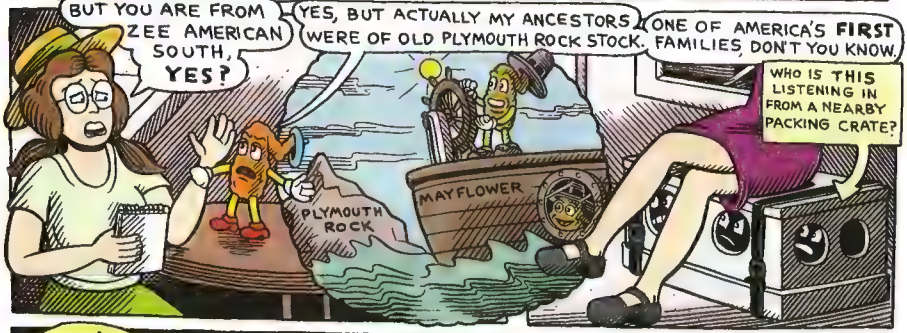

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!
WING NUT CHESTER LEGS BOOM BOOM
WING NUT IS A MILLIONAIRE! A STAR TATTOO ON HIS BOTTOM HAS MADE HIM AN INSTANT WINNER IN A CONTEST SPONSORED BY THE CACKLE FARMS CHICKEN COMPANY!
WOW! I'M RICH!
HIS FIRST MISGUIDED ACT IS TO BUY AND SET FREE ALL THE ANIMALS IN THE PET CITY PET STORE. THIS CAUSES A MESS OF TROUBLE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.
PET CITY
PET CITY
CACKLE FARMS
YOUR AUTOGRAPH, M'SEUR?
SURE!
WA-A-AK!!
HOWEVER, CARLOTTA CACKLE, OF THE CACKLE FARMS CHICKEN COMPANY, HAS TAKEN STEPS TO RESTORE ORDER.
PRESS
YES, I INTEND TO KEEP THESE ANIMALS ON MY ESTATE UNTIL PROPER HOMES CAN BE FOUND FOR THEM.
AND YOU BOYS WOULD BE SMART TO COME, TOO. DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL BE WELL CARED FOR.
NO THANKS! WE'RE FREE NOW AND WE INTEND TO STAY THAT WAY!
WELL, IF YOU EVER NEED ME, HERE'S WHERE YOU CAN REACH ME.
WWW.CARLOTTA
CARLOTTA WRITES HER E-MAIL ADDRESS ON BOOM BOOM'S HAND!

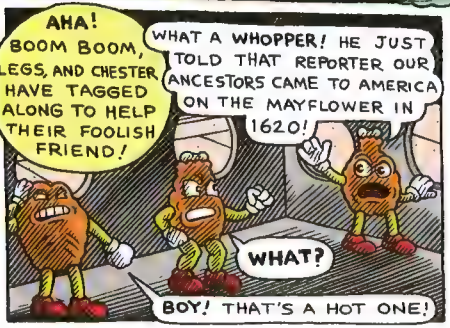
LET'S BLOW! C'MON, WING NUT!
OH, WEENG NUT, WOULD EET BE POSSIBLE TO MEET THESE THREE?
UH, I GUESS SO.
SAY, GUYS, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MR. AND MRS. ESCARGOT.
WE'RE GOING TO FRANCE!
THEY'RE GOING TO TEACH ME TO MINGLE WITH HIGH SOCIETY!
????
OF COURSE YOU WEELL NEED A STAFF OF SERVANTS. PERHAPS YOUR THREE FRIENDS, YES?
AND SO...
YOU WANT US TO BE YOUR SERVANTS?
NO WAY BATTER BRAIN!
HEY! THAT WAY WE COULD AT LEAST KEEP AN EYE ON HIM.
YEAH.
HMM... I DON'T LIKE IT. BUT OKAY, WE'LL DO IT!
LATER, ON A PARIS-BOUND CONCORDE JET...
HEY! THIS IS THE LIFE!
AH, MR. WEENG NUT, WE ARE MOST ANXIOUS TO SERVE YOU. HEH, HEH.
MEANWHILE, IN THE JET'S CARGO HOLD!
I'VE HEARD OF TOURIST CLASS, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
THIS SIDE UP
?
YEAH, THERE'S SOMETHING KIND OF FISHY ABOUT THIS DEAL!
FISHY IS RIGHT! IN FACT, IT ABSOLUTELY STINKS! THE BOYS MAY BE FLYING HIGH RIGHT NOW, BUT ACTUALLY, THEY'RE IN WAY OVER THEIR HEADS!
© 1997 DEITCH BROS.

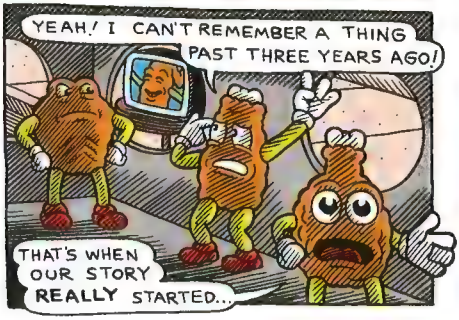

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
WING NUT
WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!
CHESTER
LEGS
BOOM BOOM

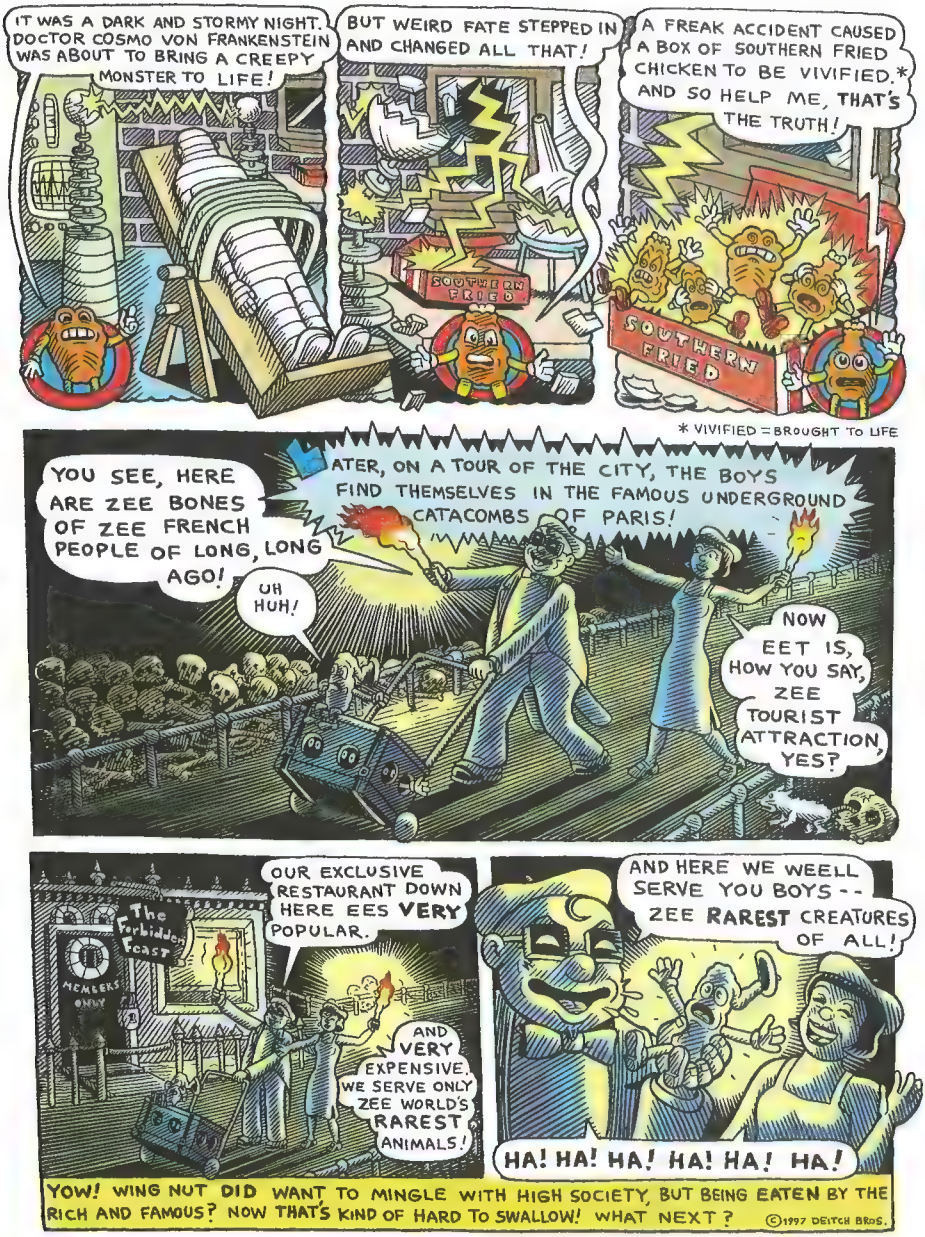

WING NUT HAS WON A MILLION DOLLARS! AND NOW HE'S PARIS-BOUND WITH MONSIEUR AND MADAME ESCARGOT.
AH, MR. WEENG NUT...
...WE ARE MOST ANXIOUS TO SERVE YOU.
HEH, HEH.


SOON, IN PARIS, A PRESS CONFERENCE IS UNDER WAY.
YOU ARE ZEE RARE CHICKEN?
NO! NO! NO! THIS IS ZEE RARE CHICKEN BOY!
CAFE


BUT YOU ARE FROM ZEE AMERICAN SOUTH, YES?
YES, BUT ACTUALLY MY ANCESTORS WERE OF OLD PLYMOUTH ROCK STOCK.
ONE OF AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIES, DON'T YOU KNOW.
WHO IS THIS LISTENING IN FROM A NEARBY PACKING CRATE?
PLYMOUTH ROCK
MAYFLOWER


AHA! BOOM BOOM, LEGS, AND CHESTER HAVE TAGGED ALONG TO HELP THEIR FOOLISH FRIEND!
WHAT A WHOPPER! HE JUST TOLD THAT REPORTER OUR ANCESTORS CAME TO AMERICA ON THE MAYFLOWER IN 1620!
WHAT?
BOY! THAT'S A HOT ONE!


YEAH! I CAN'T REMEMBER A THING PAST THREE YEARS AGO!
THAT'S WHEN OUR STORY REALLY STARTED...


IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT. DOCTOR COSMO VON FRANKENSTEIN WAS ABOUT TO BRING A CREEPY MONSTER TO LIFE!
BUT WEIRD FATE STEPPED IN AND CHANGED ALL THAT!
SOUTHERN FRIED
A FREAK ACCIDENT CAUSED A BOX OF SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN TO BE VIVIFIED.* AND SO HELP ME, THAT'S THE TRUTH!
SOUTHERN FRIED
* VIVIFIED = BROUGHT TO LIFE
YOU SEE, HERE ARE ZEE BONES OF ZEE FRENCH PEOPLE OF LONG, LONG AGO!
UH HUH!
ATER, ON A TOUR OF THE CITY, THE BOYS FIND THEMSELVES IN THE FAMOUS UNDERGROUND CATACOMBS OF PARIS!
NOW EET IS, HOW YOU SAY, ZEE TOURIST ATTRACTION, YES?
The Forbidden Feast
MEMBERS ONLY
OUR EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT DOWN HERE EES VERY POPULAR.
AND VERY EXPENSIVE. WE SERVE ONLY ZEE WORLD'S RAREST ANIMALS!
AND HERE WE WEELL SERVE YOU BOYS -- ZEE RAREST CREATURES OF ALL!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
YOW! WING NUT DID WANT TO MINGLE WITH HIGH SOCIETY, BUT BEING EATEN BY THE RICH AND FAMOUS? NOW THAT'S KIND OF HARD TO SWALLOW! WHAT NEXT?
©1997 DEITCH BROS.

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

CHESTER

BOOM BOOM

LEGS

AND WING NUT!

LAST TIME, THE BOYS WERE LURED TO AN ILLEGAL RESTAURANT IN FRANCE THAT SERVES **ONLY** THE WORLD'S RAREST ANIMALS!

AND HERE WE WEEL SERVE YOU BOYS-- ZEE RAREST CREATURES OF ALL!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

COME, MY SWEET. IT IS TIME TO SERVE ZEE DINNER!

OF COURSE.

BUT FIRST I MUST FINISH SENDING OUT ZEE NEWS OF TOMORROW'S SPECIAL-- FUGITIVE FLAMBÉ.

LATER...

WILL YOU STOP EATING THAT CHEESE! IT'S ONLY IN HERE TO FATTEN US UP!

YEAH! THIS WHOLE SITUATION STINKS! THANKS TO WING NUT AND HIS MILLION-DOLLAR BUTT!

THIS STAR TATTOO ON WING NUT'S BUTT WON HIM A MILLION-DOLLAR PRIZE!

LOOK GUYS, I REALIZE THINGS GOT A LITTLE OUT OF HAND...

A LITTLE OUT OF HAND? THAT'S HOT!

YEAH! WE'RE COOKED!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE, FELLAS!

WE'RE NOT COOKED YET, YOU KNOW!

AND IF WE CAN JUST STICK TOGETHER, MAYBE WE CAN FIGURE A WAY OUT OF THIS!

AND SOON...

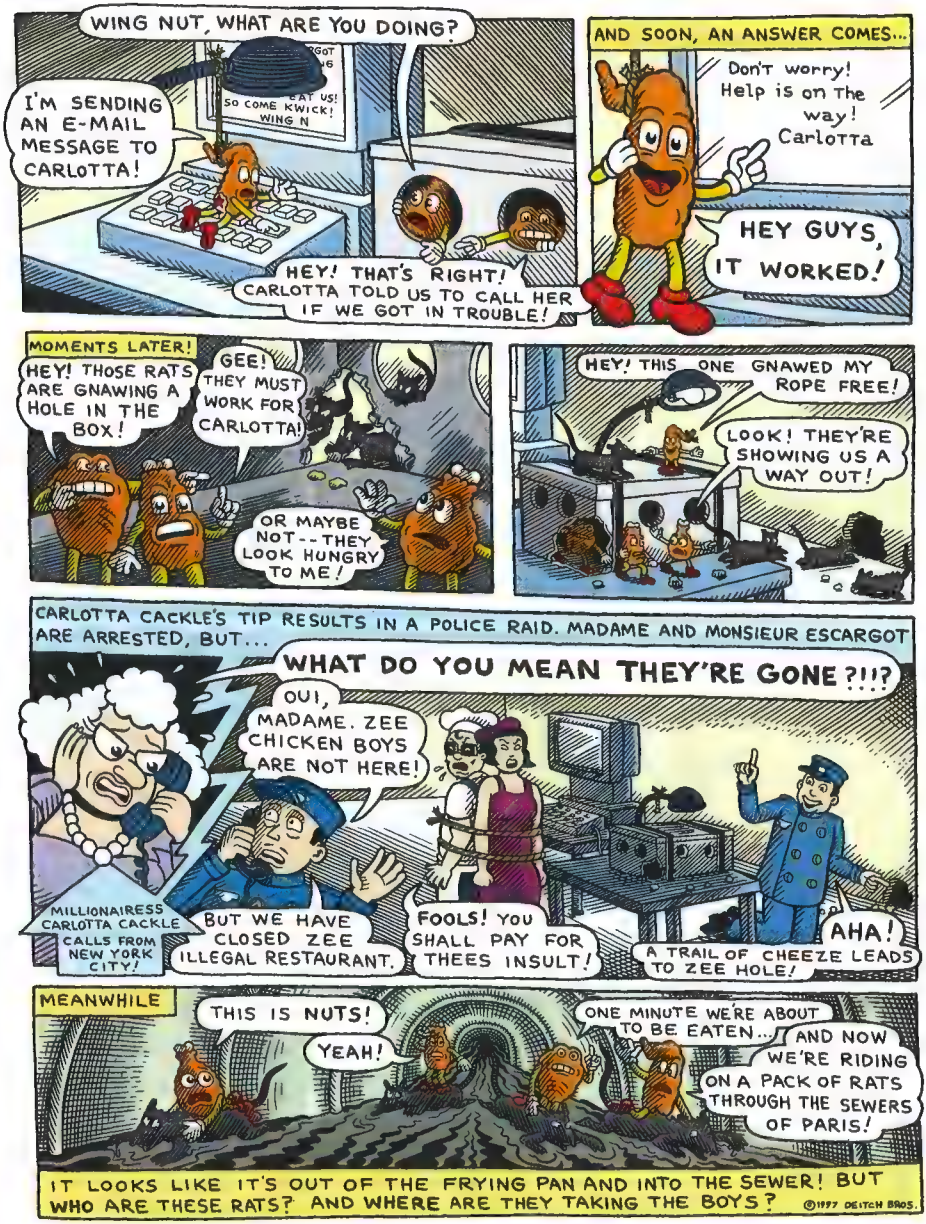
LOOK, WING NUT, THE GUYS AND I HAVE DECIDED THAT IF YOU'RE WILLING TO BE FRIENDS, SO ARE WE.

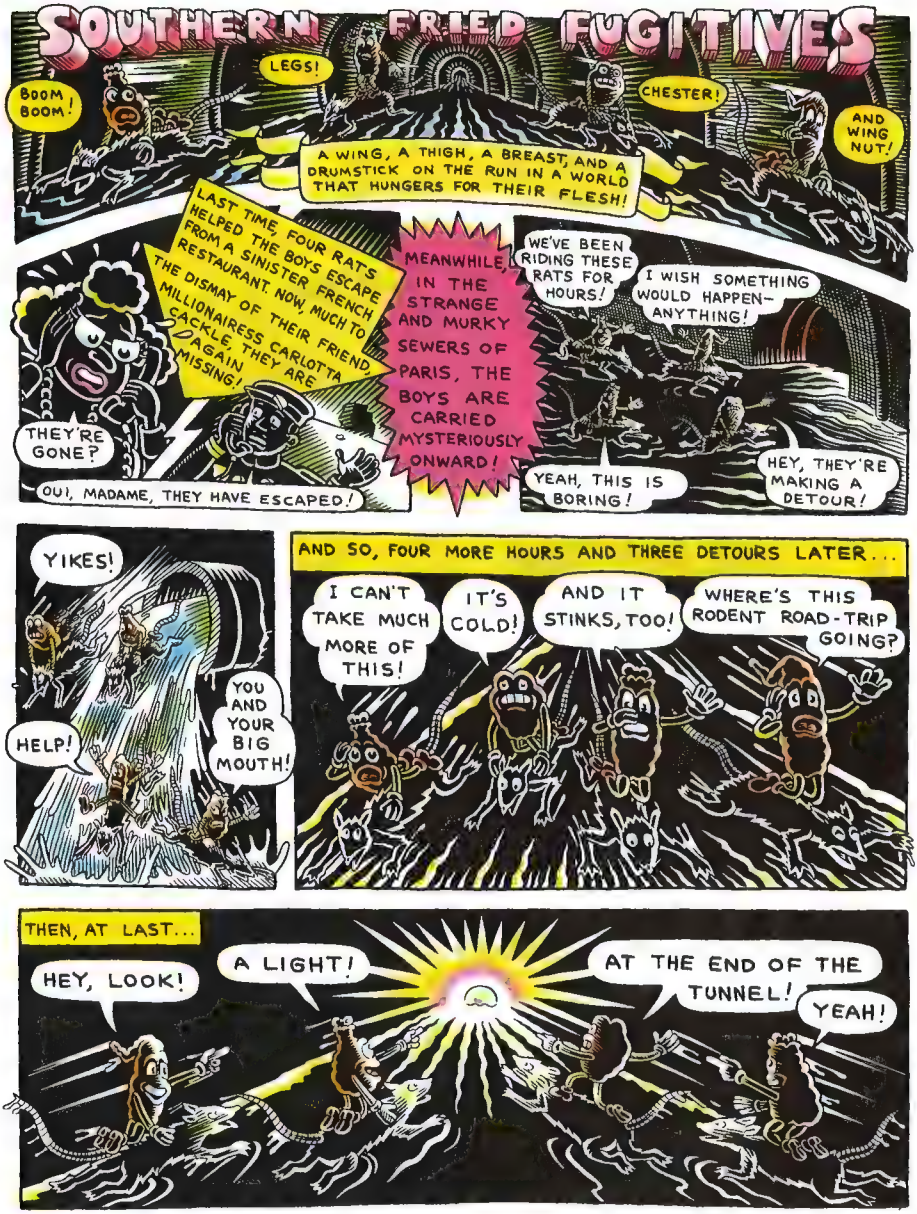
WHAT DO YOU SAY?

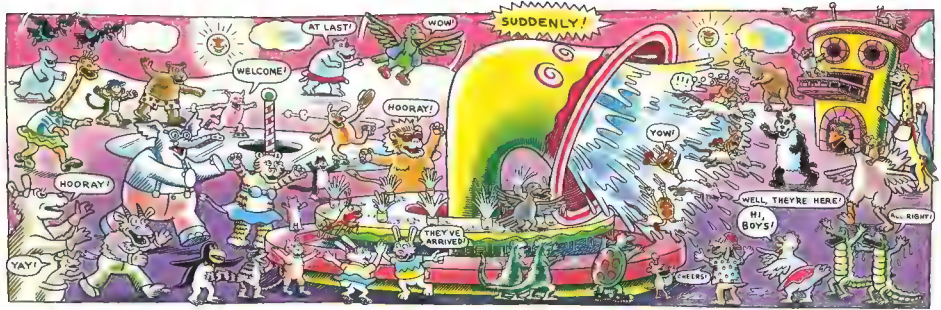
HEY!

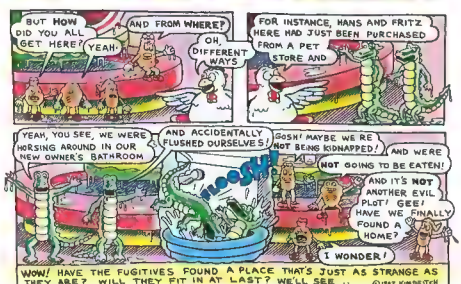
WWW.CARLOTTA

WING NUT SPOTS THE E-MAIL ADDRESS CARLOTTA CACKLE WROTE ON BOOM BOOM'S HAND AND GETS A BRAINSTORM!


WING NUT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M SENDING AN E-MAIL MESSAGE TO CARLOTTA!
EAT US! SO COME KWICK! WING N
HEY! THAT'S RIGHT! CARLOTTA TOLD US TO CALL HER IF WE GOT IN TROUBLE!
AND SOON, AN ANSWER COMES...
Don't worry! Help is on the way! Carlotta
HEY GUYS, IT WORKED!
MOMENTS LATER!
HEY! THOSE RATS ARE GNAWING A HOLE IN THE BOX!
GEE! THEY MUST WORK FOR CARLOTTA!
OR MAYBE NOT--THEY LOOK HUNGRY TO ME!
HEY! THIS ONE GNAWED MY ROPE FREE!
LOOK! THEY'RE SHOWING US A WAY OUT!
CARLOTTA CACKLE'S TIP RESULTS IN A POLICE RAID. MADAME AND MONSIEUR ESCARGOT ARE ARRESTED, BUT...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN THEY'RE GONE?!!?
OUI, MADAME. ZEE CHICKEN BOYS ARE NOT HERE!
MILLIONAIRESS CARLOTTA CACKLE CALLS FROM NEW YORK CITY!
BUT WE HAVE CLOSED ZEE ILLEGAL RESTAURANT.
FOOLS! YOU SHALL PAY FOR THEES INSULT!
AHA! A TRAIL OF CHEEZE LEADS TO ZEE HOLE!
MEANWHILE
THIS IS NUTS!
YEAH!
ONE MINUTE WE'RE ABOUT TO BE EATEN...
AND NOW WE'RE RIDING ON A PACK OF RATS THROUGH THE SEWERS OF PARIS!
IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S OUT OF THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE SEWER! BUT WHO ARE THESE RATS? AND WHERE ARE THEY TAKING THE BOYS?
©1997 DEITCH BROS.


SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
BOOM BOOM!
LEGS!
CHESTER!
AND WING NUT!
A WING, A THIGH, A BREAST, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!
LAST TIME, FOUR RAT'S ESCAPE HELPED THE BOYS ESCAPE FROM A SINISTER FRENCH RESTAURANT. NOW, MUCH TO THE DISMAY OF THEIR FRIEND, MILLIONAIRESS CARLOTTA CACKLE, THEY ARE AGAIN MISSING!
MEANWHILE, IN THE STRANGE AND MURKY SEWERS OF PARIS, THE BOYS ARE CARRIED MYSTERIOUSLY ONWARD!
THEY'RE GONE?
OUI, MADAME, THEY HAVE ESCAPED!
WE'VE BEEN RIDING THESE RATS FOR HOURS!
I WISH SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN— ANYTHING!
YEAH, THIS IS BORING!
HEY, THEY'RE MAKING A DETOUR!
YIKES!
HELP!
YOU AND YOUR BIG MOUTH!
AND SO, FOUR MORE HOURS AND THREE DETOURS LATER...
I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS!
IT'S COLD!
AND IT STINKS, TOO!
WHERE'S THIS RODENT ROAD-TRIP GOING?
THEN, AT LAST...
HEY, LOOK!
A LIGHT!
AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL!
YEAH!





* BERTHA IS THE FUGITIVES' CHICKEN PAL FROM A FEW STORIES AGO

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

WELL, YOU SEE, IT WAS LIKE THIS...
ONE DAY, I WAS BEING CHASED BY THESE MEN WITH NETS...
A.S.P.C.A.
...WHEN SUDDENLY, I FELL THROUGH AN OPEN MANHOLE!
I FLOATED THROUGH A DARK SEWER PIPE FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE DAYS...
?
AND I FINALLY ARRIVED HERE THROUGH THE SAME FOUNTAIN THAT YOU GUYS CAME THROUGH!
AND THEN I--
HEY!
CAREFUL! DON'T SKATE TOO NEAR THAT HOLE!
WHY?
BECAUSE SLIDING DOWN THIS POLE SENDS YOU BACK TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, AND--
GREAT! LET ME AT IT!
WAIT!
ONCE YOU LEAVE, IT'S REALLY HARD TO GET BACK HERE!
BIG DEAL!
YEAH, WE'RE GETTING BORED.
LOOK, GUYS, YOUR ARRIVAL HERE WAS NO ACCIDENT. WE NEED YOU!
SHAMAN IMALA IS A NICE PLACE, BUT IT NEEDS LEADERS, AND YOU FOUR HAVE BEEN ELECTED!
?
!!!
US?
LEADERS?
HEY! THE BOYS ARE COMING UP IN THE WORLD! NOW THEY'RE ADVISERS TO AN EMERGING ANIMAL NATION! ARE THEY UP TO IT? FIND OUT NEXT TIME!
© 1998 Kim Deitch

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

A WING, A THIGH, A BREAST, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

BOOM BOOM!

LEGS!

CHESTER!

AND WING NUT!

THE BOYS ARE IN SHAMAN IMALA, A MYSTERIOUS LAND OF TALKING ANIMALS. THEIR MISSION, SHOULD THEY CHOOSE TO ACCEPT IT, IS...

SHAMAN IMALA NEEDS LEADERS, AND YOU FOUR HAVE BEEN ELECTED!

USING WHAT THEY KNOW OF THE HUMAN WORLD AS A MODEL, EACH OF THE BOYS WHIPS UP A PLAN.

BUT CAN THEY DO IT?

I KNOW! FOOTBALL TEACHES TEAMWORK!

C'MERE YOU!

SEE, YOU THROW THE OLD PIGSKIN AROUND AND THEN WE ALL CHASE ONE ANOTHER!

AND THEN... UM... WE GO TO A COMMERCIAL!

GREAT COUNTRIES ALL HAVE MIGHTY MONUMENTS! I'LL BUILD ONE!

HEY! HURRY UP WITH THAT CLAY!

AND WHEN I'M DONE, YOU PIGEONS WILL ADD THE FINAL TOUCHES.

?

WAIT A MINUTE! GREAT LEADERS SEND ROCKETS INTO SPACE TO EXPLORE THE ...UH... MOLAR SYSTEM!

NOW, REMEMBER, DON'T PUSH THAT ACTIVATOR BUTTON UNTIL I TELL YOU TO!

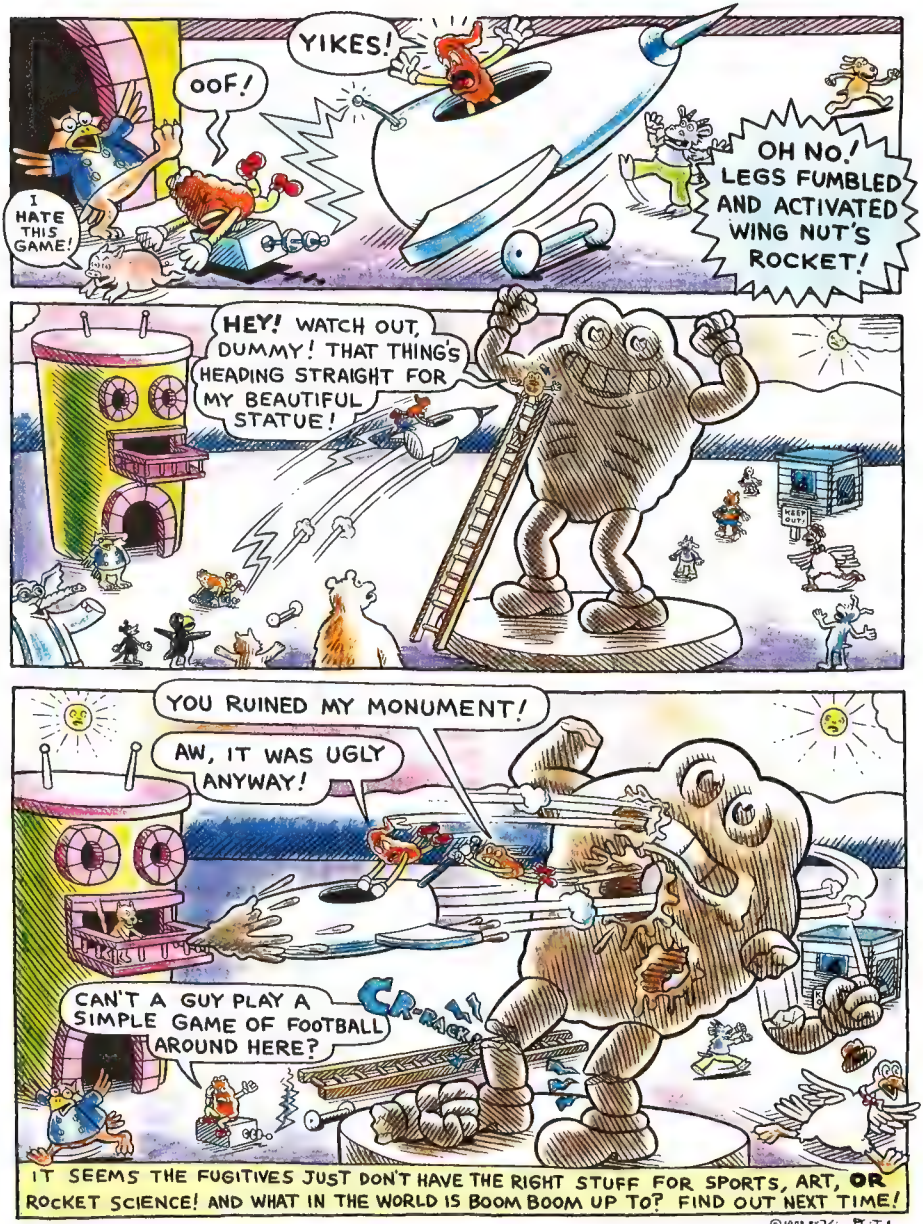
YES, SIR!

BECAUSE I NEED TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO DRIVE THIS THING!

KEEP OUT!

YEAH!

BUT WHAT'S WITH BOOM BOOM? IT LOOKS LIKE HIS PLANS ARE TOP SECRET!



©1998 BY Kim Deitch

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

A WING, A THIGH, A BREAST, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

THE BOYS HAVE BEEN ELECTED RULERS OF SHAMAN IMALA, A STRANGE LAND FULL OF TALKING ANIMALS. BUT THEIR ATTEMPTS TO IMPROVE THE PLACE HAVE BEEN DISASTROUS!

BOOM BOOM!

LEGS!

CHESTER!

AND WING NUT!

HEY! CHESTER'S STUPID STATUE FELL ON BOOM BOOM'S SHACK!

CRUNCH!

MOMENTS LATER!

OH NO! THE STATUE FLATTENED HIM OUT!

BOOM BOOM! SPEAK TO ME!

WHAT A MESS!

YEAH!

A FINE BUNCH OF LEADERS THEY TURNED OUT TO BE!

HEY! THIS ISN'T BOOM BOOM! IT'S JUST A CARDBOARD CUTOUT!

HUH?

WHAT?

SUDDENLY!

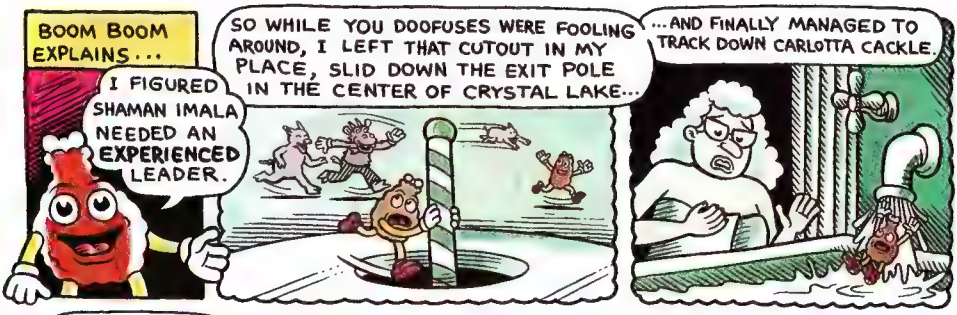
HEY, GUYS!

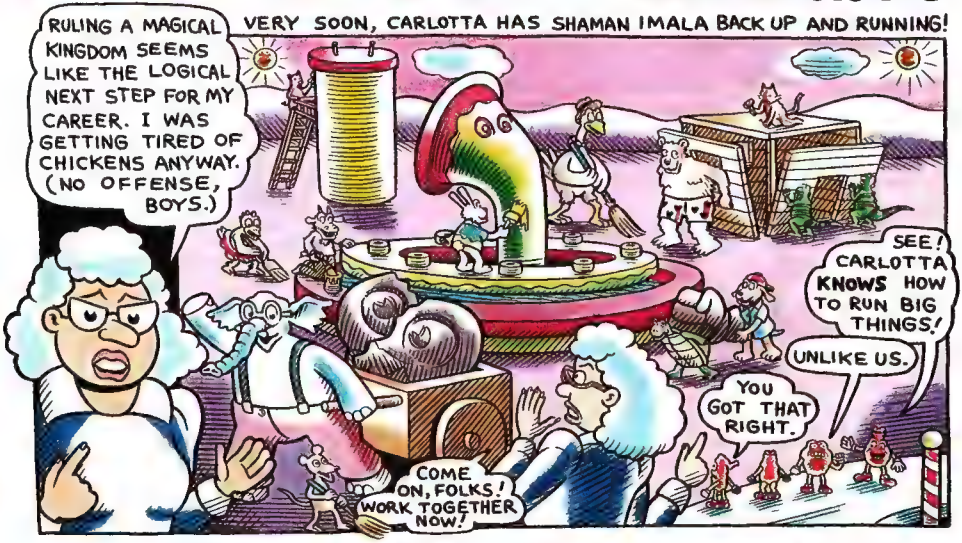
LOOK!

HEY! IT'S THE REAL BOOM BOOM!

AND CARLOTTA CACKLE?* WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE?

* CARLOTTA IS PRESIDENT OF THE CACKLE FARMS CHICKEN COMPANY AND A FRIEND OF THE FUGITIVES!





OH WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS JUST DON'T FIT INTO PARADISE! MAYBE THEY'VE BEEN RUNNING SO LONG, THEY'VE GOTTEN USED TO IT. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

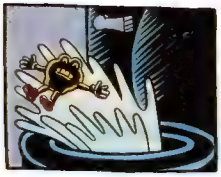
©1998 Kim Deitch

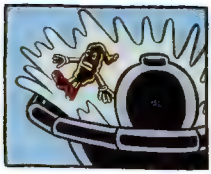
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

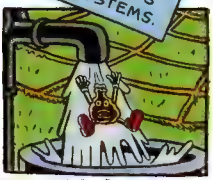
LAST TIME, THE BOYS LEFT THE LOST WORLD OF SHAMAN IMALA, TRAVELING THROUGH A MAGIC EXIT THAT LEADS TO THE WORLD'S MAJOR SEWER SYSTEMS.

A WING, A THIGH, A BREAST, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

LEGS! CHESTER! WING NUT! AND BOOM BOOM!







BUT SOMEHOW, IN THE FINAL STAGES OF THEIR TRIP, THEY'VE BEEN SEPARATED!

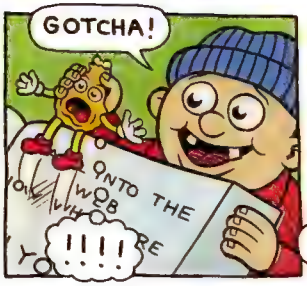
WHEW! WHERE AM I?

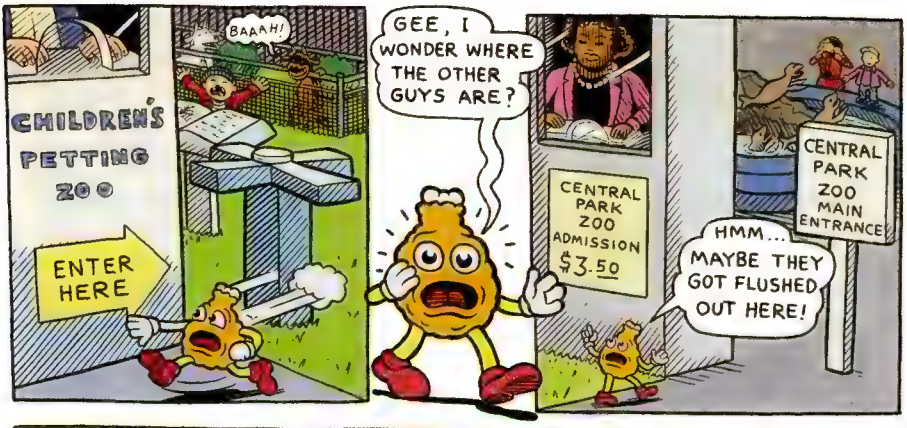
HEY! THOSE KIDS ARE PLAYING IN A GIANT SPIDERWEB! WHAT GIVES?

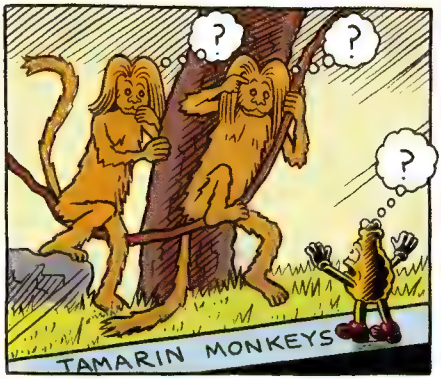
THIS ROPE SPIDERWEB IS A REAL ATTRACTION IN NEW YORK CITY'S CENTRAL PARK!

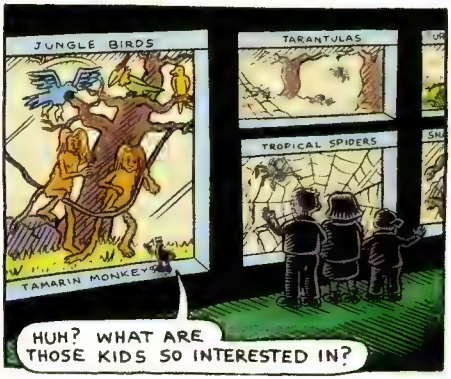
CRAWL INTO THE WEB. NOW WHO ARE YOU? WILL YOU EAT OR BE EATEN?

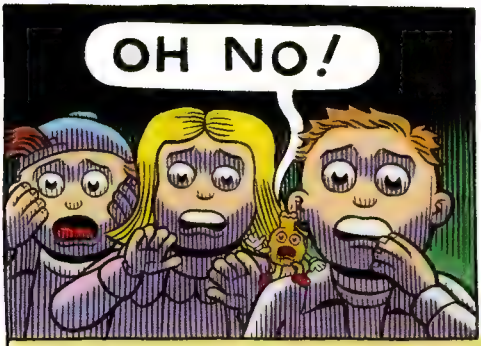
MAYBE THIS SIGN WILL EXPLAIN IT.

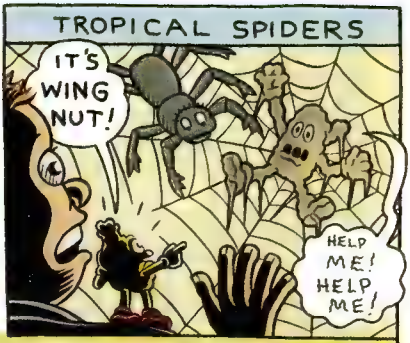










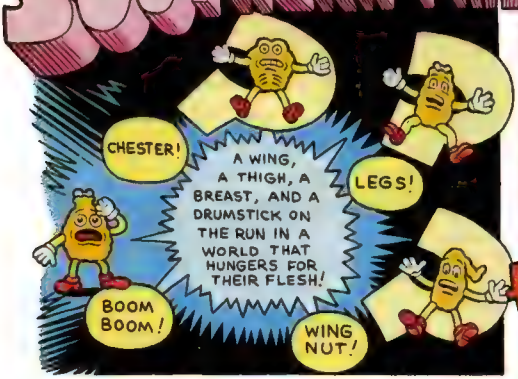


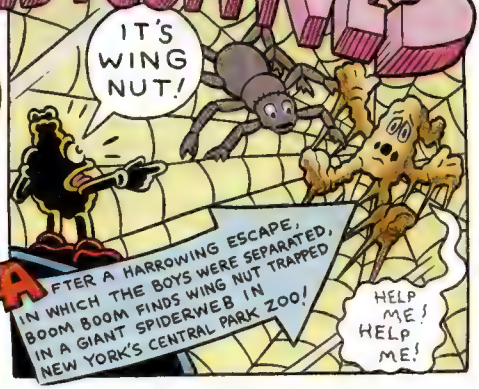
"OH NO" IS RIGHT! CHESTER AND LEGS ARE STILL MISSING, AND WING NUT'S GOT A BAD CASE OF ARACHNOPHOBIA*! WHO KNEW A WALK IN THE PARK COULD GET **THIS** CRAZY! MORE NEXT TIME!

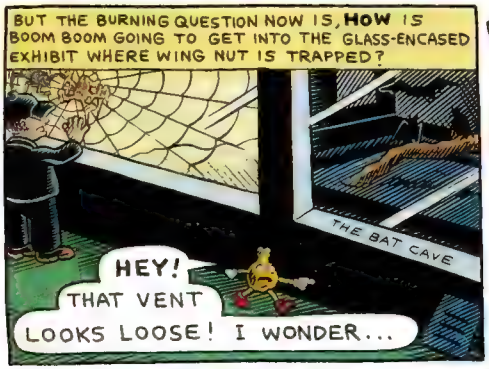
*ARACHNOPHOBIA = FEAR OF SPIDERS

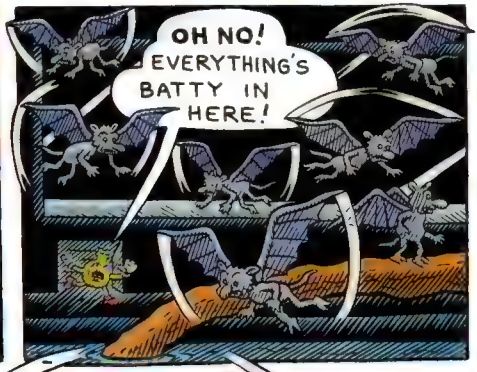
© Kim Deitch '98

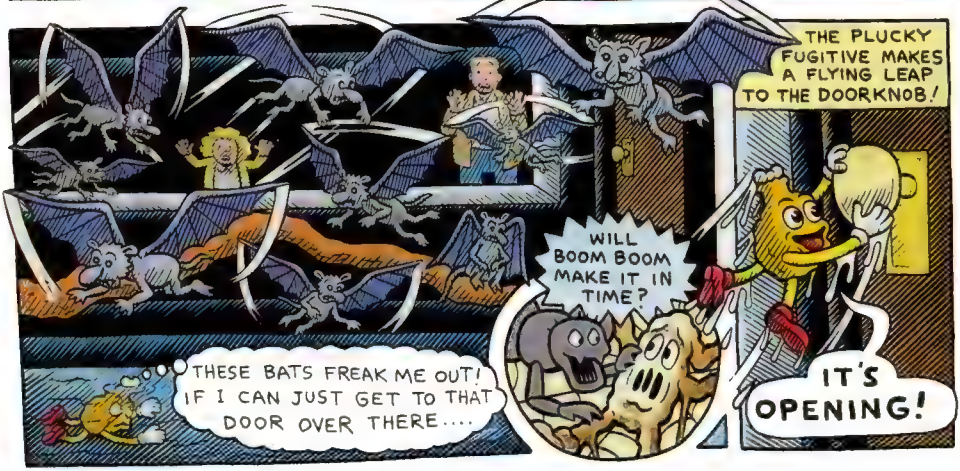
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

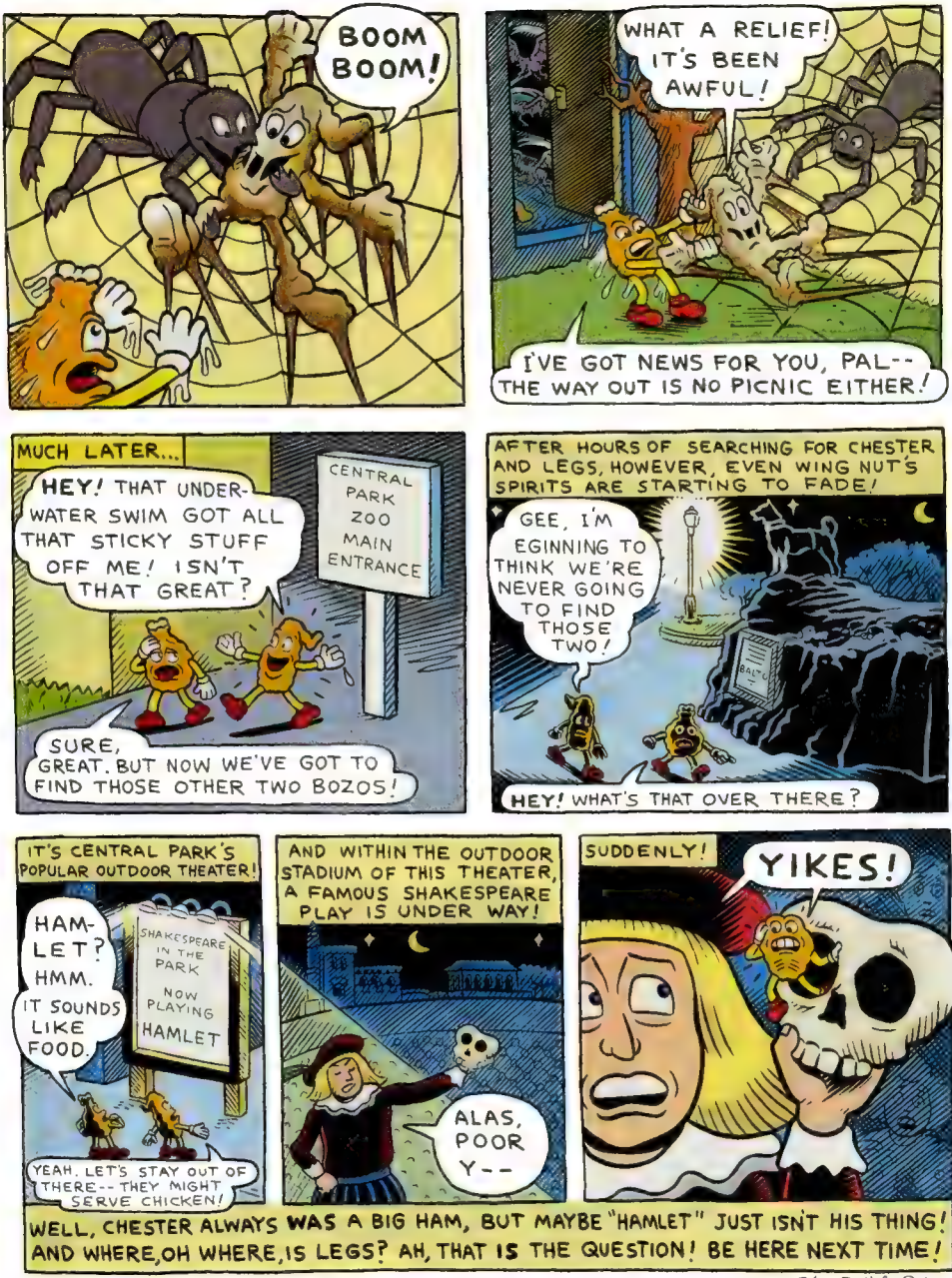


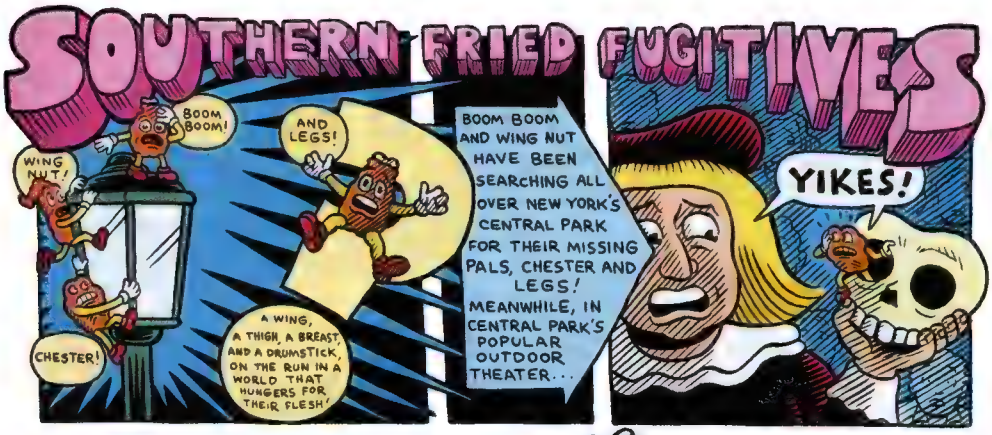


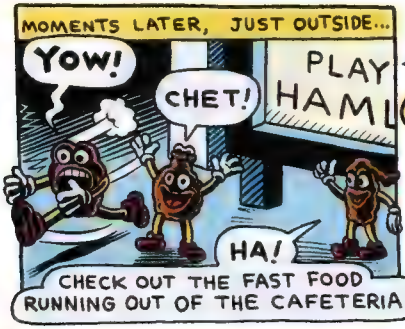







BOOM BOOM!
WHAT A RELIEF! IT'S BEEN AWFUL!
I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, PAL-- THE WAY OUT IS NO PICNIC EITHER!
MUCH LATER...
HEY! THAT UNDER-WATER SWIM GOT ALL THAT STICKY STUFF OFF ME! ISN'T THAT GREAT?
CENTRAL PARK ZOO MAIN ENTRANCE
SURE, GREAT. BUT NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND THOSE OTHER TWO BOZOS!
AFTER HOURS OF SEARCHING FOR CHESTER AND LEGS, HOWEVER, EVEN WING NUT'S SPIRITS ARE STARTING TO FADE!
GEE, I'M EGINNING TO THINK WE'RE NEVER GOING TO FIND THOSE TWO!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE?
IT'S CENTRAL PARK'S POPULAR OUTDOOR THEATER!
HAM-LET? HMM. IT SOUNDS LIKE FOOD.
SHAKESPEARE IN THE PARK NOW PLAYING HAMLET
YEAH. LET'S STAY OUT OF THERE-- THEY MIGHT SERVE CHICKEN!
AND WITHIN THE OUTDOOR STADIUM OF THIS THEATER, A FAMOUS SHAKESPEARE PLAY IS UNDER WAY!
ALAS, POOR Y--
SUDDENLY!
YIKES!
WELL, CHESTER ALWAYS WAS A BIG HAM, BUT MAYBE "HAMLET" JUST ISN'T HIS THING! AND WHERE, OH WHERE, IS LEGS? AH, THAT IS THE QUESTION! BE HERE NEXT TIME!
Kim Deitch ©1998


SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
WING NUT!
BOOM BOOM!
AND LEGS!
CHESTER!
A WING, A THIGH, A BREAST AND A DRUMSTICK, ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!
BOOM BOOM AND WING NUT HAVE BEEN SEARCHING ALL OVER NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK FOR THEIR MISSING PALS, CHESTER AND LEGS! MEANWHILE, IN CENTRAL PARK'S POPULAR OUTDOOR THEATER...
YIKES!

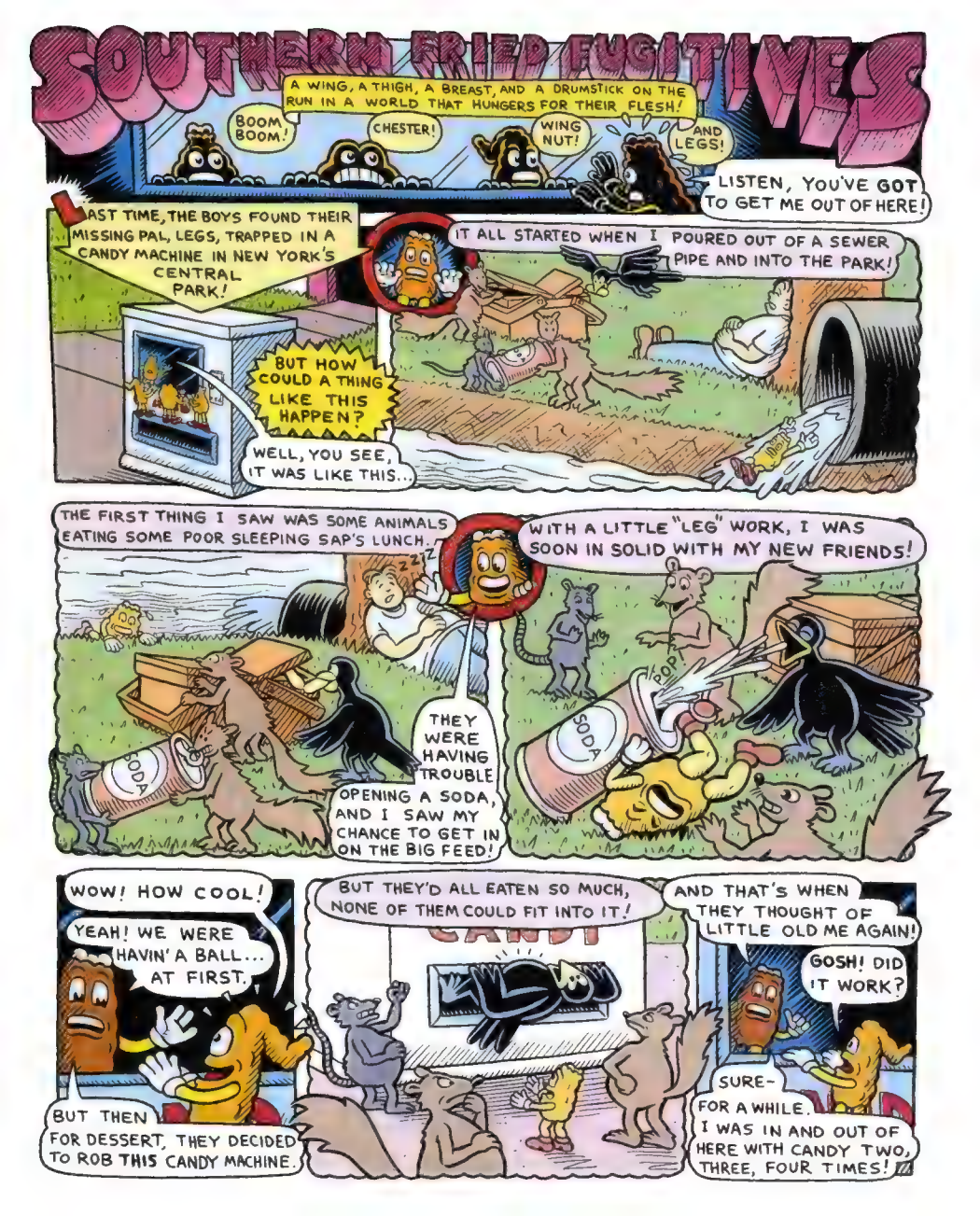

MOMENTS LATER, JUST OUTSIDE...
YOW!
CHET!
PLAY
HAM
HA!
CHECK OUT THE FAST FOOD RUNNING OUT OF THE CAFETERIA!

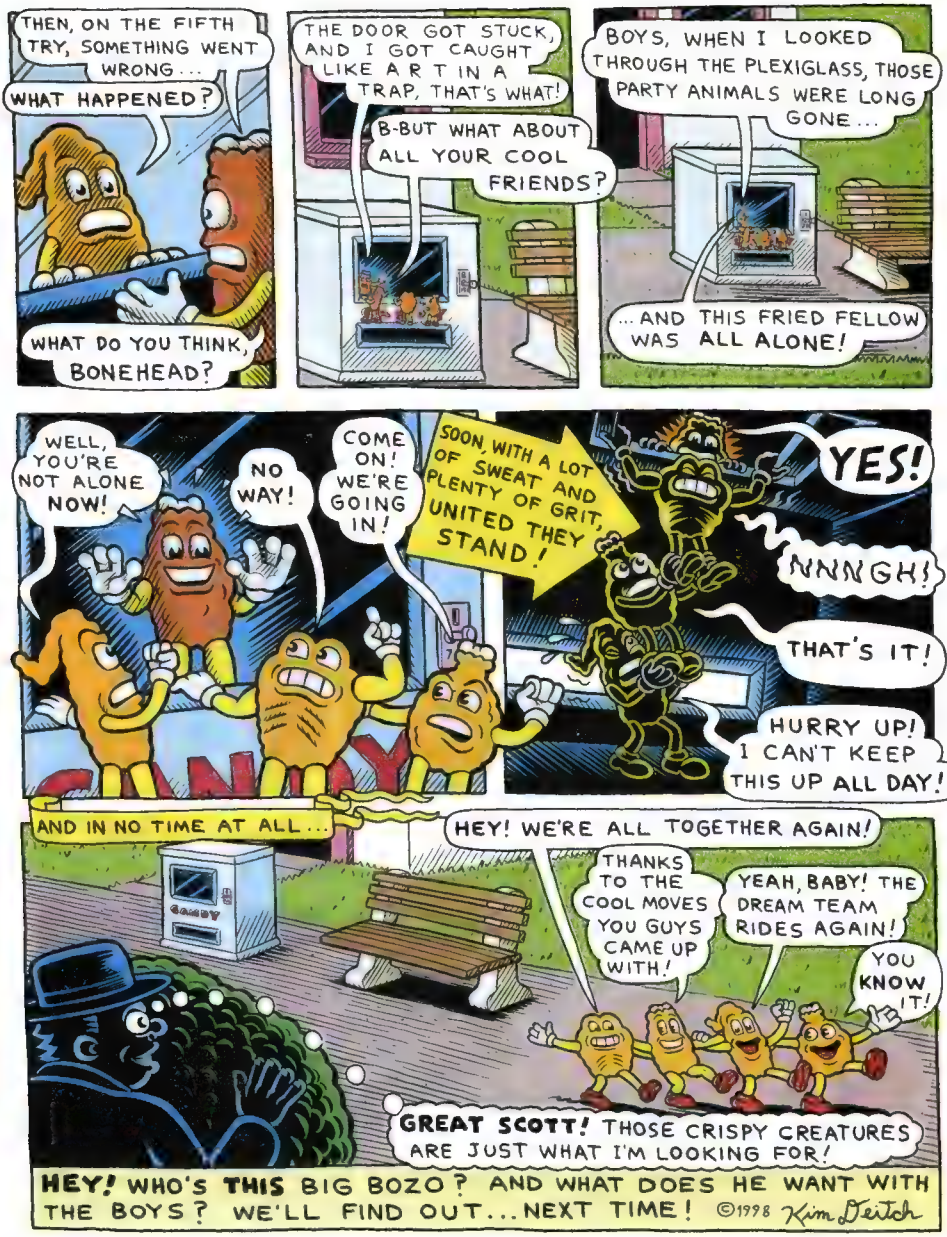
OH RE-ALLY! IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT THIS IS A THEATER, AND I WAS MAKING MY STAGE DEBUT.

SO YOU WERE HAMMING IT UP, EH? I KNEW THAT PLACE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH FOOD!
OKAY, LET'S CAN THE CHIT CHAT! WE'VE STILL GOT TO FIND LEGS!

AND SO ONWARD INTO THE NIGHT!
LET'S REST! WE'LL NEVER FIND LEGS IN THIS DARK, DESERTED PARK!
YEAH! AND I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT "DESERTED" STUFF!
OKAY, WE'LL GRAB A FAST CATNAP ON THAT BENCH.
YAWN!

DAWN...
ARF!
YAP! YAP! YAP!
GROWL!
HEY, GUYS! WAKE UP!
ARF! ARF!
YAP!
WOOF! WOOF!
THERE'S A PACK OF MAD DOGS HEADING OUR WAY!
GR-R-R!
YAP! YAP!
SOUVENIRS
YOU BIG NUGGET HEAD! IT'S JUST A BUNCH OF DOGS ON THEIR MORNING WALK!
CANDY
YAP! YAP!
ARF!
WOOF!
SUDDENLY!
WING NUT!
HUH?
TALKING CANDY BARS? IT'S JUST TOO MUCH! I CAN'T STAND IT!
WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S NOT TALKING CHOCOLATE...
...IT'S LEGS!
CANDY
LEGS! BUDDY! PAL!
LEGS, HOW DID--
NEVER MIND THAT NOW! WHICH ONE OF YOU MUGS HAS SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS TO GET ME OUT OF THIS THING?
OH NO! HOW WILL THE BOYS MANAGE TO BAIL LEGS OUT OF THAT COIN-OPERATED JAIL? AND HOW IN THE WORLD DID HE GET THERE? WE'LL FIND OUT NEXT TIME!
©1998 Kim Deitch


SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
A WING, A THIGH, A BREAST, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!
BOOM BOOM!
CHESTER!
WING NUT!
AND LEGS!
LISTEN, YOU'VE GOT TO GET ME OUT OF HERE!
LAST TIME, THE BOYS FOUND THEIR MISSING PAL, LEGS, TRAPPED IN A CANDY MACHINE IN NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK!
IT ALL STARTED WHEN I POURED OUT OF A SEWER PIPE AND INTO THE PARK!
BUT HOW COULD A THING LIKE THIS HAPPEN?
WELL, YOU SEE, IT WAS LIKE THIS...
THE FIRST THING I SAW WAS SOME ANIMALS EATING SOME POOR SLEEPING SAP'S LUNCH.
WITH A LITTLE "LEG" WORK, I WAS SOON IN SOLID WITH MY NEW FRIENDS!
THEY WERE HAVING TROUBLE OPENING A SODA, AND I SAW MY CHANCE TO GET IN ON THE BIG FEED!
SODA
POP
WOW! HOW COOL!
YEAH! WE WERE HAVIN' A BALL... AT FIRST.
BUT THEY'D ALL EATEN SO MUCH, NONE OF THEM COULD FIT INTO IT!
AND THAT'S WHEN THEY THOUGHT OF LITTLE OLD ME AGAIN!
GOSH! DID IT WORK?
BUT THEN FOR DESSERT, THEY DECIDED TO ROB THIS CANDY MACHINE.
SURE- FOR A WHILE. I WAS IN AND OUT OF HERE WITH CANDY TWO, THREE, FOUR TIMES!


THEN, ON THE FIFTH TRY, SOMETHING WENT WRONG...
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHAT DO YOU THINK, BONEHEAD?
THE DOOR GOT STUCK, AND I GOT CAUGHT LIKE A R T IN A TRAP, THAT'S WHAT!
B-BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL YOUR COOL FRIENDS?
BOYS, WHEN I LOOKED THROUGH THE PLEXIGLASS, THOSE PARTY ANIMALS WERE LONG GONE...
...AND THIS FRIED FELLOW WAS ALL ALONE!
WELL, YOU'RE NOT ALONE NOW!
NO WAY!
COME ON! WE'RE GOING IN!
SOON, WITH A LOT OF SWEAT AND PLENTY OF GRIT, UNITED THEY STAND!
YES!
NNNGH!
THAT'S IT!
HURRY UP! I CAN'T KEEP THIS UP ALL DAY!
AND IN NO TIME AT ALL...
HEY! WE'RE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN!
THANKS TO THE COOL MOVES YOU GUYS CAME UP WITH!
YEAH, BABY! THE DREAM TEAM RIDES AGAIN!
YOU KNOW IT!
GREAT SCOTT! THOSE CRISPY CREATURES ARE JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!
HEY! WHO'S THIS BIG BOZO? AND WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH THE BOYS? WE'LL FIND OUT...NEXT TIME!
©1998 Kim Deitch

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

A WING, A THIGH, A BREAST, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

LAST TIME, THE BOYS WERE REUNITED IN NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK, WHEN SUDDENLY...

CHESTER!

LEGS!

WING NUT!

BOOM BOOM!

GREAT SCOTT! THESE CRISPY CRITTERS ARE JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!

COME HITHER, LITTLE LUNCH!

YIKES! A NUT WITH BREAD! AND HE'S MOVIN' FAST!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

OH NO!

I'LL MAKE YOU A BIG HERO! WOO, WOO!

OH, BROTHER!

I JUST WISH SOME OF THESE BIG OAFS WOULD PICK ON SOMEONE THEIR OWN SIZE FOR A CHANGE!

GOSH! THIS OLD NEWSPAPER JUST SAVED OUR BREADED SKINS!

HEY! IT MAY DO MORE THAN THAT...

...CHECK OUT THIS WANT AD!

WANT ADS

JOBS

BIGGER IS BETTER!

Small subjects wanted now for experimental growth project. Apply at Vista Grande Experimental Growth Project 43 N. 64th

HMM... "BIGGER IS BETTER."

GOSH!

WE'D BE HUMAN-SIZE!

GROWTH WOULD MAKE US BIGGER!

WE'D HAVE FUN!

AND FIT IN!

LATER...
YES?
VISTA GRANDE GROWTH CENTER
SAY, IS THIS THE PLACE WHERE THEY MAKE LITTLE THINGS BIG?
IT CERTAINLY IS. COME IN! COME IN!
SOON, ALL IS READY. BUT WAIT! WHOSE EVIL THOUGHTS ARE EMANATING FROM BEHIND THAT ONE-WAY MIRROR?
HA! I KNEW THEY'D EVENTUALLY FALL FOR THAT PHONY AD!
YIKES! IT'S THE BOYS' OLD ENEMY, OTTO VON FRANKENSTEIN!
AH, MY LONG-LOST LUNCHKINS, I'VE WORKED UP QUITE A BIG APPETITE IN FIVE LONG YEARS!
ON!
OFF
VON FRANKENSTEIN REFERS TO THE FATEFUL LAB ACCIDENT THAT CAUSED A BOX OF SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN, HIS LUNCH, TO BE VIVIFIED! *
*VIVIFIED=BROUGHT TO LIFE
BUT MY ENLARGING RAY WILL MAKE THEM BIG ENOUGH FOR MANY LUNCHES! LUNCHES FOR DAYS! WEEKS! AND--DARE I SAY IT?--EVEN MONTHS TO COME!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
ON!
OFF
UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE ALL THIS BIG TALK IS LEADING TO A JUMBO ORDER OF TROUBLE (WITH A SIDE OF FRIES)!
©1999 Kim Deitch

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

LEGS!
CHESTER!
WING NUT!
BOOM BOOM!
A WING, A THIGH, A BREAST, AND A DRUMSTICK BROUGHT TO LIFE BY AN EXPERIMENT GONE MADLY AMISS!

LAST TIME, OTTO VON FRANKENSTEIN, THE EVIL GENIUS RESPONSIBLE FOR BRINGING THE BOYS TO LIFE, TRICKED THE FUGITIVES INTO TESTING HIS NEW ENLARGING RAY!

HA! THIS RAY WILL MAKE THEM BIG ENOUGH FOR MANY LUNCHES!

ON! OFF

VON FRANKENSTEIN REMAINS HIDDEN BEHIND MIRRORED GLASS!

THE RAY WORKS, BUT VON FRANKENSTEIN GREEDILY ALLOWS IT TO LINGER LONGER ON LEGS!

HEY! LEGS IS GETTING AN EXTRA ZAP!

GOSH! DO YOU THINK HE PAID EXTRA?

STOP!

1. 2. 3. 4.

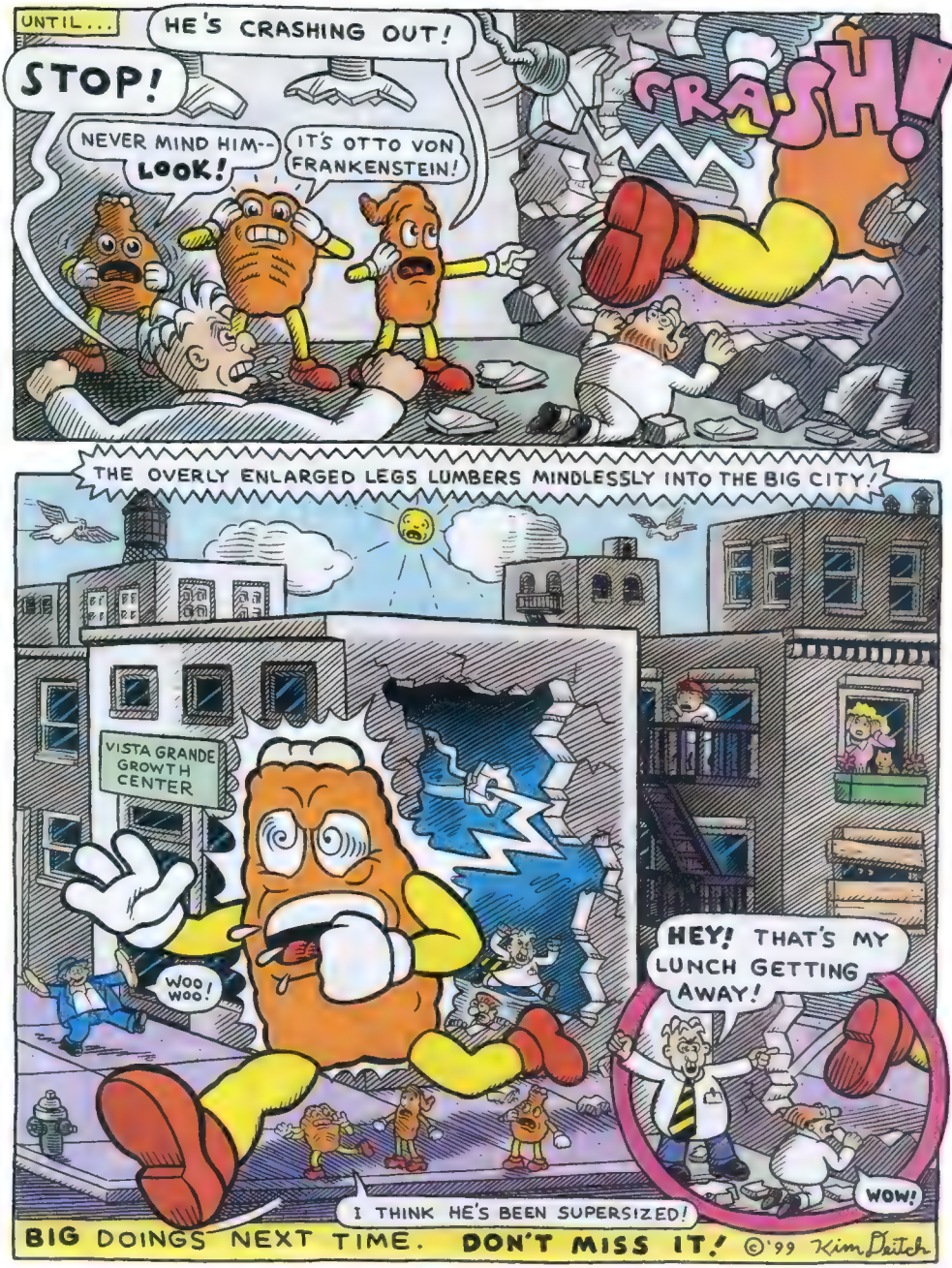
FORGET IT, SHORTY. THE THIGH'S MY FAVORITE PART!

BIG BEYOND BELIEF, LEGS RAMPAGES THROUGH THE LAB!

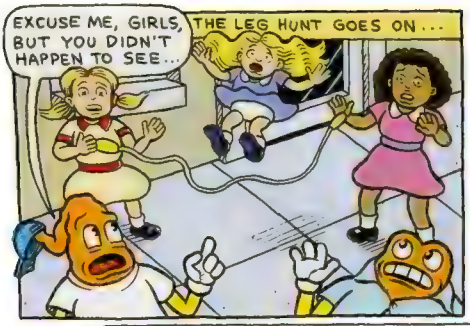
HE'S LOSING IT!

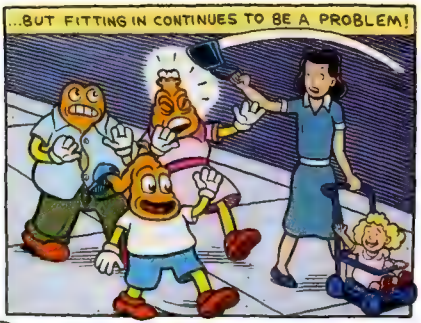
YOW! IT'S PSYCHO-CHICKEN!

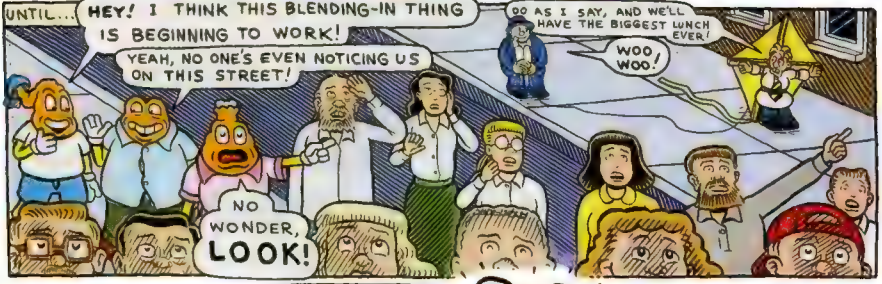
OH NO! THE HEAVY DOSE HAS AFFECTED HIS BRAIN!

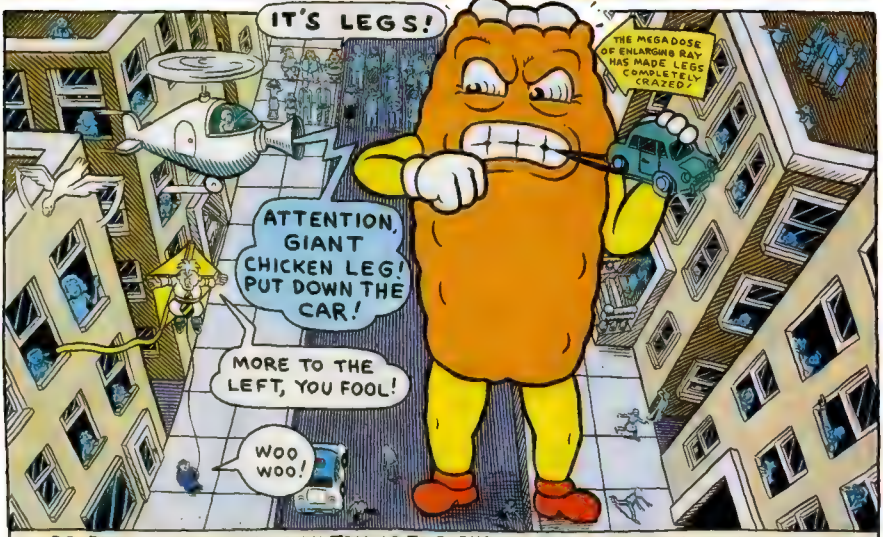

UNTIL...
HE'S CRASHING OUT!
STOP!
NEVER MIND HIM-- LOOK!
IT'S OTTO VON FRANKENSTEIN!
CRASH!
THE OVERLY ENLARGED LEGS LUMBERS MINDLESSLY INTO THE BIG CITY!
VISTA GRANDE GROWTH CENTER
WOO WOO!
HEY! THAT'S MY LUNCH GETTING AWAY!
WOW!
I THINK HE'S BEEN SUPERSIZED!
BIG DOINGS NEXT TIME. DON'T MISS IT! ©'99 Kim Deitch

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
A WING, A THIGH, A BREAST, AND A DRUMSTICK BROUGHT TO LIFE BY AN EXPERIMENT GONE MADLY AMISS!
LEGS!
CHESTER!
WING NUT!
BOOM BOOM!
WOO! WOO!
I MUST HAVE THAT ENORMOUS PIECE OF CHICKEN FOR LUNCH!
LAST TIME, THE BOYS WERE MADE MUCH BIGGER BY THE ENLARGING RAY OF THE EVIL AND HUNGRY OTTO VON FRANKENSTEIN! LEGS GOT AN EXTRA DOSE AND CRASHED OUT OF THE LAB!
WOW!
THIS LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE.
WE'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!
BUT LEGS' LONG STRIDES QUICKLY OUTDISTANCE HIS THREE PALS, WHO ARE MERELY HUMAN SIZE (MORE OR LESS).
WE'D BETTER FIND LEGS BEFORE VON FRANKENSTEIN DOES!
LOOK! CLOTHES ON A WASH LINE!
I HEARD SOMEWHERE THAT CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN! WE'D DEFINITELY BLEND IN WHILE LOOKING FOR LEGS!
HMM!
WE DO LOOK SORT OF NAKED NOW THAT WE'RE BIG!
LATER...
HEY! HOW COME I GOT STUCK WITH THE DRESS?!
AND THESE KIDS' CLOTHES STINK!
CRUNCH!
DON'T BE SO NEGATIVE! WE LOOK HUMAN NOW!
HI, NEIGHBOR! HAVE YOU SEEN A GIANT PIECE OF FRIED CHICKEN WALKING AROUND?
YAP!





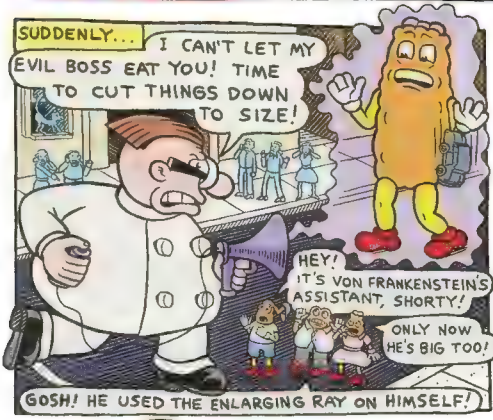


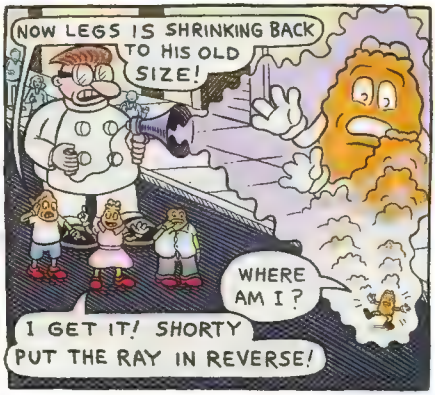


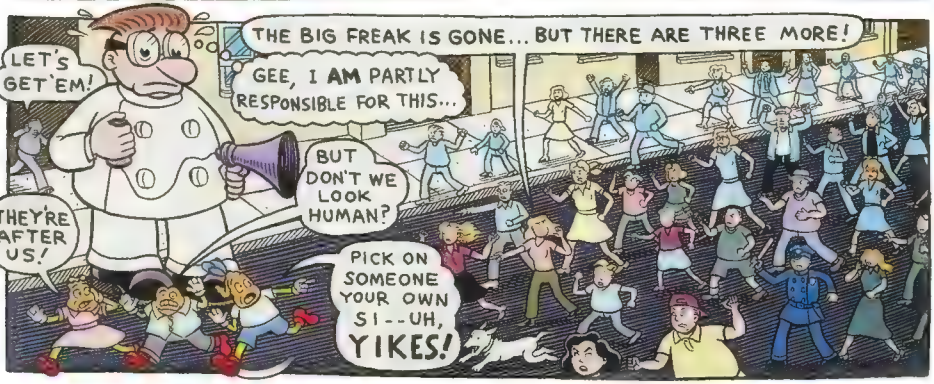
OH BROTHER! LEGS ISN'T EVEN **TRYING** TO BLEND IN! AND WHAT ABOUT VON FRANKENSTEIN? WILL HIS MAD QUEST FOR LUNCH FINALLY SUCCEED? FIND OUT NEXT TIME! ©1999

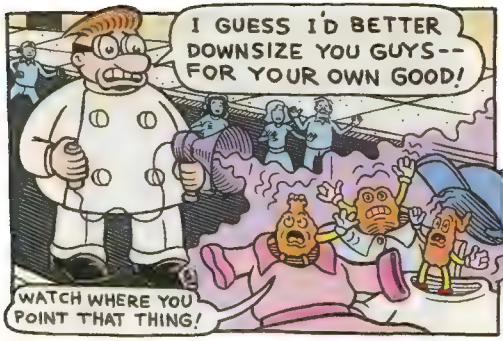
Kim Deitch

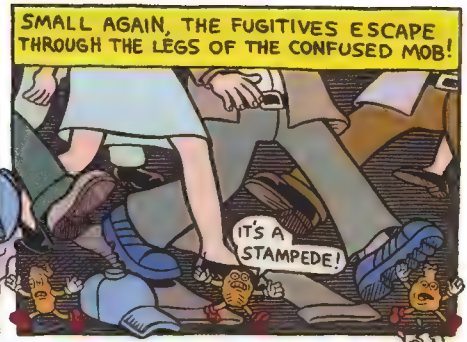
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES
WING NUT!
BOOM BOOM!
A WING, A THIGH, A BREAST, AND A DRUMSTICK BROUGHT TO LIFE IN AN EXPERIMENT GONE MADLY AMISS!
CHESTER!
LEGS!
WHAT A MESS! OTTO VON FRANKENSTEIN'S ENLARGING RAY HAS TURNED LEGS INTO A MINDLESS, RAMPAGING MONSTER! CHESTER, BOOM BOOM, AND WING NUT (WHO'VE BEEN ENLARGED TO MERELY HUMAN SIZE) ARE HORRIFIED!
LOOK! IT'S LEGS!
MEANWHILE, VON FRANKENSTEIN HAS HIRED THIS DIMWIT TO HELP TAKE A LUNCHTIME BITE OUT OF LEGS!
WOO! WOO!

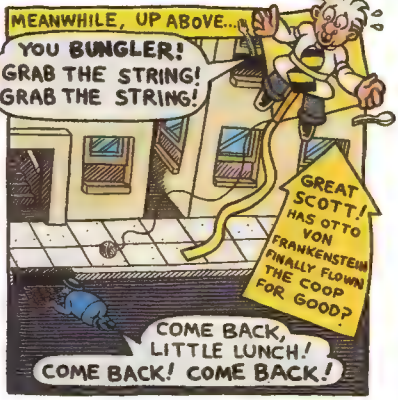

SUDDENLY...
I CAN'T LET MY EVIL BOSS EAT YOU! TIME TO CUT THINGS DOWN TO SIZE!
HEY! IT'S VON FRANKENSTEIN'S ASSISTANT, SHORTY!
ONLY NOW HE'S BIG TOO!
GOSH! HE USED THE ENLARGING RAY ON HIMSELF!

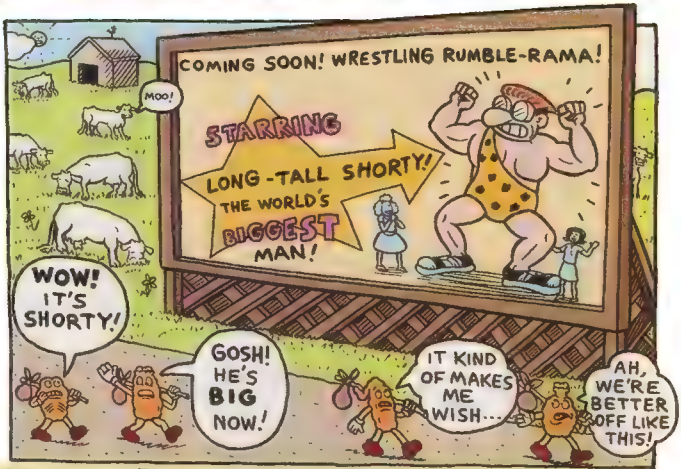

NOW LEGS IS SHRINKING BACK TO HIS OLD SIZE!
WHERE AM I?
I GET IT! SHORTY PUT THE RAY IN REVERSE!


THE BIG FREAK IS GONE... BUT THERE ARE THREE MORE!
LET'S GET 'EM!
GEE, I AM PARTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS...
BUT DON'T WE LOOK HUMAN?
THEY'RE AFTER US!
PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SI--UH, YIKES!









TALK ABOUT A RIP-OFF! SHORTY HIT THE BIG TIME WHILE THE BOYS' GROWTH SPURT GOT THEM NOTHING BUT TROUBLE. WELL, THEY'RE ON THE OPEN ROAD AGAIN — WHO KNOWS WHERE THEIR QUEST TO FIT IN WILL BRING THEM NEXT?

©1999 Kim Deitch

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

MUCH LATER...
BOY! WHAT A BIG FLOP THAT WAS!
THOSE KIDS THOUGHT WE WERE CRAZY!
THEY HATED US!
YEAH! ANOTHER BIG FAILURE FOR THE FUGITIVES!
WAIT, YOU GUYS! WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TOO MUCH TO GIVE UP NOW!
CRAZED IGUANAS!
BERTHA!
BLUR
BINKY!
CARLOTTA CACKLE!
WOO WOO!
I WANT MY LUNCH!
ALL KINDS OF HUNGRY PEOPLE!
THINK ABOUT ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH!
BESIDES, IT TAKES TIME AND EFFORT TO MAKE A THING LIKE THIS WORK!
YEAH, EVEN A REAL KID DOESN'T FIT IN OVERNIGHT!
THAT IS TRUE.
BUT I GUESS YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT.
THANKS FOR ALL YOUR SUPPORT OVER THE PAST FIVE YEARS!
IT'S BEEN GREAT SHARING OUR ADVENTURES WITH YOU.
WE'RE GONNA MAKE THIS PLAN WORK! LOOK FOR US IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD!
JUST AS SOON AS WE LEARN HOW TO WORK THIS THING!
SO BE GOOD TO THAT NEW KID ON THE BLOCK! JUST IT MIGHT US BE!
AND SO WE BID THE BOYS A FOND FAREWELL. WILL THEY FINALLY FIT INTO THE WORLD THAT SPAWNED THEM? OR ARE THEY DESTINED TO BE FOREVER ON THE RUN? GOOD LUCK, BOYS. WE'RE GOING TO MISS YOU!
©1999 Kim Deitch

Quickie Classics

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE

BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

ADAPTED BY Kim Deitch

Quickie Classics

Kim Deitch '95

Quickie Classics

THE COUNT OF

MONTE CRISTO

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

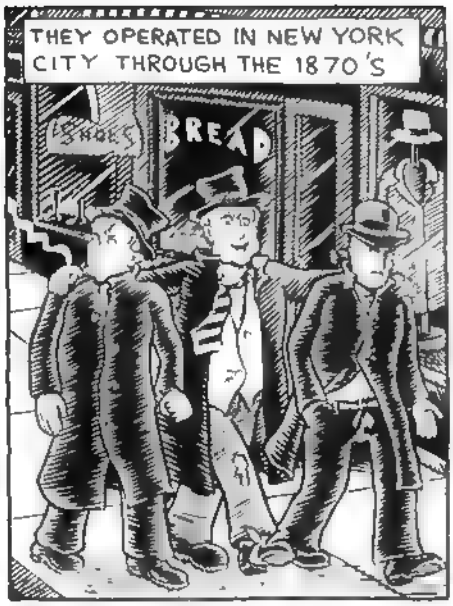
ADAPTED BY Kim Deitch

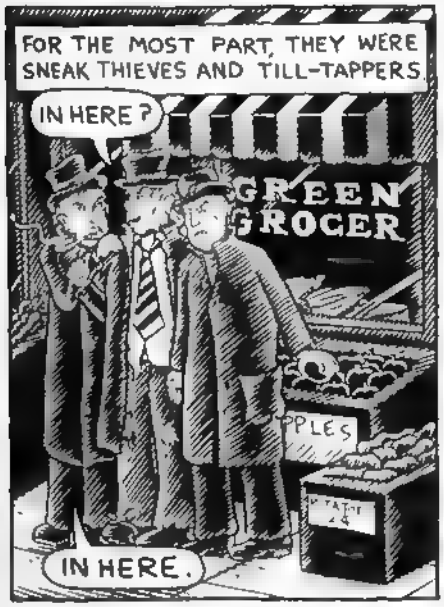
Quickie Classics

Quickie Classics

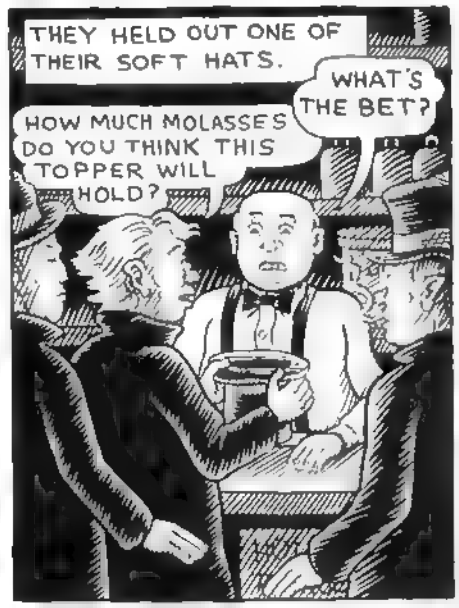
The MOLASSES GANG...
..WAS COMPOSED OF JIMMY DUNNIGAN, BLIND MAHONEY AND BILL MORGAN.

DUNNIGAN WAS THE LEADER

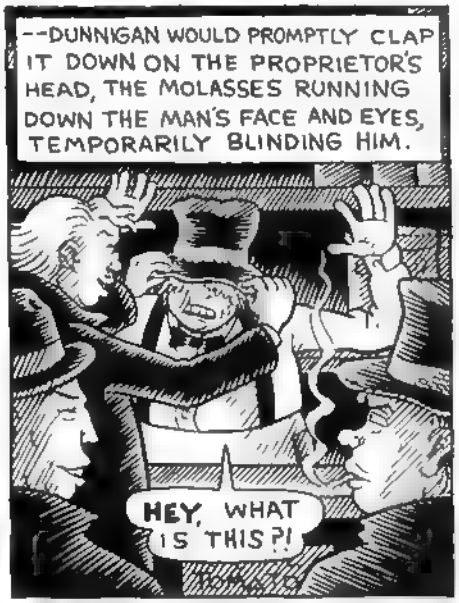

THEY OPERATED IN NEW YORK CITY THROUGH THE 1870'S
BREAD


FOR THE MOST PART, THEY WERE SNEAK THIEVES AND TILL-TAPPERS.
IN HERE?
GREEN GROCER
IN HERE.

THEY WERE KNOWN FOR ENTERING GROCERY STORES AND TELLING THE PROPRIETOR THAT THEY HAD A BET THEY'D LIKE TO SETTLE
YOU'RE FULL OF IT!
OH YEAH?
LET'S ASK THIS GUY!


THEY HELD OUT ONE OF THEIR SOFT HATS.
WHAT'S THE BET?
HOW MUCH MOLASSES DO YOU THINK THIS TOPPER WILL HOLD?

WHEN THE HAT WAS FULL--


--DUNNIGAN WOULD PROMPTLY CLAP IT DOWN ON THE PROPRIETOR'S HEAD, THE MOLASSES RUNNING DOWN THE MAN'S FACE AND EYES, TEMPORARILY BLINDING HIM.
HEY, WHAT IS THIS?!

THEN THE GANG WOULD EMPTY THE TILL AND BE OFF!
TA TA!!
MOLASSES

WEST POINT AND THE HONOR SYSTEM!

LIKE MANY HOUSE CATS, ZIPPY LIKES TO IMITATE OUR HUMAN WAYS.

HE DOES YOGA WITH US.

OH! HOW SWEET!

HE LOVES ASPARAGUS, AND HE'S INTENSELY JEALOUS OF **ME.**

ESPECIALLY THE TIPS.

AND YET HE'S **TOTALLY** IGNORANT OF THE VALUES THAT MAKE AMERICA GREAT.

SO I DECIDED TO TRY AND "BRING HIM ALONG," AS IT WERE, BY TELLING HIM A STORY....

I TOLD HIM A STORY ABOUT ONE OF THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST OF WEST POINT'S LONG GREY LINE.

AH PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE...

WEST POINT
SATAN TOWN
RILEY THE COP
MOLLY-O
CABIRIA
3 BAD MEN
HELL'S HINGES

HOW THIS CADET SNEAKED INTO QUARTERS **AFTER** CURFEW!

DUTY HONOR COUNTRY

THAT CADET WAS FUTURE WAR HERO AND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER!

THEN, REGRETTING THIS ACTION, HE TURNED HIMSELF IN FOR PUNISHMENT THE NEXT DAY.

...BY THEN ZIPPY WAS ASLEEP, BUT I HOPED THAT HE AT LEAST GRASPED THE MAIN POINT OF THE STORY.

WAS HE DREAMING HE WAS A WEST POINT CADET ABOUT TO BE FACED WITH AN ISSUE OF PERSONAL HONOR?

...AND IF SO, WAS HE UP TO IT?

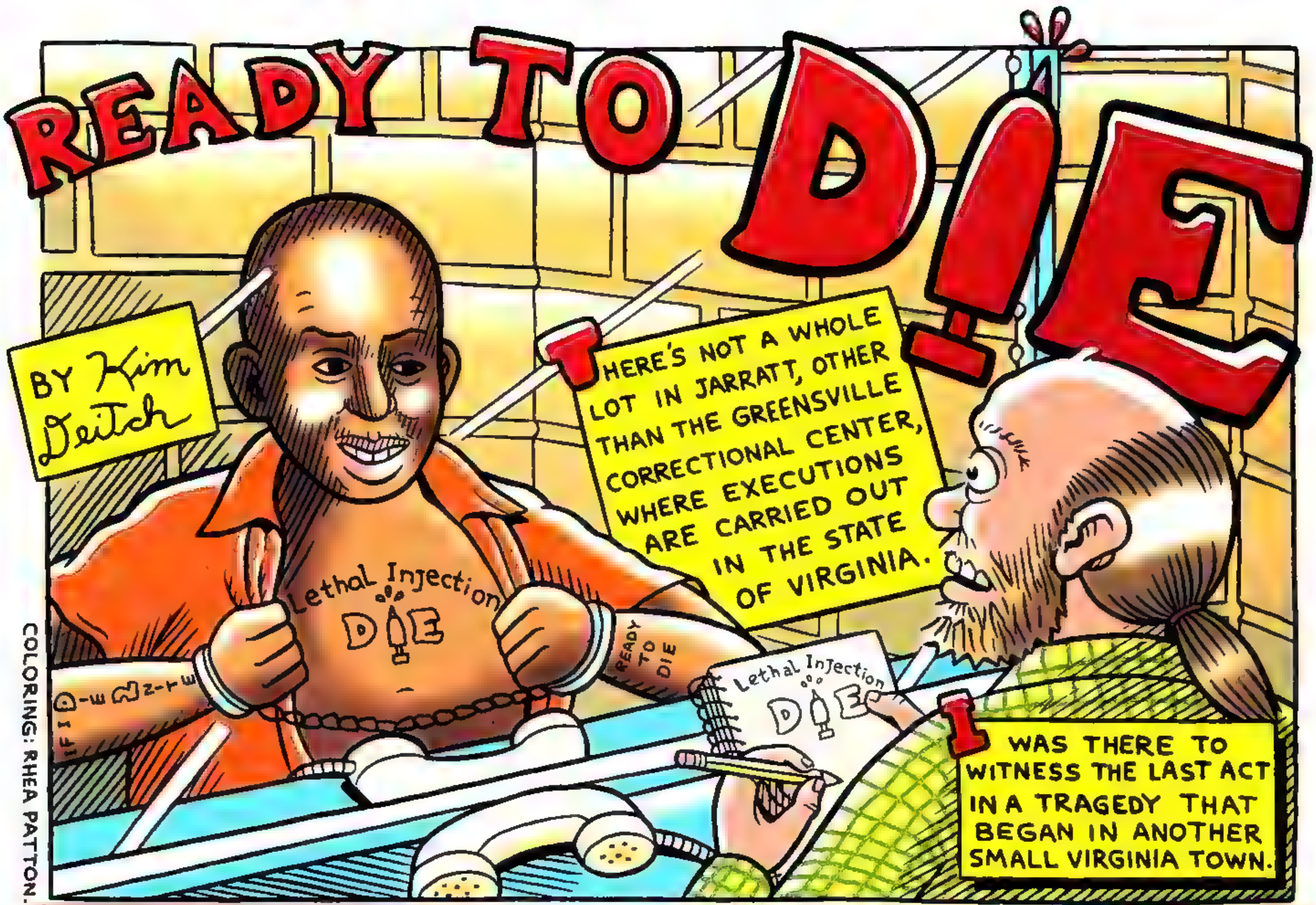
AH, **THAT** WAS THE QUESTION!

Kim Deitch
COMIC

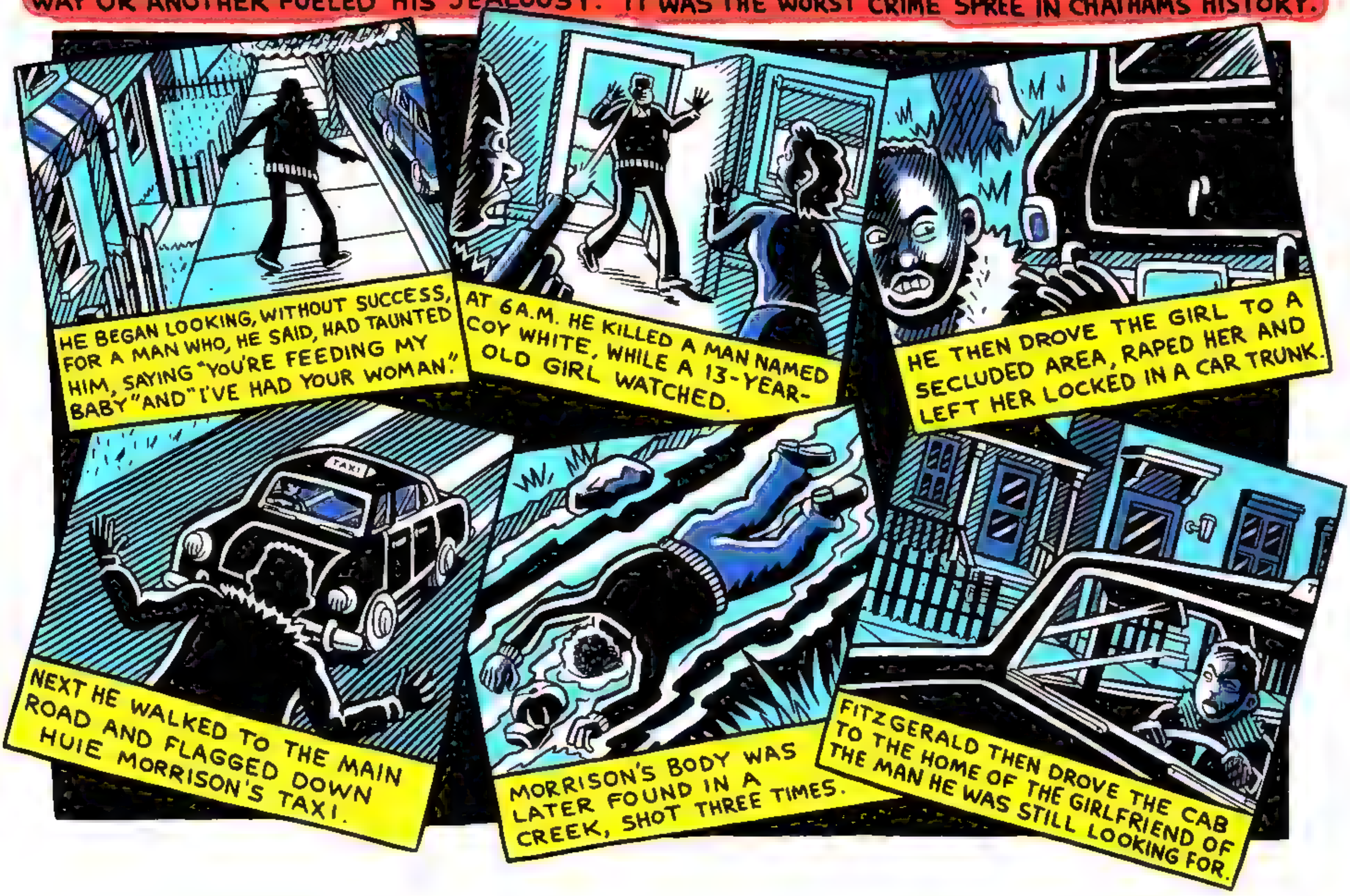
READY TO DIE

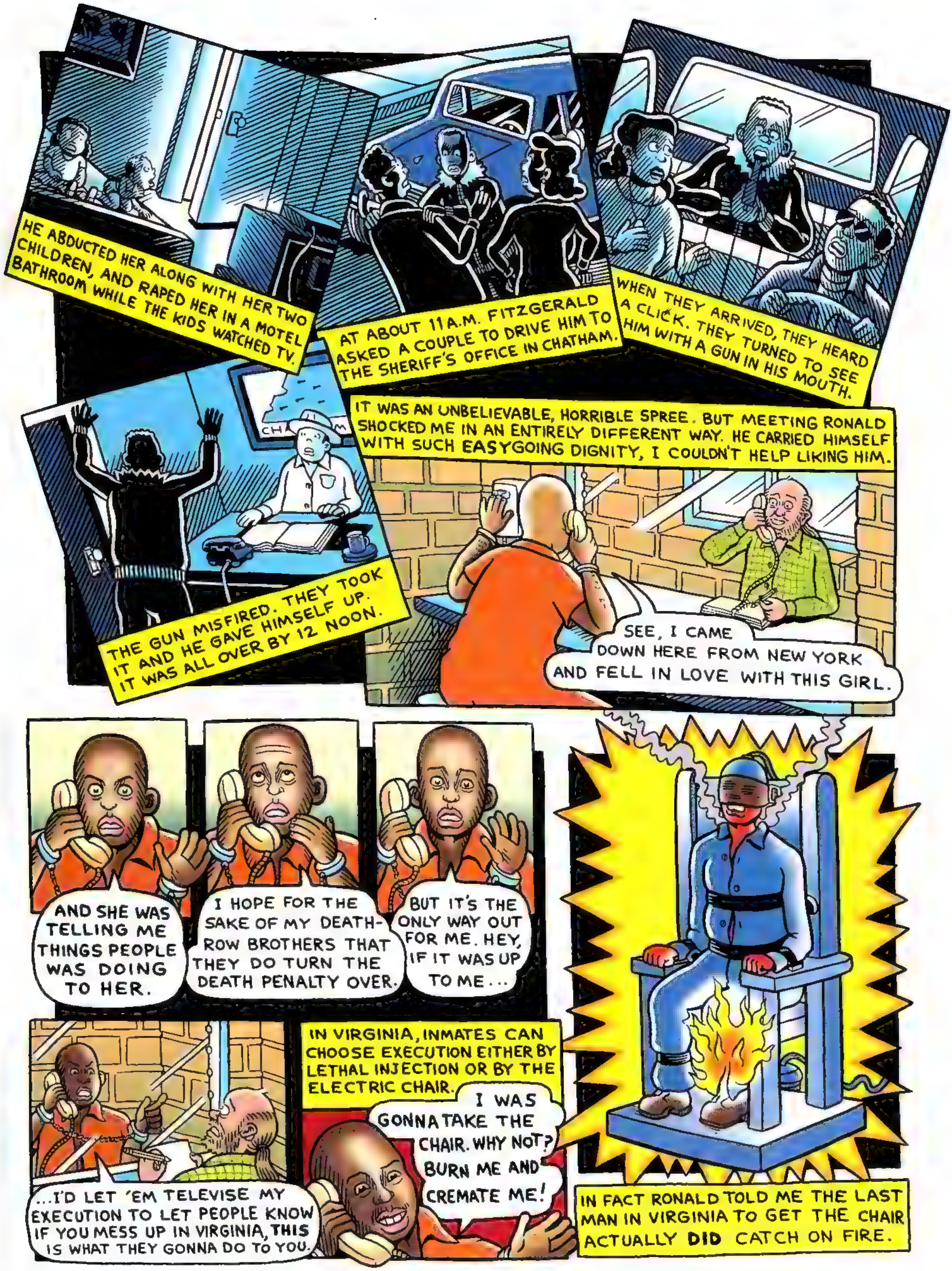
BY Kim Deitch

COLORING: RHEA PATTON.



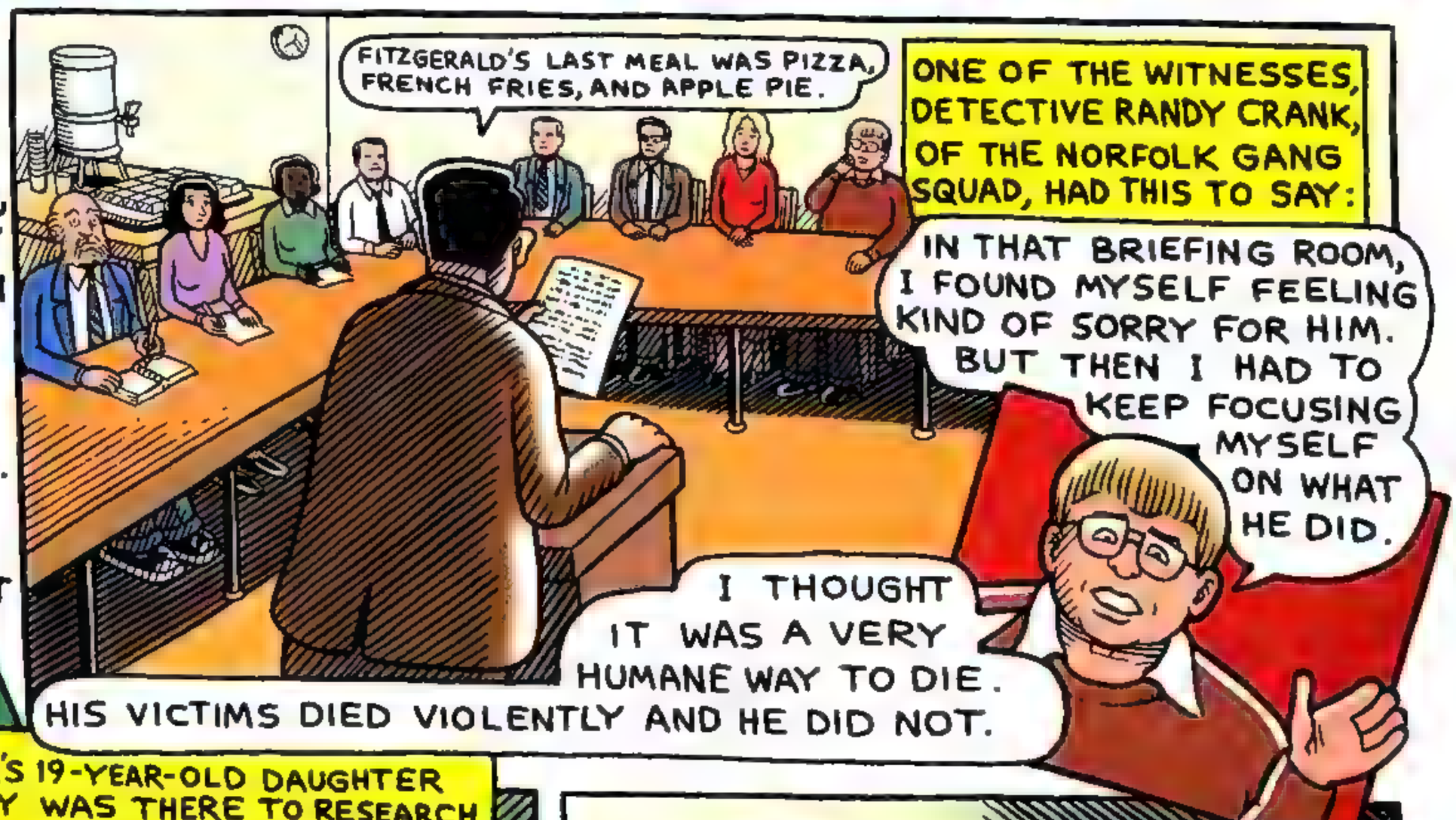
CHATHAM, VA: ON JANUARY 29, 1993, RONALD FITZGERALD SNAPPED. A JEALOUS RAMPAGE OVER HIS GIRLFRIEND TRIGGERED SIX HOURS OF MURDER, ROBBERY, AND RAPE. ALL HIS VICTIMS HAD ONE WAY OR ANOTHER FUELED HIS JEALOUSY. IT WAS THE WORST CRIME SPREE IN CHATHAM'S HISTORY.

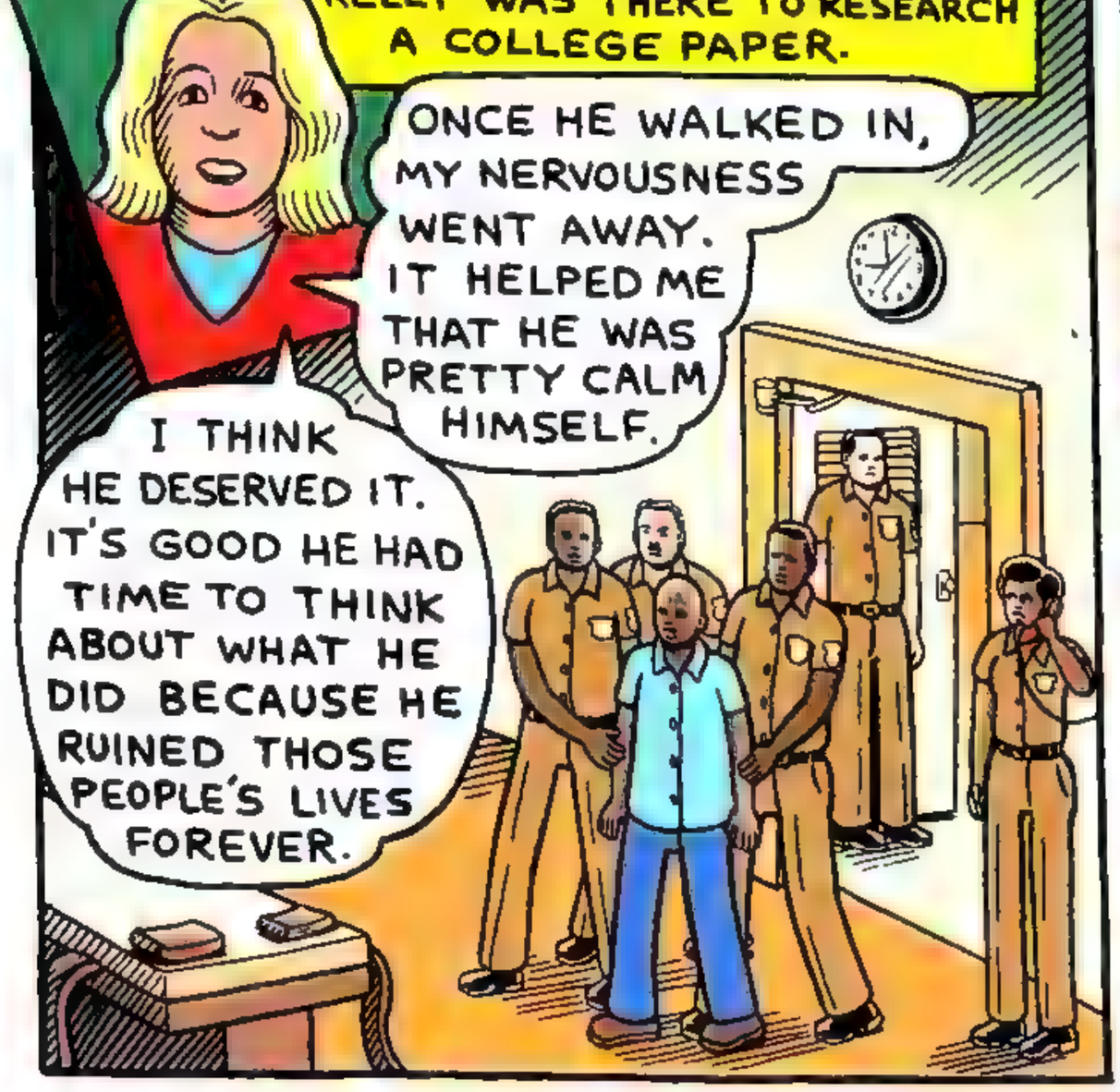



HE ABDUCTED HER ALONG WITH HER TWO CHILDREN, AND RAPED HER IN A MOTEL BATHROOM WHILE THE KIDS WATCHED TV.
AT ABOUT 11A.M. FITZGERALD ASKED A COUPLE TO DRIVE HIM TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN CHATHAM.
WHEN THEY ARRIVED, THEY HEARD A CLICK. THEY TURNED TO SEE HIM WITH A GUN IN HIS MOUTH.
IT WAS AN UNBELIEVABLE, HORRIBLE SPREE. BUT MEETING RONALD SHOCKED ME IN AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT WAY. HE CARRIED HIMSELF WITH SUCH EASYGOING DIGNITY, I COULDN'T HELP LIKING HIM.
THE GUN MISFIRED. THEY TOOK IT AND HE GAVE HIMSELF UP. IT WAS ALL OVER BY 12 NOON.
SEE, I CAME DOWN HERE FROM NEW YORK AND FELL IN LOVE WITH THIS GIRL.
AND SHE WAS TELLING ME THINGS PEOPLE WAS DOING TO HER.
I HOPE FOR THE SAKE OF MY DEATH-ROW BROTHERS THAT THEY DO TURN THE DEATH PENALTY OVER.
BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT FOR ME. HEY, IF IT WAS UP TO ME...
...I'D LET 'EM TELEVISE MY EXECUTION TO LET PEOPLE KNOW IF YOU MESS UP IN VIRGINIA, THIS IS WHAT THEY GONNA DO TO YOU.
IN VIRGINIA, INMATES CAN CHOOSE EXECUTION EITHER BY LETHAL INJECTION OR BY THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.
I WAS GONNA TAKE THE CHAIR. WHY NOT? BURN ME AND CREMATE ME!
IN FACT RONALD TOLD ME THE LAST MAN IN VIRGINIA TO GET THE CHAIR ACTUALLY DID CATCH ON FIRE.

OCTOBER 21:

I WAS UNEASY ON THE NIGHT OF THE EXECUTION, AND DEFINITELY HAD NO STOMACH FOR THE COFFEE AND CAKE IN THE WITNESS BRIEFING ROOM. IF ANYONE ELSE HAD SOME, I DIDN'T NOTICE.





FROM THAT MOMENT, UNTIL HE WAS PRONOUNCED DEAD, I DIDN'T SEE HIM MOVE AGAIN.

I'D NEVER SEEN ANYONE DIE BEFORE. I'D HEARD REPORTS OF HOW PAINFUL LETHAL INJECTION IS, BUT HE DIDN'T SEEM TO SUFFER.

THE FULL IMPACT OF RONALD'S DEATH DIDN'T HIT ME UNTIL I WENT TO A VIEWING OF HIS BODY TWO DAYS LATER. HE LOOKED VERY DEAD.

IN CHATHAM, I ATTENDED A MEMORIAL GATHERING WHERE THERE WAS GOOD FOOD AND MUCH TALK.

I JUST DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO THINK IT WAS MY FAULT, BECAUSE HE EVEN SAID IT WASN'T MY FAULT.

Amanda White, Ronald's ex-girlfriend

RONNIE CAME DOWN HERE WITH THAT NEW YORK MENTALITY. LIKE BECAUSE HE'S FROM NEW YORK, HE WAS BETTER THAN US.

Dale Mease, a friend

AND HE PACKED WHEN HE CAME. THAT WAS THE PRETTIEST GUN I EVER SEEN.

Michael McLaughlin, a cousin

BUT THERE WAS ALSO SYMPATHY FOR RONALD'S VICTIMS.

SURE, I LOVED RONNIE, BUT I LOVED COY WHITE TOO.

IT'S A DOUBLE LOSS, AND WE CAN'T BRING EITHER ONE OF 'EM BACK.

Kevin Germany, a cousin

MY MOST UNCOMFORTABLE MOMENT WAS INTERVIEWING FAMILY MEMBERS OF MURDERED CABDRIVER HUIE MORRISON.

IT'S A VERY SORRY SITUATION...

...BUT HE HAD TO PAY FOR THE CRIME HE COMMITTED.

Wayne Morrison, Huie Morrison's son

THE LAW WAS CARRIED OUT. IT'S NOTHING TO CELEBRATE.

Doris Morrison, his daughter-in-law

HUIE MORRISON'S FUNERAL WAS ATTENDED BY NEARLY ONE THOUSAND MOURNERS.

I'D FOUND OUT PLENTY. AND YET I WAS STILL HAUNTED BY CERTAIN THINGS RONALD TOLD ME.

YOU KNOW, I'VE GROWN A LOT IN THE LAST FOUR YEARS.

I'M NOT THE SAME PERSON.

I'VE MADE A LOT OF FRIENDS ON DEATH ROW, AND I'M GONNA MISS MY DEATH-ROW SOLDIERS.

SO I DECIDED TO VISIT SUSSEX 1, A MAXIMUM SECURITY UNIT NOT FAR FROM THE PRISON WHERE RONALD WAS EXECUTED.

SUSSEX 1 IS ACTUALLY A CLUSTER OF SMALL, IDENTICAL PRISON UNITS CALLED PODS. ONE OF THESE PODS, A CHILLING PLACE OF STAINLESS STEEL AND ANTISEPTIC ODORS, IS VIRGINIA'S DEATH ROW.

DEREK BARNABEI, #227108, HAD THIS TO SAY ABOUT THE DEATH PENALTY IN VIRGINIA:

IS IT A RACIAL THING? YES! IS IT A MONETARY THING? YES! THEY ARE EXECUTING THE WEAKEST PEOPLE IN OUR SOCIETY.

DEREK TOLD ME THAT RONALD ONCE SAVED HIS LIFE BY TAKING A "SHANK" FOR HIM.

AND HE TOLD ME ABOUT VIRGINIA'S NOTORIOUS 21-DAY RULE.

IT MEANS YOU CAN'T INTRODUCE ANY NEW EVIDENCE MORE THAN 21 DAYS AFTER TRIAL. EXCEPT AS A CLEMENCY REQUEST AT THE VERY END.

STEVE ROACH, #225822, DID MOST OF RONALD'S TATTOOING.

JUST BEING SENTENCED TO DEATH IS ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYONE LOSE THEIR RIGHT STATE OF MIND. BUT FORTUNATELY I'VE HAD THE RIGHT KIND OF FRIENDS WHO UNDERSTAND WHAT WE'RE ALL GOING THROUGH. LOSING FITZGERALD PUT A DENT IN THAT. HE WAS A FUNNY GUY, AND YOU NEED THAT HERE.

See you at the Crossroads

R.I.P.

TOMMY STRICKLER, #178579, HAS ALREADY BEEN TRANSFERRED TO GREENSVILLE FOR EXECUTION ON TWO SEPARATE OCCASIONS.

WHEN YOU GET DOWN TO GREENSVILLE, THEY ACT LIKE THEY'RE GETTING READY TO HAVE A PARTY.

AND THEN WHEN YOU GET A STAY, THEY'RE WALKIN' AROUND WITH THEIR HEADS DOWN LIKE THEY'RE VERY UNHAPPY THAT THEIR PARTY GOT MESSED UP.

ABOUT FITZGERALD, HIS FORMER NEIGHBOR ON THE ROW, HE SAID, "ABOUT TWO DAYS AFTER HE WAS EXECUTED, I WAS WATCHIN' TV; AND I CALLED HIM TO TURN THE CHANNEL".

HEY FITZGERALD!

"AND THEN IT DAWNED ON ME THAT HE WASN'T THERE ANYMORE."

BUT THE THING THAT STAYS WITH ME, AFTER COVERING THIS STORY, IS THE WARM FEELING I ENDED UP HAVING FOR RONALD'S FAMILY. I VISITED HIS MOTHER AND AUNTS TWO WEEKS AFTER THE EXECUTION.

WHILE WE TALKED, THEY SHOWED ME PHOTOS OF RONALD TAKEN WITH HIS MOTHER AND SISTER ON THE DAY HE DIED.

Nancy Fitzgerald: RONNIE'S A KID WE'RE ALL DEFINITELY GONNA MISS.

Dorothy Coles Noel: THE SAD PART ABOUT OUR FAMILY IS, WE'RE MISSING ALL THE MALES.

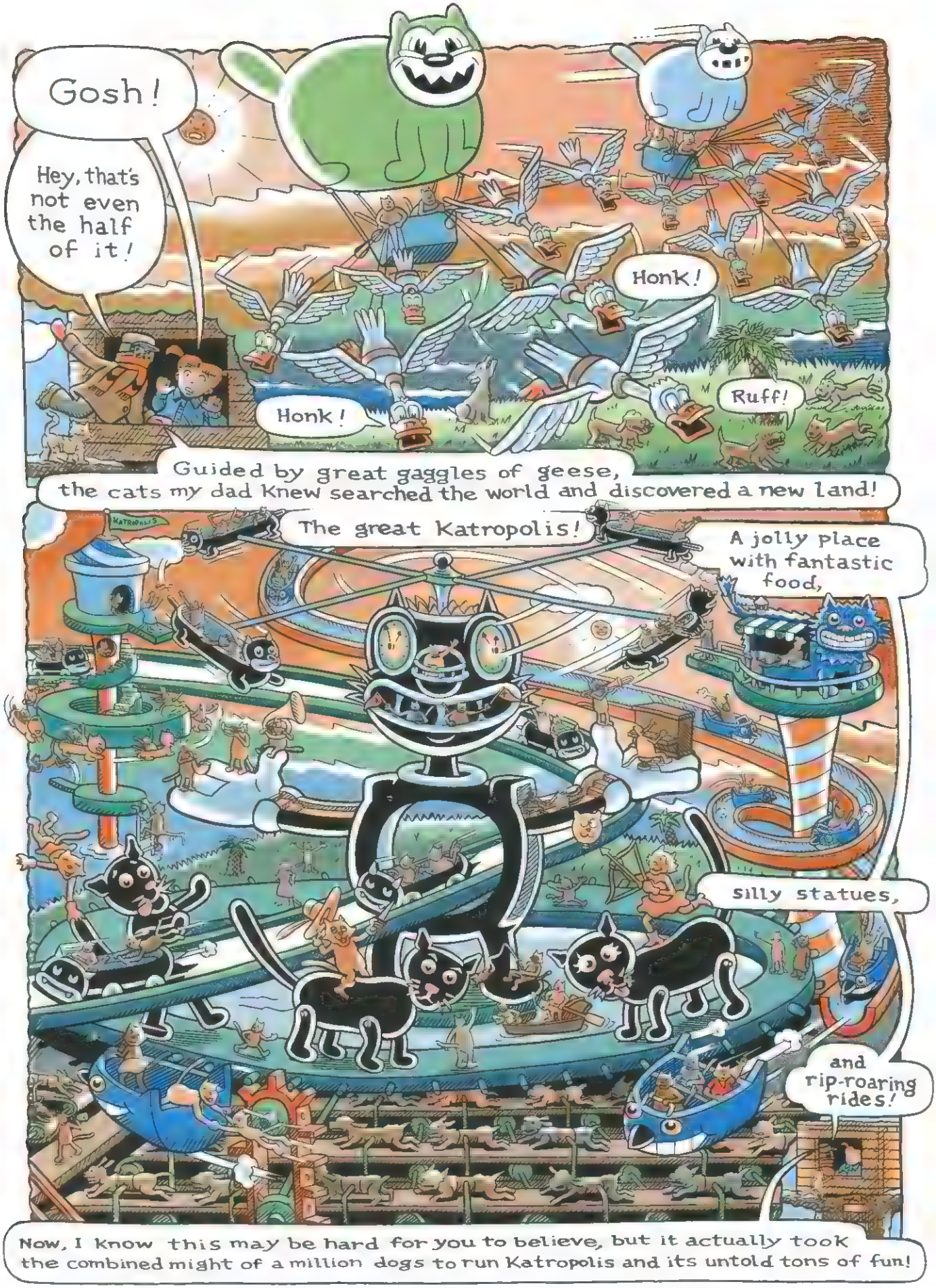
Lois Ann Coles: JUST THE OTHER DAY YOU SAW HIM AS A KID AND NOW HE'S LAYIN' IN A COFFIN.

WHAT MAKES **ME** SAD IS THAT HE WAS UP AT 6:30 THAT DAY. HE WAS SO EXCITED THAT HIS FAMILY WAS COMING TO SEE HIM.

Jackie Coles: ...WE'RE SORRY FOR THE VICTIMS, BUT WE LOVED HIM TO THE END.

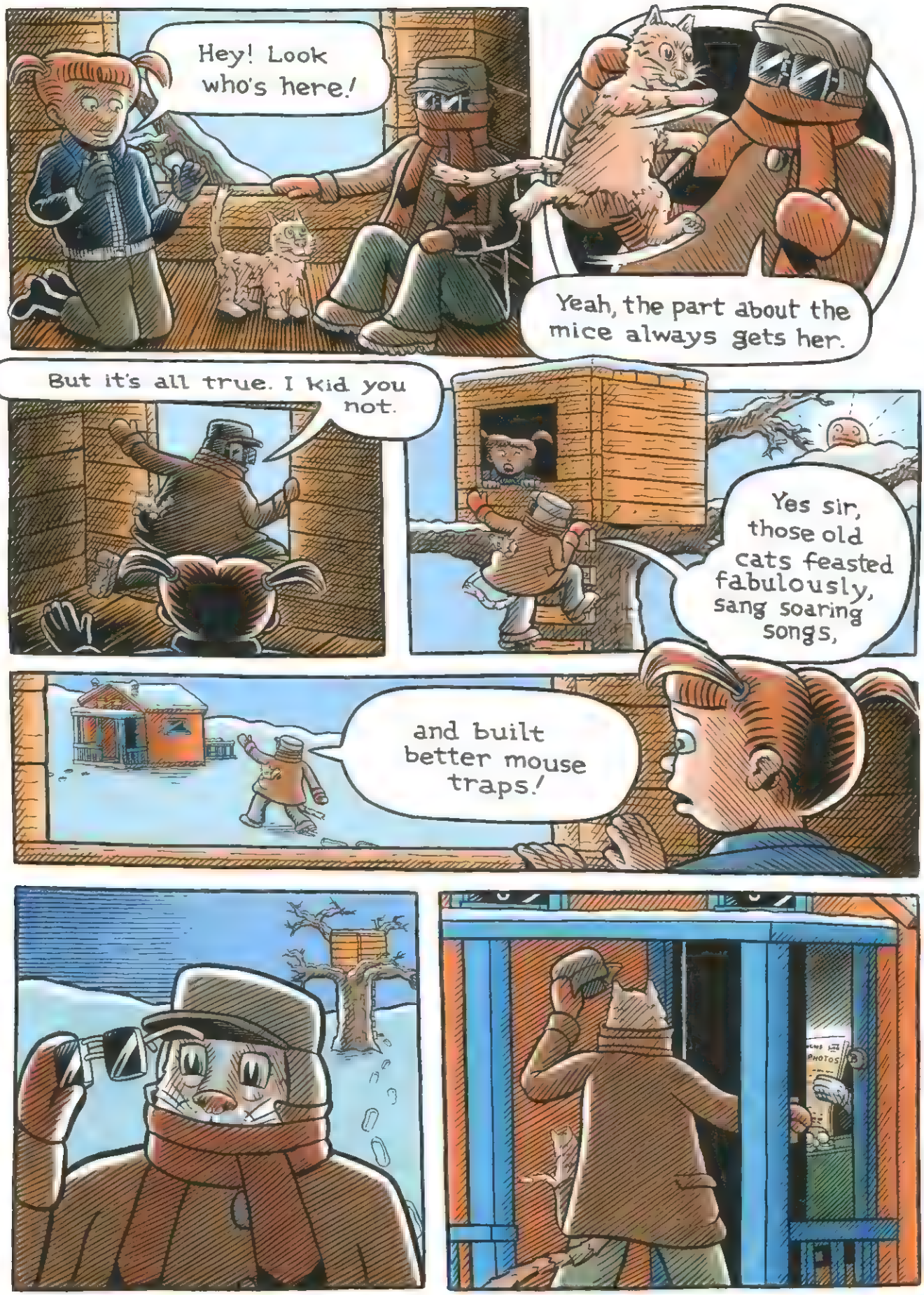
His mother, Mae Fitzgerald: AND WE STILL LOVE HIM.

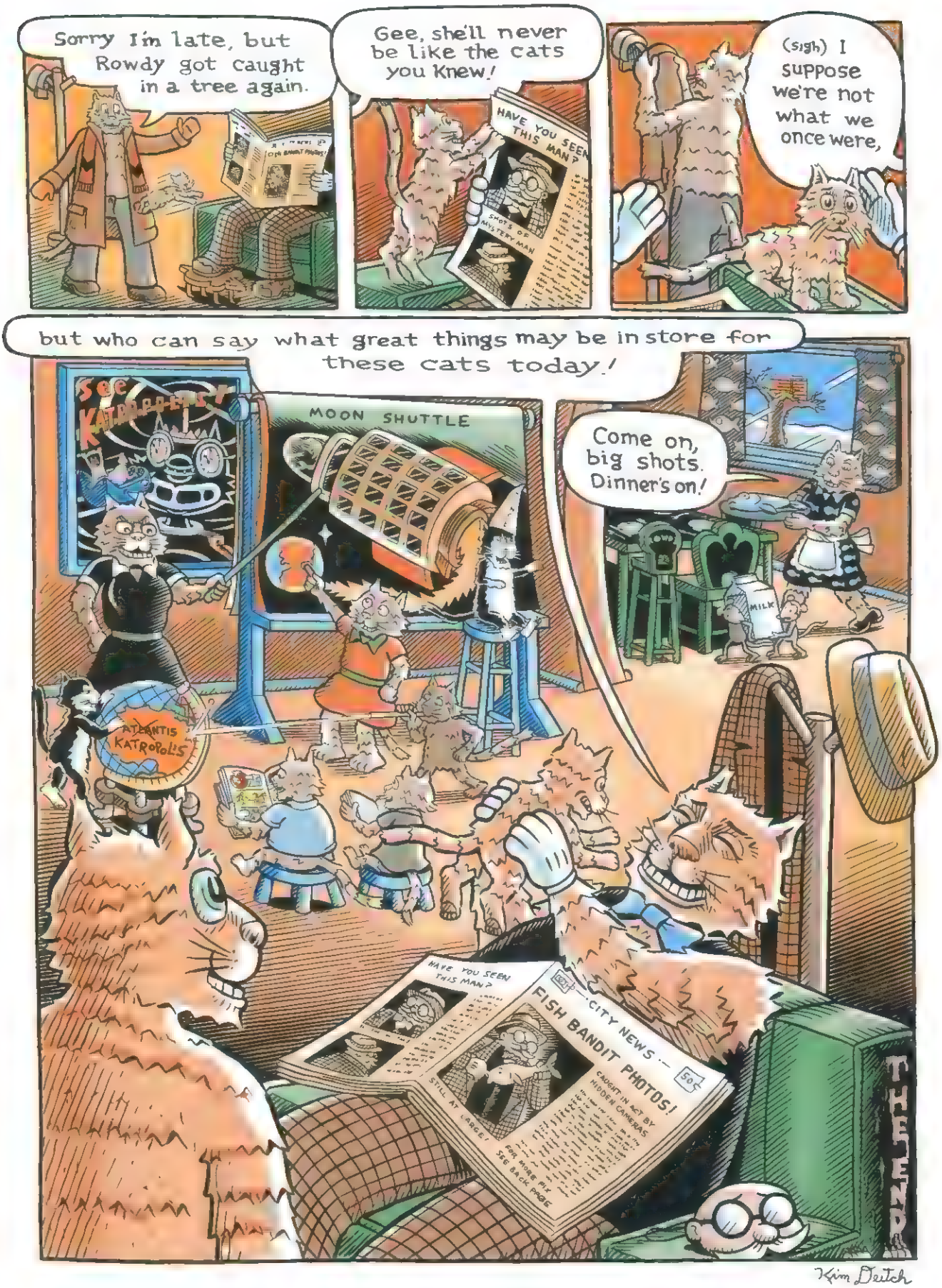
These Cats Today!
ROWDY! BAD CAT!
You get down here NOW!
Hey you!
You'll never get him down that way!
That's it! Try from up here.
Oh boy! I just don't know about these cats today!
Why? What's wrong with them?
Oh nothing much; but MY dad told me, the cats HE knew were AWESOME!
They even sailed catamarans across all seven seas!

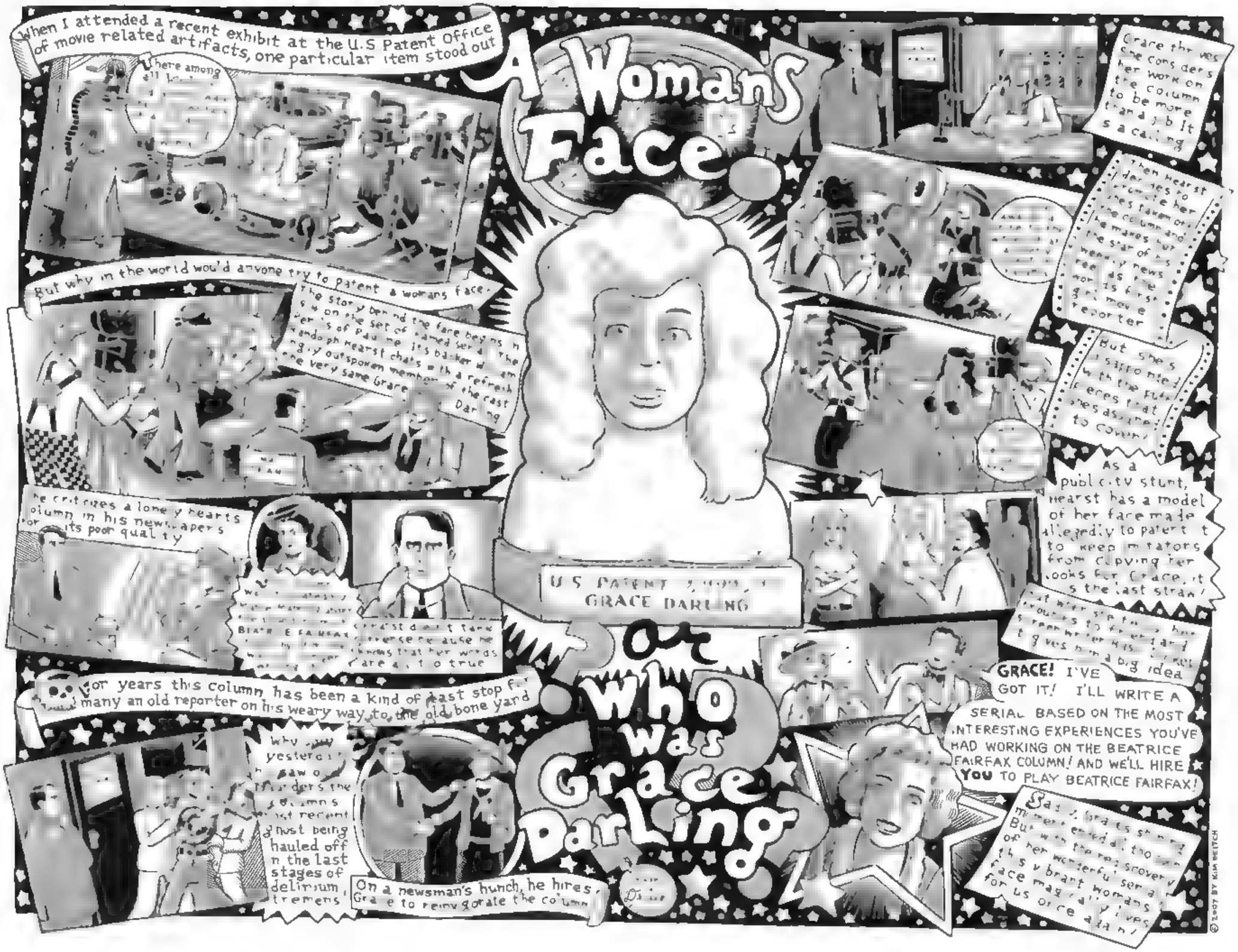

Gosh!
Hey, that's not even the half of it!
Honk!
Honk!
Ruff!
Guided by great gaggles of geese, the cats my dad knew searched the world and discovered a new land!
The great Katropolis!
A jolly place with fantastic food,
silly statues,
and rip-roaring rides!
Now, I know this may be hard for you to believe, but it actually took the combined might of a million dogs to run Katropolis and its untold tons of fun!

Sad to say, Katropolis was so heavy that it gradually sank into the sea. But did that stop them? Hardly!
Down at the bottom of the sea, the cats he knew put on fantastic shows,
bringing culture to great schools of juicy and delicious fish!
And speaking of schools, in big think tanks, the greatest undersea minds taught the cats he knew a thing or two.

In time, the cats he knew mastered rocket science and, on the shady side of the moon, established great colonies of mice...
...all fattened to a fare-thee-well on good green cheese!


Hey! Look who's here!
Yeah, the part about the mice always gets her.
But it's all true. I kid you not.
Yes sir, those old cats feasted fabulously, sang soaring songs,
and built better mouse traps!


Sorry I'm late, but Rowdy got caught in a tree again.
Gee, she'll never be like the cats you knew!
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?
SHOTS OF MYSTERY MAN
(sigh) I suppose we're not what we once were,
but who can say what great things may be in store for these cats today!
MOON SHUTTLE
Come on, big shots. Dinner's on!
MILK
ATLANTIS KATROPOLIS
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?
STILL AT LARGE!
CITY NEWS
50¢
FISH BANDIT PHOTOS!
CAUGHT IN ACT BY HIDDEN CAMERAS
FOR MORE PIX SEE BACK PAGE
THE END
Kim Deitch


When I attended a recent exhibit at the U.S Patent Office of movie related artifacts, one particular item stood out
A Woman's Face
But why in the world would anyone try to patent a woman's face?
U S PATENT
GRACE DARLING
Grace thr
She cons ders
her work on
the column
to be more
than a job It
s a calling
Then Hearst
decides to
promote her
shes taken over
the column and
he makes her
the star of his
weekly news
reel as the
world's first
girl movie
reporter
But shes
astonished
when the publ
learns that
shes assigned
to cover
As a
publicity stunt,
Hearst has a model
of her face made
allegedly to patent it
to keep imitators
from copying her
looks for Grace, it
s the last straw!
GRACE! I'VE GOT IT! I'LL WRITE A SERIAL BASED ON THE MOST INTERESTING EXPERIENCES YOU'VE HAD WORKING ON THE BEATRICE FAIRFAX COLUMN! AND WE'LL HIRE YOU TO PLAY BEATRICE FAIRFAX!
The story behind the face begins in
the set of a silent serial. The
heiress of Paulmer, Its backer William
Randolph Hearst chats with a refreshingly outspoken member of the cast
the very same Grace Darling
He critiques a lonely hearts
column in his newspapers
for its poor quality
Hearst doesn't take
offense because he
knows that her words
are all too true
For years this column has been a kind of last stop for
many an old reporter on his weary way to the old bone yard
Who was Grace Darling
On a newsman's hunch, he hires
Grace to reinvigorate the column
©2007 BY KIM WEITCH

Queens, New York, 1958, Just before dawn.....

HEY! WHAT YOU DOIN' WITH YO' HEAD IN MY GARBAGE CAN!

R-R-RUFF!

WELL, YOU SEE, I WANTED TO BEAT THE GARBAGE TRUCK OVER HERE,

SO I COULD HAVE A CHANCE AT GETTING THESE.

GR-R-R!

HUH?

SO WHAT YOU WANT THOSE FO' ANYWAY?

WELL, UH, I THINK THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL.

AND YOU CAN HARDLY FIND THEM NOW SINCE MILLER BEER CHANGED THEIR CAP DESIGN.

YEAH, THIS **IS** BETTER THAN WHAT THEY GOT ON IT NOW.

...BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO TAKE THESE MESSED UP THINGS. I GOT TWENTY CASES OF MILLER BEER WITH THAT CAP ON 'EM RIGHT IN MY BASEMENT!

For young Aaron Garnett this was an amazing revelation. So **this** was why these rare Miller caps were showing up in this Queens neighborhood!

Later, with a bottle of Miller High Life beer, a Guy Lombardo* LP and some Packets of Swiss Kriss laxitive stuffed in his pockets, Aaron says goodbye to his new friend, jazz legend, Louis Armstrong!

SO LONG SON. COME BY AND SEE ME AGAIN. JUST ONE THING THOUGH,

FROM NOW ON KEEP YO' HEAD OUT O' **MY** GARBAGE CAN!

HA! HA! HA!

Well, chances are he didn't keep his head out of all garbage cans after that, but in some way he'd turned a big corner in that fabulous life of his; a life that certainly had more than its fair share of...

Sex, Drugs! and SWEET MUSIC!

Is this story true? Well, all I can say for sure is that it's exactly the way Aaron told it to me when I visited him in 1969.

KIM! GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT!

*Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, most succesful of the so called "sweet" dance bands.

Bordering these pages are some gems from the fabulous Aaron Garnett collection!

During that visit, I was surprised to hear the music of Guy Lombardo on Aaron's hi-fi.

He said it was an LP that had been given to him by his friend, Louis Armstrong and that it had changed his life.

He said Louis had told him that the Lombardo band had achieved a sonic truth capable of opening certain chambers of the mind harder to reach in other ways.

I hear music! *

Mighty fine music!

The murmur of a morning breeze up there!

Out of the ether, beyond the rising sun, comes the beguiling wail of saxophones.

The rattle of the milk man on the stair!

The singing of a sparrow in the sky!

The perking of the coffee right near by!

While off on the horizon is the loud cacophony of war!

Then, as the carnage comes fully into view, a signal!

SUDDENLY!

Sunshine Soda's exorcising, resurrecting power begins!

He spoke glowingly of Armstrong not only as a man who'd turned on the world with his music but who'd also inspired Aaron's own cherished dream of turning on the world with a soda fueled with the very finest *Sunshine LSD.

The way Aaron put it to me was,

IF THERE CAN BE UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPERS AND UNDERGROUND COMICS, WHY NOT AN UNDERGROUND SODA?

Well, maybe it was the sample of Sunshine Soda I tried and maybe it was those old Guy Lombardo tunes opening up hidden chambers in my mind, but all I could think to say back was,

WHY NOT?

So it was that I agreed to let him use my underground comic strip character, Sunshine Girl, as the official trademark of Sunshine Soda. Seen here for the first time is an unused ad I made for Aaron's visionary, albeit sadly quixotic dream.

I hear music

Mighty fine music

The murmur of the morning breeze up there

The rattle of the milk man on the stair

Sure that's music,

Mighty fine music,

The singin' of the sparrow in the sky,

The perking of the coffee right near by

LATER!

And any time I think this world is wrong, I get me out of bed and sing this song

Sunshine Soda! Saving the world one soul at a time!

*Sunshine LSD - considered to be the best in those days.

"I Hear Music" © 1940 Frank Loesser and Burton Lane

Well, chalk it off as another one of those great lost causes.

In 1970 Police raided Aaron's secret factory.

There was a fire during the raid but Aaron somehow managed to escape.

Like so many others, I wondered what had become of Aaron. Then one day in 1994, on a super market check-out line, I finally found out. It seemed his semi-mummified body had been discovered in an abandoned ship anchored out on the Hudson River!

Bad Trip! The Man Who Flew Too High! 1968 Today

then and now. Pitiful end for LSD czar.

Abandoned Mystery Ship

The Face of Death!

LSD KING FOUND ON ABANDO SHIP BY HASTINGS ON HUDSON

LSD PLAYBOY MACABRE EN

Aaron's remains, a crazed parrot and one living disciple were found there by two kids.

Apparently they had lived there for years on fish caught in the river, washed down with the large caché of Sunshine Soda stashed on board.

Face of Death!

A close up of Aaron's face showed that his companion had placed a Miller bottle cap in one empty eye socket and a Sunshine Soda cap in the other. But what the paper didn't mention was a thing which I took some small comfort from. That big grin on his face seemed to show that, at least, he must have seen something worth seeing when he still had eye balls in his head.

And what did I get out of all this? Well, I still have the Lombardo LP Aaron gave me, given to him by the great Louis Armstrong. I play it once in a while too. It's great! And I got to play a small part in the unique saga that was Aaron Garnett's life. And, best of all, I've even managed to last long enough to be able to tell you folks all about it!

an evening with Guy Lombardo

Kim Deitch

Mysteries of an American Dreamer

A BRIEF LOOK AT THE LIFE OF PAUL WINCHELL

HEY! DON'T FORGET ABOUT ME!

AND ME!

ENTERTAINER!

INVENTOR!

VISIONARY!

Never heard of Paul Winchell? Well, if you grew up in the 1950's, like me, you couldn't miss him He was huge on early TV, and on prime time too

TAKE IT JERRY!

Who else had a ventriloquist dummy that could dance?

I also heard somewhere that he later had a hand in developing the Jarvic artificial heart

But when I mentioned this to my father, he flatly refused to believe it

NO WAY

I decided to do some research and what I found out was AMAZING!

In 1954 his mother, cursing him as a bad son, died of heart disease It was his desire to lift this curse that led to his quest to create the artificial heart

He quit his prime time show and worked his way through Columbia University, hosting a low budget kiddie show

ENTRANCE

Paul always had a knack for inventing things, but nothing ever clicked Here are a few he patented

Battery heated gloves

An early disposable razor

Invisible garters!

Smokeless cigarette lighter

Retractible fountain pen

But this time, some say, he succeeded in putting a working model of his heart into a cow; and the creature lived!

Many feel that all Jarvic did was to make Paul's design small enough for human use However, it is beyond dispute that after Paul signed his patent over to the Jarvic group, his contribution was never again acknowledged

When I read his GREAT autobiography

In Depression era poverty, with a crazy, abusive mother, Paul had a rough start

One day, at a wax museum, he bought a book on ventriloquism by Edgar Bergen, the reigning ventriloquist of the day

Major Bowes' Original Amateur HOUR

Soon he got on a radio show where amateur performers competed. It was the start of his meteoric rise to fame, and his ticket away from Mom

EDGAR BERGEN AND CHARLIE McCARTHY

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Through All of life's ups and downs, he never gave up. Later in life, he conceived a plan to end world hunger fish farming tilapia. Unfortunately, it did not succeed.

Recently, I found claims that the heart Winch put in the cow, wasn't built by him or even based on his design!

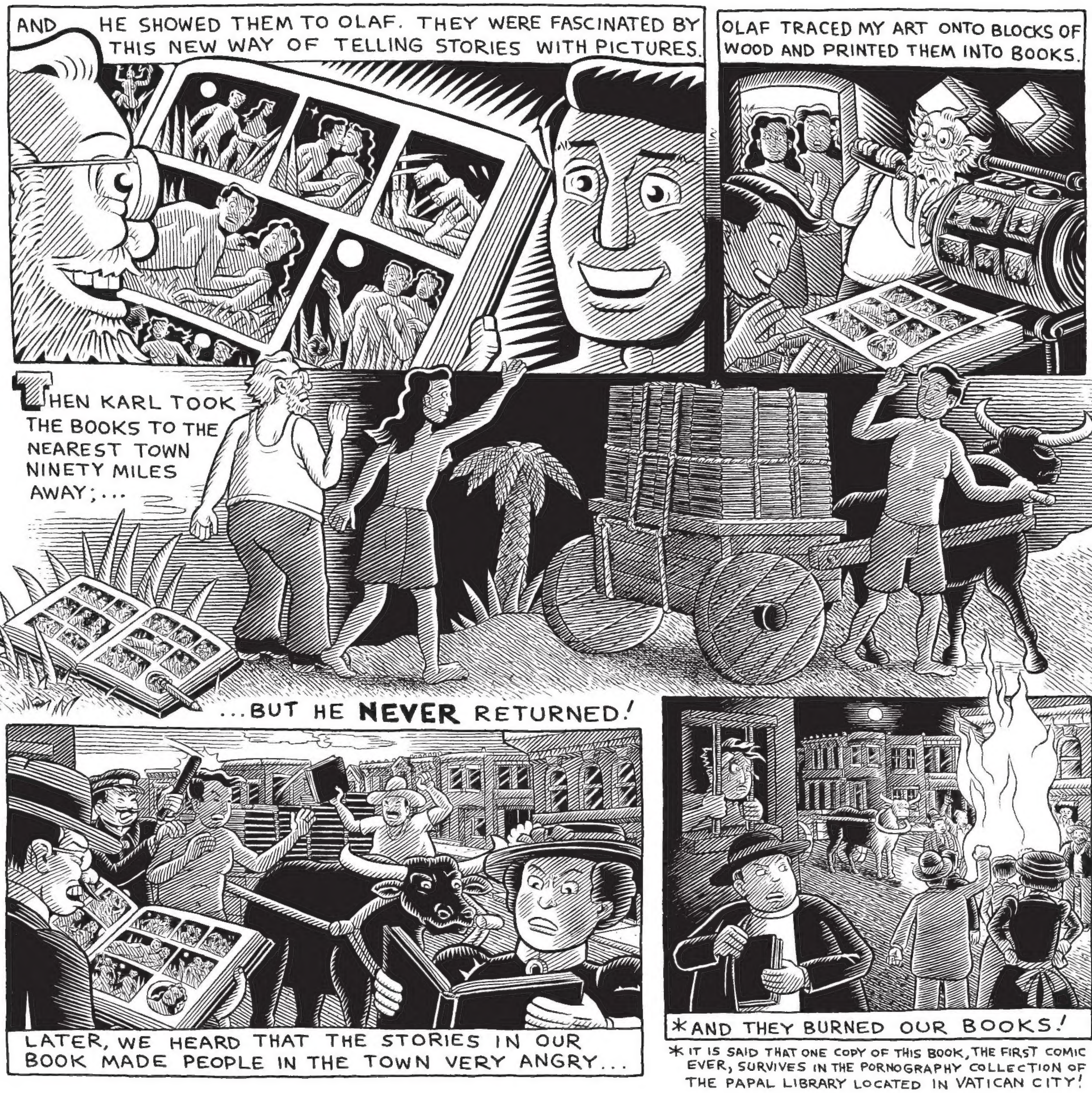
GOD! Why is it that so many great stories seem to fall apart on closer inspection?

Oh well, true, false, or somewhere inbetween, his story IS an inspiring personification of the great American Dream.

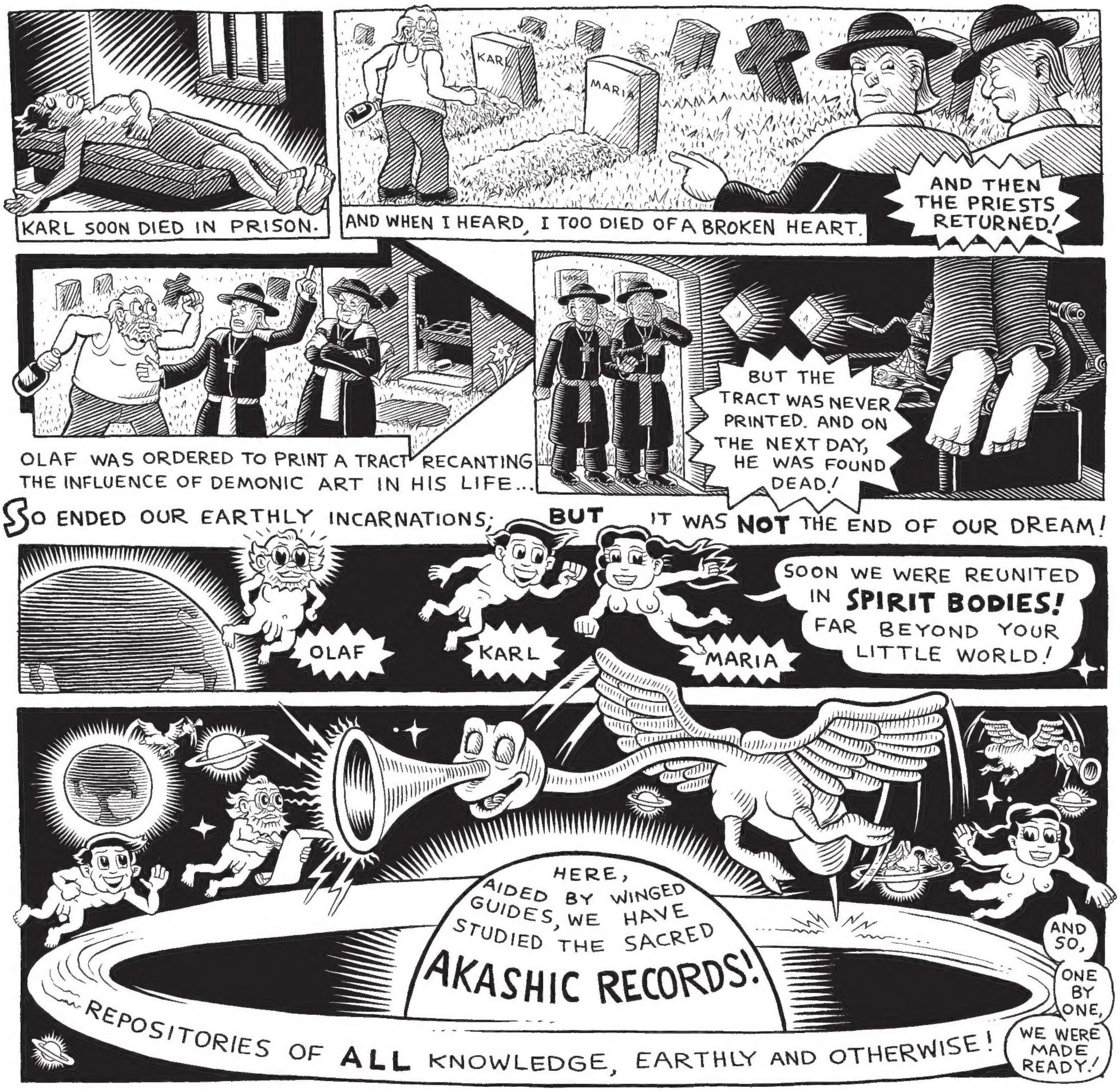
Ken Dutch

BEWARE!
THE GLOWING HOUSE ALONG THE WAY!
PLUG IT IN, BABY!
KEEPING IT REAL...
DON'T GO THERE!
THE GOOD MUSE EXHORTS US TO AVOID THIS BAD WAY STATION AND TO "KEEP IT REAL," AS WE HEAD TOWARD THE WILDERNESS OF CREATIVE PURSUIT. AT ITS PORTALS, WORRY BIRDS OF UNCERTAINTY LOOK DOWN ON THE HANGING TWINS OF HALF-BAKED NOTIONS AND FAINT-HEARTED RESOLVE

IT HAD BEEN A LONG DAY AND I GUESS I FELL ASLEEP;
BUT MY HAND KEPT GOING •
...ALL NIGHT LONG!
AS IT OCCULT CHANNELING? OR JUST ANOTHER CASE OF THE FUNNIES RUN AMOCK?
YOU DECIDE! AND IN THE MEAN-TIME, WE'LL CHALK IT UP TO...
MOONLIGHT MADNESS!
MY NAME WAS MARIA. IN 1894 I LIVED WITH MEMBERS OF MY TRIBE, IN AN ABANDONED MISSION DEEP IN THE PHILIPPINE JUNGLES.
I OFTEN SKETCHED THE ANTICS OF MY TRIBE IN A LEDGER GIVEN TO ME BY MY FRIEND, OLAF MAYBERRY.
OLAF CAME WITH THE PRIESTS AS A PRINTER. IT IS SAID THAT HE WAS FLUENT IN SEVEN LANGUAGES!
REPENT NOW!
WHEN THE PRIESTS LEFT, OLAF MARRIED AND STAYED ON.
AND THEN THERE WAS KARL, MY LOVER.
LEDGER
KARL WAS IMPRESSED BY THE DRAWINGS IN MY BOOK,



* IT IS SAID THAT ONE COPY OF THIS BOOK, THE FIRST COMIC EVER, SURVIVES IN THE PORNOGRAPHY COLLECTION OF THE PAPAL LIBRARY LOCATED IN VATICAN CITY!


KARL SOON DIED IN PRISON.
KARL
MARIA
AND WHEN I HEARD, I TOO DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.
AND THEN THE PRIESTS RETURNED!
OLAF WAS ORDERED TO PRINT A TRACT RECANTING THE INFLUENCE OF DEMONIC ART IN HIS LIFE...
BUT THE TRACT WAS NEVER PRINTED. AND ON THE NEXT DAY, HE WAS FOUND DEAD!
SO ENDED OUR EARTHLY INCARNATIONS; BUT IT WAS NOT THE END OF OUR DREAM!
OLAF
KARL
MARIA
SOON WE WERE REUNITED IN SPIRIT BODIES! FAR BEYOND YOUR LITTLE WORLD!
HERE, AIDED BY WINGED GUIDES, WE HAVE STUDIED THE SACRED AKASHIC RECORDS!
REPOSITORIES OF ALL KNOWLEDGE, EARTHLY AND OTHERWISE!
AND SO, ONE BY ONE, WE WERE MADE READY!

AND SO, ON SEPTEMBER 18, 1954, IN BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA, MY LOVER, KARL, WAS REBORN AS GARY GROTH!
HOSPITALARIO
AND ON SEPTEMBER 25, 1956 IN COPENHAGEN, DENMARK, OLAF MAYBERRY WAS REBORN AS KIM THOMPSON!
DANSKLINIK
AND EVEN IN EXTREME YOUTH, USING THEIR SKILL IN WAYS THAT ONLY OLD AND WISE SOULS WOULD DARE,
...THIS TIME, KIM AND GARY HAVE DONE IT RIGHT! BULGING WAREHOUSES OFFER AMPLE PROOF OF THEIR FAR RANGING, VISIONARY, DEDICATION,
WAREHOUSE
WAREHOUSE
WAREHOUSE
Kartoono! is coming!
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
SACCO IN SPACE!
...TO THE NURTURING OF COMICS INTO A GOLDEN AGE THAT EVEN THE STAGNANT, ESTABLISHED, BASTIONS OF ART AND CULTURE WILL BE FORCED TO RECOGNIZE!
TRUE TALES FROM DEATH ROW!
WHY I DID IT!
The New York Times Magazine
Kartoono!
Sure, he's Kool, but IS he the MAN?
Yes! Say Gary Groth and Kim Thompson! All the nuts and bolts on their new robot cartoonist!
TRUE TALES FROM DEATH ROW!
Kartoono! The FANTAGRAPHICS Robot!! HERE! TODAY!
FROM FANTAGRAPHICS!
Joe Sacco in Space!
COVERING THE "STAR WARS" PHASE OF THE ARAB/ISREALI WAR!
"RICH!" "LAYERED!" "NUANCED!" THE NEW YORKER
OMICBOOKS.COM

CHANNELED BY Kim Deitch IN 2001